WHEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT WAS CALIPH *of* BAGDAD

ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT

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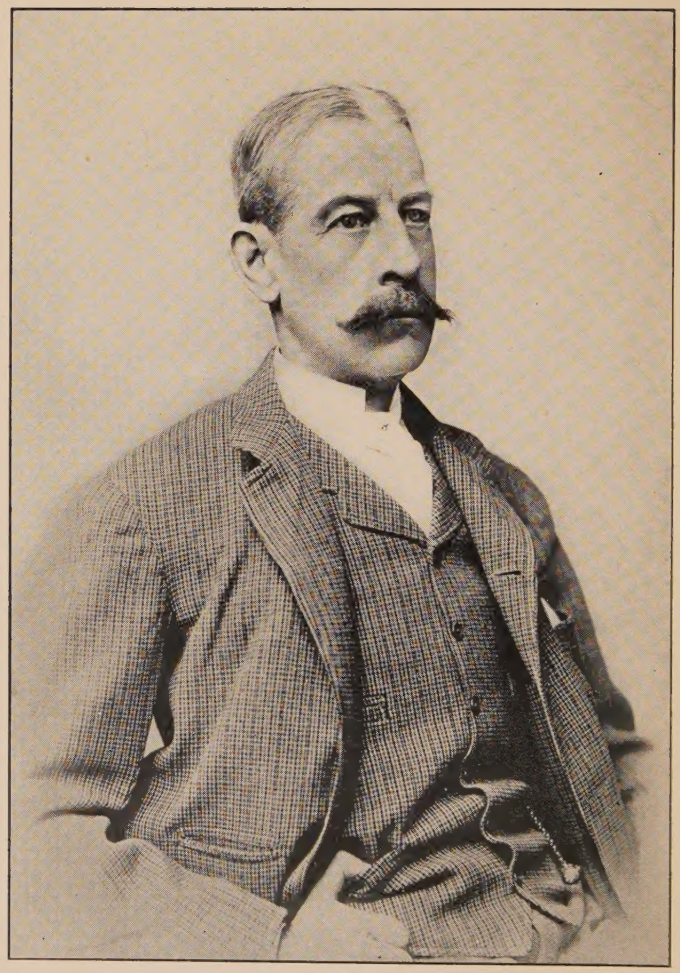

J. H. Bennett

When James Gordon Bennett Was Caliph of Bagdad

BY

ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1926

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To one called by a name that should mean much to all men, and who herself has meant to her son the incarnation of devotion and self-sacrifice and true religion:

MY MOTHER

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Villa Namouna, named after one of his yachts, was James Gordon Bennett's favorite place of residence.

THESIS

MANY footsteps have awakened a louder echo through the corridors of Time because somebody was generous to a scribe. Mæcenas had his Horace, Dr. Johnson his Boswell, and ever since the rule has held good.

No insult is meant to Horace or even to Boswell, and there is no analogy intended except that the chief character in this narrative played Mæcenas, for a time, to one who, in a sense, is "Boswellizing" him, tho the book is no biography. Some may convict its author of trying to foist an autobiography upon the public by tailing it to a kite, but his motive is honest: it is to acquaint the world with a man much of it has forgotten, and whom a considerable portion of a generation that belongs partly to the past used to regard as the incarnation of a fable, or a creature to "point a moral or adorn a tale."

History is often little more than one man's viewpoint, and at best but a collection of viewpoints, sifted, analyzed and compared with a view to arriving at truth. What the world thinks of Julius Cæsar depends upon what historian it

has read, and I believe it could hardly be disputed that Shakespeare's play of that name—pure fiction, the most of it—is more responsible than the verdicts of the makers of histories for the opinion generally held of the conqueror of the Gauls and the Britons and the adoring paramour of a fickle royal harlot. My treatment of my subject is an effort at depicting a man unique in the history of journalism; who for years was a world-figure, and who, moreover, was one of the most picturesque personages of all time, by showing what he meant to one ignorant little boy in a far-off village, and to that youngster later on when he had grown up. This involves telling how, too, by the mere force of a wish, registered over and over again, and a good bit of luck, the boy managed to ascend a Jacob's ladder to what had seemed an inaccessible land, to find there a coveted goal.

That the land was a fool's paradise and the goal not worth reaching, some might argue with a degree of justification. But how often does the coveted prize measure up to anticipation? And if the lad's land of dreams did not endure, it was perhaps partly his own fault, and so may at least give grazing ground for the moralizers.

"Bagdad," the name for a boyish dream later translated into terms of actuality, was, or came

to mean a sort of world of which the "Caliph" was a central figure. For the most part, it lay across an ocean, and it brought contacts with persons and personages in the public notice and with ways of living that at the time had but a modest reflection in New York or elsewhere in the United States. These personages, these ways of living, the manners and morals as viewed by one who for a time was the "Caliph's" most active and peripatetic messenger, are part of the picture. The value of the latter depends much upon accuracy, but even more upon the perspective; the viewpoint from which the subject was seen must be made clear. That I am attempting by the only method that has been mine for more than a quarter of a century, which is that of a reporter.

It must be emphasized at the outset that there is no intent to cast the man named in this book's title for the part of hero, even if he is put on a pedestal; no effort to limn him as a pattern to cut morals by, or even manners. At his best, he was the *grand seigneur;* other times there were when the graces of the gentleman seemed to take flight. But of him it should be told that, if he had vices, they lacked the cloak wherewith have been shrouded acts that have made so many eulogies and epitaphs lie to the credulous crowd and de-

ceive an unprotected posterity. For his personal conduct, however, the only rules were what he made himself, and on the moment; and while applause may have been sweet, he was deaf to the condemnation of other than his immediate friends. At the same time, I doubt that any two men's characterizations of him would tally in many particulars, save such were based on hearsay. He was too-many-sided; of more phases than the eight moons of Saturn. In modern times, at least, there has been none like him; the mold was broken and the age is gone that made him possible. Even in his day he robbed fiction of an almost incredible character.

To yon solitary shade that struts the quarter-deck of one man's memory:

AVE, COMMODORE! One salutes who served you many years with the loyalty, the zeal, the blind devotion men once gave a Cæsar or a heathen god. Did you assign him to portray you, you would have him draw you just as you appeared to him—warts, blemishes, if there were any; no blots, no erasures, no false coloring, no gloss. You would say, methinks, "Damn it, man, tell the story!"

Sir, I respectfully beg to report as follows:

When James Gordon Bennett Was Caliph of Bagdad

I

A COUNTRY AFAR OFF

FROM a dark little basement in Ann Street, New York, on a May day some ninety years ago, was issued a tiny, four-column sheet of four pages that was destined to make newspaper history. It was to do more; in the maturity of the power and prestige it later achieved, it made or unmade men; it fostered invention and discovery and even exerted a distinct influence on the history of the world itself.

The creator, promoter, and owner of the enterprise was James Gordon Bennett, by birth a Scotsman, and educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. He had emigrated to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and failing there as a teacher, had worked in various American cities, by turns as a translator, a proof-reader, and a correspondent. He

had even edited newspapers, tho their existence proved ephemeral. When he finally got to New York he launched the "New York Herald."

From the first the young Scotsman began to stir up the somnolent newspaper world with innovations. One of his earliest departures from those traditions of journalism which he was later to upset was the institution of the financial article, without which hardly a newspaper in any country to-day is regarded as complete. Next, in an account of a big fire, he introduced the art of graphic description in reported articles, accompanying his text with a picture and a map of the burnt district. He obtained by wire from Washington the first speech ever thus reported in full—that of John C. Calhoun on the Mexican War. During the Civil War he brought the modern war-correspondent into prolific existence by employing a staff of sixty-three persons to write dispatches about the battles and otherwise attend in newspaper fashion to the business of the conflict. He wrote editorials of such trenchant quality that they made him notorious and his paper hated; but at the same time he achieved advertisement. It was his theory—and to this he gave frequent demonstration—that advertising meant making people talk. What they said mattered little.

They could abuse and call vile names. Very well, let them; it was good advertising.

And so Bennett went on saying what he pleased in his editorial columns and printing all the news he could get, whether it was fit to print or not, treading on tender corns just to hear their owners squeal. He did not increase his own popularity, but he did multiply the circulation of his newspaper, until James Parton was able to write, in his "Famous Americans of Recent Times," published in 1867, "His paper is generally read and its proprietor universally disapproved."

It is related of Bennett that his editorial strictures so aroused the ire of a distinguished rival, Henry J. Raymond, founder and editor of the *New York Times,* that Raymond, meeting him on the street, proceeded to horsewhip him.

Nevertheless, even in such a stress of circumstances Bennett ran true to form. His thought seems to have been, not of the pain, or even of shame at the castigation, but of the possibilities for a "good story." So he took the whip-lashes merely as marks of punctuation to the notes he was mentally making, and as soon as he could break away from the outraged Raymond he cut corners for his Ann Street basement, feverishly scrawled a full story of the encounter, threw it

into type, and rushed out upon the street a "special extra" of the "Herald" on whose first page were spread the comprehensive and exclusive details of the chastisement of its proprietor.

Not by the same method but as surely, Bennett was the originator of many features now common to journalism. He was the father of ship news, for he used to send reporters in rowboats out to meet incoming liners and obtain from them European papers especially brought over for him. That was long before the Atlantic cable made much of such work supererogatory. The "Herald" prospered because of his enterprise and ingenuity and an astonishing grasp of what people wanted to read, and became in time the most valuable newspaper property in the United States, with an estimated annual revenue of upwards of three-quarters of a million dollars. As that was more than fifty years ago, those figures loom particularly large.

It is not, however, with this James Gordon Bennett that what follows is immediately concerned, but with his namesake, son, and successor. The elder Bennett died in 1872 and his son, then thirty-one years of age, came into control of the "Herald." Of the same mettle, in some essentials, as his father, the younger James Gordon

Bennett's upbringing had been vastly different. He had not been surrounded by the thrifty atmosphere of a Scottish home. Indeed, the elder Bennett seems to have made up his mind early that he would let the youngster follow his own bent. Educated for the most part abroad, young Bennett had spent much of his time on the other side of the Atlantic, living the life of a man of the world and making a reputation as a sportsman. When he was only twenty-five years old, he won a yacht race from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight with his schooner Henrietta, and for forty years after taking hold of the "Herald" he was regarded as one of the foremost patrons of sports of all kinds.

When the automobile was in process of development and still far from being a commercial success, he instituted what the French christened the Gordon-Bennett cup, which was to be contested for by the best types of automobiles manufactured in various countries. The races were held annually, each time in a different country. When Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian inventor, was making his experiments with his tiny dirigible over Paris, Bennett encouraged him with publicity and the offer of challenge cups. He gave a cup for an International Balloon Race, still a

yearly event. When the Wright Brothers had demonstrated that flying with heavier-than-air machines was practicable, Bennett presented a magnificent trophy which for some years brought together many of the best airmen of the world. By his purse and through his newspapers Bennett, it is not too much to say, during his lifetime did more to encourage the development of sport in America than any other one man, even if, upsetting the rule of his father, he chose to encourage rather than to break down men and reputations in his effort to make people talk and think about the "Herald." And yet, to many of to-day's generation, altho less than a decade has elapsed since he died, he is either unknown, or else become little more than a legend or a fable, or a name to be used by reminiscent men-about-town as a peg to hang some outlandish tale.

In the promotion of discovery and invention, Bennett the younger, while undoubtedly seeking advertisement for his paper, led others; and even if it be charged against him that he was a wastrel, he at least, by the encouragement he liberally bestowed and the knowledge he helped spread, did the world notable services. It was he who, in 1874, sent Henry M. Stanley to Africa, with the simple instruction, "Find Livingstone," one of

the first of a succession of romantic assignments that stirred the imagination of the world and aroused ambition in many a dormant mind. In 1879 he equipped the ill-fated Jeannette Polar Expedition, and while it led only to tragedy, it reawakened interest in the North Pole and the Arctic and was the forerunner of many attempts to conquer the region of perpetual winter. Incidentally, the relief expedition sent to find the Jeannette's company itself made news for many a day.

Indeed, Bennett knew how to make news, not by the simple and unsatisfying process of manufacture out of whole cloth, but by starting something that should find an echo in popular imagination and stimulate a demand for more. It was Bennett who with John W. Mackay established the Commercial Cable Company, in 1884. Bennett with his newspapers proved for many years the chief promoter of the enterprise and the two "Heralds" carried on their editorial pages a circular device—as a matter of fact, a representation of the Globe—advertising the Commercial Cable. "Herald" correspondents were instructed to give preference to the Commercial Cable in filing dispatches wherever such a cable existed, and such dispatches, published either in the New

York or in the Paris edition of the paper, bore above the date-line the gratuitous advertisement, "By Commercial Cable to the 'Herald'." The fact that Bennett's enthusiastic support of the Commercial served to prevent a cable monopoly might redeem it of a selfish desire to promote his own personal interests.

Bennett was not always successful in his undertakings. While England was still bound by the prejudices of the Victorian era, he decided to show its people how a newspaper should be run; and incidentally, as the English papers at that time manifested little concern as to what happened in the United States—unless it was something that tended to convict the American people of being a crude, lawless, semi-barbarous conglomeration—he aimed to supply traveling Americans with news from home. It is a fact that he did teach the English something. And while the late Lord Northcliffe or almost any other pioneer of modern English journalism would have been slow to admit that he learned anything from the old London edition of the "Herald," Bennett did England a public service if he only showed its newspapers that it was often possible to prophesy when to expect a visitation of the execrable weather which continues to be one of the drawbacks of

living in the British Isles. That he accomplished by instituting a practise of reporting in England storm warnings transmitted by cable from the United States. Before that, the English had taken their bad weather as they would their medicine. It usually came more or less unexpectedly. Bennett showed them how it could often be anticipated and so prepared against.

However, Englishmen as a rule stuck to the *Times,* the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Telegraph.* Most of them were not interested in America, and they preferred news served to them pretty much as their fathers had had it, rather than have it spread before them in the Yankee fashion and by Yankees. The number of Americans continuously in England or even visiting that country during the usual travel season was too small to provide a circulation of appreciable size, and the London edition of the "Herald" proved short-lived.

The Paris edition of the "Herald," once founded, was continued by main strength and the outpouring of much money. Bennett made his home, for the most part, in France, residing either in the capital or at Beaulieu, a sea-coast resort almost midway between Nice and Monte Carlo. Yet he never intentionally made a profitable en-

terprise of the Paris venture. Indeed, it cost him millions of dollars; partly, one is led to believe, because it was a fad and never, at least until the breaking out of the Great War in 1914, a really serious newspaper. True, it printed a certain quantity of American news, which either had been cabled from New York or clipped from early editions of the London papers and transmitted under the English Channel by direct wire, and it also published the dispatches of "Herald" correspondents in London and other European news-centers simultaneously with their publication in the New York edition; but its columns were largely collections of names and hodge-podges of paragraphs relating to persons whose European titles or New York social position seemed to make them of interest above ordinary mortals.

It was the contention of many who worked immediately under Bennett that if he had been born with his own way to make instead of having come into the world with a gold spoon in his mouth, he would have achieved real greatness. He did things during his life which actually benefited the world more than the accomplishments of many whose memory the world is accustomed to revere. But if ever any man was his own worst enemy, that man was James Gordon Bennett the

Second. Much of his life he seemed to be a creature of unrestrained desires. If impulse called he obeyed, and no rule existed but to be broken. A habit of never brooking contradiction, the awe, if not fear, which he inspired in most of those who drew his pay, the possession of an almost unlimited income which made it possible to pay up, if not in kind, at least in quantity, for any damage unwittingly or witlessly done to reputations or to property—these seemed to give him something like assurance that he could indulge his bent or his whim to the utmost, and as the consequences might entail little more than signing a check, damn the consequences! And while some of his acts were in themselves bizarre enough, the magnifying-glass which distance often lends to facts and motives and the mirror of distortion that repetition almost invariably holds up to truth so translated the extravagances of Bennett back to his own country that the proprietor of the "Herald" came to be looked upon as the Czar of a newspaper Russia, or, perhaps, the Mikado of a journalistic Japan that for comedy rivaled the mythical domain portrayed by Gilbert and Sullivan in the most tuneful of light operas reported by the "Herald's" critics during Bennett's lifetime. As a matter of fact, tho, Bennett was

partly a Czar, partly a Mikado, and not wholly either or both. To me he was *Harun-al-Raschid,* Caliph of Bagdad.

The reason for Bennett's abandoning his native country as a place of residence, as generally believed—and there is little room for doubt—was a social indiscretion, or, to put it more boldly, a breach of the most primitive of good manners, committed after an indulgence in alcoholic liquors. Its first consequence was an affair of assault and battery such as had been administered to his father by a rival editor many years before, for Fred May, brother of the young woman upon whom Bennett was calling when the offense was committed, met him as he was coming out of the old Union Club, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, and beat him over the head with a horsewhip. It is not related that the younger Bennett fled; certainly no Herald "extra" printed the story this time. The outcome was a challenge to a duel. Some time later the two men met on the Maryland-Delaware border, exchanged three shots apiece, and then were formally reconciled in French fashion. But Bennett must have come to the conclusion he could not live down the scandal, for in that year—1878—he took up his permanent residence in Europe, altho most of

his life he retained two or three homes over here, one of them at Newport, whose fashionable colony he had some years before introduced to the new game of polo, then a recent importation into England from India. Thereafter he visited New York at rare intervals and his stays were brief; often two or three days would suffice for his purposes. Most of the time he ran his newspapers either from his office in Paris or his villa at Beaulieu, or from whatever port his yacht visited during a cruise about the Mediterranean or around the world.

Like Charles II, Bennett, when taxed with the foibles of his "Herald," might have retorted, "My acts are my ministers'," except for one thing: there were no "ministers" in Bennett's organization. No one was permitted to have full authority in his own department; each man who worked on the "Herald," no matter what his office or how important his job, must perforce work to please Bennett, and the public only through him. To no one was delegated any real power, except the one man in New York known as the City Editor—tho he was much more—who sat, one might say, with his ear at the end of a wire connecting with Bennett wherever the latter happened to be; or else to the general business man-

ager of the paper, who did not interfere with the editorial conduct of the "Herald."

The actual decadence of the "Herald" as a newspaper of wide influence, one is inclined to think, gained great impulse at the time of Bennett's difficulty with William R. Hearst.

For many years the "Herald" had printed on its first page a "personal column," so-called, which in time became a source of great revenue. Bennett was blind, or his executives shut the owner's eyes to what was undoubtedly a fact—that this same personal column was an agency of detriment to the community, in that if it did not breed immorality, it distinctly encouraged it. "Gentlemen" advertised for clandestine appointments with "ladies" and gave specifications as to figure and complexion, and lonely "ladies" similarly advertised their wish to meet blonde or brunette "gentlemen" at so much a line. Comely widows told in three-or-four-line "personals" of their willingness to share beautiful apartments with a bachelor or a widower. "Swedish masseuses" hinted publicly in the "Herald" columns of "treatments" for gentlemen, and so on. Perhaps there exist to-day publications which purvey the same kind of pornographic appeal under different disguises. It is

more than probable. But in that innocent day the Twentieth Century had hardly dawned.

William R. Hearst, whom Bennett did not regard with favor as a rival in the field of journalism, who had fought him with new weapons during the Spanish-American War and who had brought into existence a new class of newspaper readers, came to the conclusion that the "Herald's" personal column was a menace to public morality and, stepping forward as champion of the people's morals against this agency of vice, hired a brilliant array of legal talent which without much effort was able to convince a court that the "Herald" was flagrantly violating the laws of the United States by sending itself through the mails. In such a roundabout way and by such methods must reforms often be accomplished and nuisances abated! The case cost Bennett a good many thousands of dollars; it struck a blow at the prestige of the "Herald" from which it never entirely recovered. Incidentally it cost the newspaper much circulation.

But this was not the first blow dealt the "Herald," and not the only error that did it harm. It seems to one who studied the subject carefully and at close range, that through many years the "Herald" was a frequent victim of Bennett's own

eccentricities and of fads that drew their inspiration from another source.

During his early middle age Bennett fell in love with a handsome Russian woman, the wife of a Russian General living in Paris. To her he is reported to have said, "Madame, I lay the 'New York Herald' at your feet." That the lady was a person of dominant character the writer is in a position to affirm, from just one encounter. It took place in the smoking compartment of a *wagon-lit* restaurant on the Carlsbad express just about twenty years ago.

My wife, who was accompanying me on an assignment to the Bohemian resort, did not wish luncheon, and I was shown to a table set for two. In a few minutes the sound of a commotion on the other side drew my attention to the glass door that intervened between my location and the *non-fumeurs*. Back of the conductor of the car and two or three waiters I could discern the face and figure of a large, imperious-looking woman. She was talking at the top of her voice and gesticulating wildly. In a moment the door flew open, and she swept in, still storming. Never have I seen a woman order men about more vigorously.

The chair opposite me was apparently the only

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HON. CHAUNCY M. DEPEW

©Underwood & Underwood

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

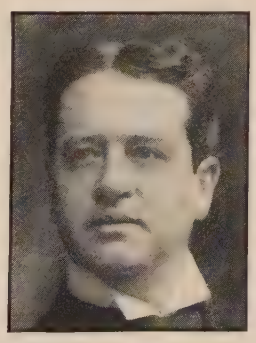
©Social Press Ass'n

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

©Pach Bros.

GEN. HORACE PORTER

KING EDWARD VII



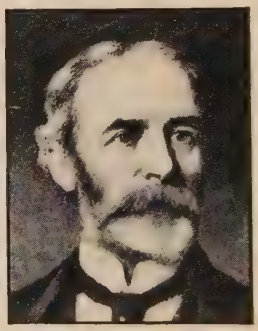
W. K. VANDERBILT

SOME DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARIES OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT WHO FIGURE IN STORIES COVERED IN THIS NARRATIVE

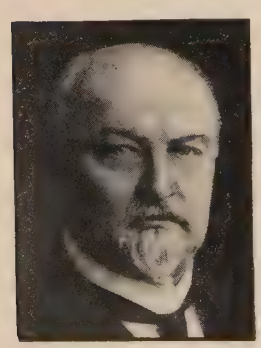
E. L. GODKIN

JOSEPH PULITZER

CHARLES A. DANA



WHITELAW REID



CHARLES R. MILLER

FRANK A. MUNSEY

SOME FAMOUS EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S TIME

vacant seat in the dining-car. She looked at it, she looked at me; her lip curled; then she flounced down upon the chair and began to order her food in a loud tone and with a rasping, disagreeable accent which made it impossible for me to enjoy the rest of my meal, for she did not cease talking to the waiters and to anybody and everybody when she had selected her food.

A day or two later, upon entering the Savoy West End hotel at Carlsbad, I saw my formidable luncheon vis-à-vis seated on the front veranda. Once inside I asked the manager who she was. He led the way back until he could catch sight of her. "I am surprized," he then replied, "that you do not know that lady. That is Madame A., whom everybody in Europe knows as the *chère amie* of your chief."

After I got to know Bennett better, I came to the conclusion that his sending me on the same train with Madame A. was one of those ironic little touches of which he was very fond. He knew quite well that the lady whose finances were still a subject for his consideration was journeying on that train; he himself had selected that particular Carlsbad express for me; and it is my guess that he passed the word to Madame A. that

he was sending a "Herald" correspondent along to keep an eye on her.

It is to the hold that Madame A. exercised over Bennett for many years that I believe may be ascribed the carrying out of many whimsicalities and curious fads which helped to bring the "Herald" of that day into disrepute—at least she was so credited abroad. Bennett, for instance, fought against vivisection, a course which prejudiced many of its readers against the paper because it meant championship of the foes of scientific discovery. Nevertheless, up to the early years of the present century the "Herald" still possessed great power and prestige; it was the American newspaper most widely known abroad and most frequently quoted.

Of Bennett's life in Paris, particularly its excesses, there were many stories still repeated in Europe twenty-five years ago—tales of his smashing up Maxim's or some such resort, and paying thousands of dollars in damages, of wild parties which rivaled the days of ancient Babylon, and so on. These reports were difficult to sift for truth. But it is a matter of record that on one occasion Bennett, who was ordinarily an expert driver, while under the influence of liquor drove a coach and four horses at break-neck speed

along the Avenue des Champs-Élysées and, to the horror of bystanders, wheeled at the curb of his old apartment at Number 120, and lashed the beasts toward the narrow, arched entrance such as was a feature of most apartment-houses on the thoroughfare. The maddened horses kept going, but as the coach passed under the low archway Bennett was caught by the solid stone above and hurled from the box, and for weeks lay at the point of death. The fact that this mad escapade did not end his life was due to the presence in the immediate neighborhood of Charles Christianson, his faithful secretary for many years, who within a few minutes of the accident had the most famous surgeons in Paris at the bedside of his chief.

But, after all, whatever Bennett's eccentricities, however foolish some of his acts, however far removed his manner of living from accepted standards of the Victorian era, he was a ruler over a domain of romance; he himself at times a romantic ruler. It was said that when friends who knew him well enough to take such a liberty remonstrated with him for making the "Herald" virtually support fads which were either against reason and common sense or contrary to the revelations of science, he would retort, "You can't hurt the 'Herald'." Events proved that

Bennett was wrong, and he lived to see the great foreign prestige which had taken so many years to build up, wrested from the "Herald" by the newspaper whose founder had horsewhipped his father.

But forty years ago—even as late as the beginning of the present century—the "New York Herald" was the one newspaper to which almost every ambitious reporter in the United States outside of New York turned ardent eyes. The opportunity for adventure and sudden advancement, two of the most potent allures in newspaper work, were commonly thought greater on the "Herald" than on any other publication. It was the only American daily printing a European edition; it spent for foreign news a sum that was said to equal the aggregate of the special cable expenditures of all other American newspapers; reporters were frequently being assigned to Europe or to the four corners of the earth, and its absentee proprietor lived in France in what was supposed to be regal state—except when ennui sent his magnificent yacht scurrying to remotest seas—and made and unmade men in a single interview, or in an emergency, by cable from a remote South Sea Island.

Any journey should be measured from its

starting point. Bennett and his realm, his manner of living and governing, the people among whom he moved, everything affecting him, were as remote from the origin of the writer of this chronicle as one of those distant islands above referred to. As a matter of fact, my journey began from an island and, curiously enough, its name has often been confused with that of a savage archipelago in those same South Seas. It was and is called Solomon's Island, but whatever the reason for christening its greater namesake, its own present-day appellation was bestowed upon it by one Isaac Solomon, who, when he bought the oyster-packing industry that fed and clothed its population some sixty years ago or more, named it after himself. So that when in due time he went into bankruptcy and the packing industry was abandoned, he was at least able to perpetuate his name.

To a native of that island, James Gordon Bennett and his dominion appeared as far and as fanciful, distance and rumor taking the place of time and legend, as *Harun-al-Raschid* and his Bagdad.

Briefly summed up, the island whence this journey began on a September day in 1885, represented almost the extreme of what in America

was provincial, narrow, and uninformed. To-day, except in outline, it bears little resemblance to the Solomon's Island of forty years ago. Many of its boys and girls have gone to college since the writer became its accidental pioneer into education. It is reached by good roads, it is full of flivvers and prouder cars, and visitors from two cities now fill it summer week-ends when Washington and Baltimore become untenantable because of the heat. Some of its more prosperous homes even enjoy such luxuries as running water, tiled bath-rooms, hot-water furnaces, and electric lights. But in that day its population numbered a scant two hundred, and while there were no aborigines near by, when one had read "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Cast Away by the Sea," and "Gorilla Hunters," it was easy to people with savages the open waste that was called Sandy Point, and to create wild creatures of every kind. One might gather pebbles on the beach and by simply outlining with them a circle or a square in the coarse grass, spread tents and build stockades and defend oneself against head-hunting blacks or man-eating Malays; turn the nearby water-bushes into jungles and behold emerging a herd of elephant, a lion or two, or perhaps a giraffe, and slay and slay until the big

game hunger was checked by tidings that supper-time was near. One's accessible literature did not include Wild West stuff, so that one never shot buffalo; but those guns that were constructed in the wood-pile arsenal with the family ax and a barlow-knife were distinguished by wonderful bore, marvelous range and unlimited magazine capacity. One might kill a hundred elephants without so much as reloading.

For the most part, the islanders lived by the oyster industry. They worked during the months containing an "r," and during the warm season most of them took a complete rest, tho a few reluctantly accepted jobs in the shipyard, as courtesy called the little boat-building and repair place where a few carpenters kept working the year round.

The ambition of many a young man was to possess his own "cunner," or canoe, a sharp-sterned small boat built of logs and carrying a cabin and three sails and used for tonging oysters in the river. Having achieved moderate success by this means, the young man's fancy might turn to a "bug-eye," a larger craft, similar in design, but built of oak planking and timbers and used for dredging oysters in the bay. The island boasted of one elderly summer resident who was

reputed to be wealthy, but he used to spend the entire season puttering in and out of a lot of old boats he owned, up to his waist in water, in an effort to keep them seaworthy. We used to look at him and wonder what was the use of being rich!

In its knowledge of the world the island was much like other small American communities of the time, removed from progress either by situation, ignorance, or prejudice. Any thing that was strange or unusual must necessarily hold vast potentialities for wickedness. The only foreign country whose name was generally familiar was Palestine, tho the preachers and Sunday-School teachers were in the habit of mixing with their information about that part of the world almost as many misstatements as they gave us from their assured "knowledge" of Heaven and Hell. England was our traditional enemy; not many had heard of France, and of those who had the sum of their information concerning its people was usually the illuminating and cyclopedic reference contained in an old geography used for many years in public schools: "The French are a gay and frivolous nation, fond of dancing and light wines."

A lot of people we termed "Dutchmen" had

come from a country called Germany, whose greatest river was the Rhine and whose favorite article of production and consumption was lager-beer. Russia was an immense country abounding in wolves and ruled by a man called the Czar. And there was China, where men wore pigtails; and India, where they threw children into the Ganges; and Japan, somehow associated with the name of Commodore Perry; and to those benighted regions missionaries had to be sent to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," always played and sung when they took up the church missionary collection.

To one born in these surroundings, what I term Bennett's Bagdad, with its sophistication, appealed as a region almost unattainable. So that when the writer's imagination was first fired and his ambition awakened that sometime he should make the journey, it was as if a small native of the Orkneys or the Hebrides had listened to the tale of a *Sinbad the Sailor,* wrecked during a voyage out of the Arabian Nights. But years after, there came a time when it seemed to him he stepped upon a magic rug, and was whizzed away to the city of his dreams.

II

A NEWSPAPER "CONTACT" AND SOME CONSEQUENCES

WE were in our second year of the war in Europe. Coming out of a Washington hotel one day after luncheon, I was accosted by an old friend with whom I had worked in London years before.

"I see Bennett's dead!" he shouted. He was a newspaper man, and for him the news had special interest.

I gazed at him blankly.

"Hadn't you heard?" he demanded. "Why, it's been up on the *Star* bulletin-board for a couple of hours."

The world stopped for a moment and then turned back. On the way across the Ellipse to the office my mind went retrospecting. A cruel, unmerited letter that had greeted me in Paris just after I had finished what I still think was the best and biggest piece of reporting I had ever done; other rebukes of a similar tenor and desert;

censure for blunders made by somebody else; uncertain flights of favor and quick landings in mazes of uncertainties or abysses of disapproval, all ended by an indignant letter of resignation compelled by conviction that much more of such service as was demanded would mean life-long slavery.

For I worked for Bennett and his "Herald" almost ten years, and I quit because of my inability to lead a really sane, normal, orderly life with the alternations between wildest hope and gloomiest foreboding that began to characterize my existence from the time I was first obtruded upon the attention of the Commodore, as he was known by all in his employ. There was no middle ground; no comparative repose; no restful quiet; no simple peace. One walked on clouds or amid shadows. One was admitted to the King's chamber, or anticipated being kicked out by the grooms.

But the first mood was quickly dispelled by a rush of pleasant memories. Cable messages of congratulation, a sheaf of which in the modified English of many a foreign telegraph operator and misspelled on quaint forms, had been preserved in a scrap-book. Orders beginning, "How would you like to do so-and-so?" A letter of

graceful apology and partial recompense. A picture of a genial host surrounded by active members of his staff, lunching under big trees on a beautiful lawn at Versailles, discussing topics of the day from the latest moves in European statecraft down to the superiority of light American beers over German brews; these and other things.

In order to show what James Gordon Bennett meant to me, I must go back to childhood. An omnivorous reader, by twelve I had devoured every book that could be borrowed within a radius of two miles of my home.

It was a school-teacher who boarded with us one winter that first told me about James Gordon Bennett and his "Herald," and how he had sent Henry M. Stanley to find Dr. David Livingstone, the Scottish explorer and missionary, swallowed up by an African jungle and who, it was feared, had been eaten by cannibals. About the same time this teacher—his name was Allen Quinan—presented me with a child's version of "The Arabian Nights" and my fancy first reincarnated *Harun-al-Raschid* in the person of Bennett, and out of the latter's domain created a modern Bagdad, full of romance. Quinan had attended West Point for a time, but according to report he had been so unmercifully hazed he had quit. Any-

how, he was a soured and disappointed man. He seemed to take a peculiar liking to me, and with the tales he told I think he tried to light the fires of ambition. Once, when bestowing prizes at the end of a school term, he pulled out his watch and gave it to me. Among the few books he had was an abridged copy of Shakespeare, also a Flavius Josephus, a ponderous volume. Both I read before I was eleven, but the first puzzled and the second filled me with horror. The first book of literary merit I ever owned was a copy of "Oliver Twist," which, read between the ages of nine and ten, made me see a *Fagin* or a *Bill Sykes* every time I went to bed.

Quinan left the Island before my last year of public school, but I remained fascinated by the story of Stanley, and dreamed about my Caliph of Bagdad. And so, the "Herald" became a goal; distant and unreal, but a goal nevertheless, and I read eagerly and listened for further information. But I was no Aladdin; I had no jinn to jump at my call and turn impossibilities into fact, and perhaps I should never have got beyond the dream stage had not a new world actually opened up through so trifling a circumstance as the stubbing of a toe.

It was a hot Saturday, in August, 1885. The sun bore down heavily on that part of the Island

we called "The Shellpile," which tombstoned the activities of the oyster packing-house, long defunct. At the Lower Store, so called to distinguish it from a shop near the upper end of the Island, I found, after the mail-carrier had left his pouch, that our paper, the *Calvert Journal,* had not come. Our subscription had expired. Stout Mr. Wat Hellen, the postmaster, would not hand out even a post-card. It was always a grievous disappointment for the semiweekly mail-bag to yield nothing, and when one is twelve and an appetite for reading has to go unappeased, imagination often seems a barren refuge.

Somehow, instead of taking the brighter and torrid pathway that turned by the ruined brick lime-kiln, my usual route, I elected to follow the road that led under the old oyster packing-house, generally avoided because of strange noises, possible of awesome interpretation to a youngster thrown much upon his own resources for company and entertainment. For instance, "the Lodge" had rooms in the otherwise abandoned building, and there was a legend about a monstrous and unmanageable goat which must be mounted by those initiated into the Knights of Pythias; and one always faced the possibility of his making his escape and charging upon the violator of the sanc-

tity of his shrine's location. Sometimes curious rumbles or crashes might be heard overhead as one passed among the piles supporting the long wing of the huge frame structure; and a lad of my age might not take time to reason that these were due to the jarring loose of piles of rusty tin cans, or the waking activities of the town drunkard who had crawled into a quiet place for a midday siesta.

Perhaps my day-dream took the form of a charge uphill, as the road that passed under the oyster-house mounted. Perhaps it was just blind chance that led me. Anyhow, just after I had passed the crest of the little hill I came to a sudden stop. I had stubbed my toe, and on a folded newspaper that some one must have dropped in the road. Newspapers, when they hurt, don't strike your toes as a general thing, but some more vulnerable spot. I picked up the newspaper, which was the *Gazette,* the *Journal's* rival, and I was glad, for it had news in it—and news was something I craved. I read the penciled name it bore—"John Joy."

Now John Joy was a real person, however portentous his name, and he lived up the Creek. A glance at the wharf just above proved it bare of craft, and another across a broad quarter-mile of

water showed the boat of the "Up-the-Creekers" just passing the further end of a wooded islet that for some unknown reason was termed "Molly's Leg." The occupants would not come back until the next day for church.

Happy in my prize, I strode homeward and seated on the edge of the back porch read every line, including the advertisements. Of the latter one claimed earnest attention. It was a notice that on the following Thursday a competitive examination would be held at the county-seat for a scholarship in a college partly supported by the State. The winner would gain four years' board and tuition.

Tho in the highest class at the public school, having had no Latin, Greek, or Algebra I was hardly as yet to be considered as candidate for entrance into a college, altho my last teacher—I say it with all due respect to her memory—had taught me about all she knew. But I read that advertisement over and over again, and showed it to my mother. She read it, looked at me, and sighed.

On the day appointed for the examination, my father and I drove in a hired buggy to the county-seat, twenty-two miles away. There were nine other competitors, the youngest a girl of sixteen.

The winter before an attack of pneumonia, just failing to carry me off, had left little more than a skeleton, and a picture preserved by a fond mother shows a very unprepossessing little boy with a very big head and no visible neck. The other contestants smiled on me generously and somewhat pityingly. I confided to my father that I wished that I had not come.

The examination took place in the court-house, a building dating from the early days of the Republic, and we sat at a long table in the court-room. One of the contestants was a strapping young man, who, it was said, taught school. At the dinner recess he was caught in a wood near by refreshing his memory from a bag of books.

Several questions on the examination paper were beyond my knowledge, tho they were all on primitive subjects, and the examiner, a kindly man with long whiskers, noting my dejection, put his hand on my shoulder and told me to brace up—which only served to bring on a breakdown. So it was a very disconsolate and spirit-conquered candidate my father drove the long way back home that night. It was not so much conviction of failure to gain the coveted prize that overwhelmed me as feeling like a tiny David who had gone up against numerous Goliaths without

even a sling and a stone. My father doled some comfort with the assurance that he had renewed his subscription to the *Journal* and that later on, when I had grown bigger, he would manage somehow to send me away to college. After all, I reasoned, only more childishly, this defeat would merely postpone my reaching the "Herald."

So that, the next day but one being Saturday, when the mail-carrier's horse, for which I had been listening, clattered down the road, I was philosophical and urged entirely by curiosity and not expectation as I ran down in its wake. Mr. Hellen handed me our paper, and I went out into the light and opened it. An item caught my eye with its headline, "Free Scholarship." I read, fascinated. Then I became aware that the postmaster was calling me back.

"There's a letter for you," he grunted. "Huh! And it's from the County Examiner's office. Don't mean you got that scholarship? Well, for the love o' Gawd!"

I had simply nodded at his question. I rushed home too full to speak until I could give the tidings to my mother. But on the way I built a castle in a romantic land, and it looked without from inside the wall of Bennett's Bagdad.

And so, in time, with a little tin-bound trunk

and a parcel or two, I was delivered in the college town, the puniest object in the way of a prospective student that had ever landed there, and duly enrolled in the lower class of the preparatory department of the college. Assigned to room with three other boys, I led for the greater part of my first year a miserable life, the butt of practical jokes, the prey of every cruel-minded young bully, the victim of continuous hazing. It drove me into myself, and made me shrink from my kind, for no one seemed to think it worth while to take my part, and its effects lasted many years. Not until the following spring brought increased stature and strength and the courage to fly at a tormentor and, aided by the element of complete surprize, get him down and with fists and finger-nails so disfigure his physiognomy that he shrieked for help, did I win anybody's respect.

Only two incidents during the remainder of the six years of school bear in any way upon this narrative. One was an address during the first commencement week, delivered by a real newspaper-man, actually the first of the genus I had ever seen, Lynn Meekins, a graduate of the college. His subject was "The Romance of Journalism," and he told more about Bennett and famous newspaper correspondents and their feats than I

had ever before read, and I was enthralled. His talk was printed the next day in the Baltimore newspaper of which he was one of the editors, and I clipped it out and kept it to dream over for years. With the unquestioning zeal of one just turned thirteen I was for emulating Meekins. But then, as I pondered the matter over, Meekins had never gone so far as to reach the "New York Herald," tho he had been graduated as much as five years before, and in my eyes was well advanced in years. On second thoughts—well, I would not remain five years on any Baltimore publication. Some day, perhaps, I would be introduced to Meekins, and then I would ask him how to get on a newspaper. It would be so many years before I myself could be graduated—at least five.

The other circumstance was my being made editor of the college paper. Certain classmates to whom I had whispered my ambition agreed that I was already cast for my life-work, and the class prophet so prognosticated. As if editing a college paper of those days could mean anything! But ah! That was the age of real innocence—as well as ignorance. And so I searched the college library and such chance magazines as came my way for mention of Bennett and his paper,

and read with avidity anything that named Stanley. Some day, I, too, would receive a two-word telegram from Bennett to find somebody, and later in the middle of some dark continent, come upon my quarry seated on a log, and at the head of my train of gun-bearers and porters would approach him, lift my white pith helmet and with a courtly bow demand, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"—or something like that.

It did not take me long after graduation to realize that so far as I was concerned, Bennett and his Bagdad and his Stanleys and his cable instructions were almost on the border-line of fiction. My first gainful occupation had been undertaken at the age of ten, when the village blacksmith had engaged me, during a summer vacation, to blow his bellows and "strike" with a big sledge-hammer for the munificent wage of twenty-five cents a day. However, the word "gainful" is misplaced, for the rascal, tho a relative, decamped after a month owing me full pay for that term. Next, a year or two after my entrance in college, I was employed by one of the several general stores that were now in competition on the Island to clerk, sun-up to nine or ten o'clock at night, the pay being $1.75 a week, increased later on to two dollars. The following summer saw my services

in demand by a rival merchant, who tempted me with an offer of four dollars.

A few days after my graduation my father, always a man of few words, signified in brief but unmistakable terms that I should help out in the store he had by this time opened; and so with a sigh, no escape offering in the shape of proffers of jobs, as should have come to one who possessed a diploma couched in Latin and attested by the Great Seal of a college as being a Bachelor of Arts—whatever that may mean—I rolled up the parchment and rolled up my sleeves, and spent what might have been a vacation measuring calico, burrowing into nail kegs, digging into tierces of lard, pumping kerosene, sneezing over snuff and doing the hundred offices and chores of one who slaves in a country store. And as I was but eighteen and too young under the laws of Maryland to be entrusted with the public school which was often the college graduate's time-marking job until he could decide what he wished to make his life-work, September came and found me apparently getting farther and farther away from my distant goal and sinking into the commonplace and humdrum of life in a tiny, remote village.

That summer I had begun to write letters to

newspapers. I had called to see Meekins, my hoped-for Mentor, on my way home through Baltimore, but he was absent. I tried the office of another newspaper, but the man who saw me smiled at the heavy new cutaway coat that was part of my graduation suit and my proudest possession, and said there was no vacancy.

Thirty-five years ago it was not the easiest thing in the world for a country-boy, shy, absolutely ignorant of the world, with no friends and no acquaintances in any big city, to get a job on a city newspaper. As a matter of fact, if somebody had offered me a job as reporter, I was not equipped to make good. I was ignorant; I realize now that I could not have written an original essay that would have done credit to a high-school boy of to-day. Six years in a combination of preparatory school and college had done something for me, but not what it should. Except history, of which I was particularly fond, I knew more about Latin and Greek than any other subject, mainly because I particularly liked the professor, who was not only a scholar and a man of university training, but the possessor of a rare fund of humor. And my experience to this day has convinced me that to reach the average American mind, the most successful means is to clothe

the fact with humor or anecdote. Now, despite my "college education," I was in a stage of arrested development, and my actual knowledge was confined mainly to what had lingered from the wide but random reading that had occupied most of my time during the six years. Of the world and its ways I was absolutely ignorant; the college was a sectarian institution, and in it one was intellectually and socially in a convent. Not until some years after graduation did I awaken to a realization that I could not even express myself in clear English—and then I went to school again.

September was half gone when one day in the mails came an impressive-looking circular. It told about the wonderful educational possibilities of the La Grange Collegiate Institute, located in a town of the same name in North Carolina. At the name of the principal I gasped, for it was that of a classmate who had read his Latin, Greek, and German with me. Immediately I wrote and offered to teach with him for my expenses. Anything to feel that I was doing something worth while.

Back came his answer. If I could keep my expenses within ten dollars a month, I could come along. His mother would take care of my board. My father staked me to the railroad fare, and

so out into the world, not in the actual direction of the "Herald," but still toward it, I started.

In many respects that first year in North Carolina was a happy period. I was absolutely free from care. Ten dollars a month, deducting train fares and clothing costs, did not leave me much latitude, but I was called "Perfesser," invited to sing in each of the five church choirs and, as nobody knew that I had not yet reached nineteen, was actually treated with a degree of respect. And when my friend gave up the school at the end of the term, the trustees elected me principal.

After a year and a half I regretted my acceptance. The first year in charge I did remarkably well, financially, considering my earnings as assistant. But the next winter the price of cotton, which in that day governed every operation in North Carolina, even to illicit distilling, dropped to the lowest level in history. I had covered the whole county in a buggy the summer before, canvassing for pupils, and could have obtained any number; but several bad bills remained from the preceding year, and I selected only those whose parents, I thought, would pay. Even at that, I miscalculated. At Christmas time collections had proved so bad I saw ruin ahead if I remained, so accepting what was offered in the

way of chickens, cord-wood and chores and even a calf, I sold these proceeds of my half year's labor, turned the school over to my assistant, whose salary so far had claimed most of my cash receipts and, quite convinced that the way to the "Herald" did not lie through teaching a North Carolina private school, headed North.

However, that two and a half years' experience had provided what might be termed another "newspaper contact," this time with a newspaper editor who many years later became a member of President Wilson's Cabinet and nationally known.

During the Presidential campaign of 1892, Josephus Daniels, even then presiding genius of a Raleigh daily, came to La Grange to make a political speech. The house where I boarded, the biggest and most pretentious in town, was the home of its best known citizen, whose hospitality was proverbial, and "Joe Dan'ls," as he was called, must go nowhere else to stay. And if it is true that politics makes strange bedfellows, mine of that night unknowingly later did me what seemed a good turn.

Such renown as La Grange was at that time able to boast was based on its being the home of a beautiful young woman who, a year or two before,

had been the acknowledged belle of the state, with beaux from Tarboro in the northeast to Charlotte and Wilmington in the south, and from Asheville in the west to Newbern on the edge of the Atlantic. In La Grange itself, young men were scarce; therefore in time it became my joyous privilege to listen often to her carol "Swinging in the Grape-Vine Swing" and "In Old Madrid," and under the spell—well, who could help it?

But I was dumb and tongue-tied. Tho I had been confirmed an Episcopalian they had made me Assistant Superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school and President of the Society of Christian Endeavor; yet the gift of vocal expression was never mine. At school I had done bits of crude doggerel for the college paper. Now, under the impulse of romance, I essayed a flight into passionate lyricism. "If I But Knew!" was its tenor, and its name.

Trembling with my guilty secret, on my next visit I made bold to show the lady the script, under pretense that I had composed it some time before. She said she liked it. That night I felt impelled to begin another, and before the fever of inspiration or whatever it was had run its course, I had turned out half a dozen others. They were

simple little lays—simple is the word—but she "ohed" and "ahed" over them. Under such stimulus, I sent the lot, one by one, to Mr. Daniels' paper, each signed by a fictitious name, and he printed them as they arrived, in the column he called "Poetry"—or its equivalent. And their publication had a sequel I could never have anticipated.

I did not know it, but the affections of my inamorata had been previously bestowed, the fortunate cavalier being an extremely handsome and equally sophisticated young man some ten years my senior, who speculated in cotton futures in a town nearby and had a habit of coming over to see our lady when not expected. One night after such an arrival his cousin, whom he despised but who was one of my best friends, saw him display a pair of brass knuckles in the town's saloon with a statement that they were for me, embellishing that declaration with a recital of what else he purposed doing to the "damned Yankee" who was calling on his girl. That same cousin hurried into a store, got a revolver and loaded it, and knowing that I never went armed, came to the house where I was calling, stationed himself behind a tree and waited until I came out, when he escorted me home. He said he would rather kill his cousin

than have him harm me. The next morning it transpired that the bellicose swain had remained in the saloon to such purpose that neither his cousin nor myself could have had reason to anticipate any injury from him. But that was not the sequel.

This came a few evenings later. I was paying a call that had become such a frequent occurrence that I had more than once fancied a question in parental eyes, when my charmer suddenly burst out laughing.

"I have the biggest joke on Arthur you could possibly imagine," she explained. "You remember these?"

From a very fat envelope she drew out clippings of all my seven effusions which Mr. Daniels had printed in his paper. "This letter is from Arthur," she continued. "Listen!" And she read:

"Do you know, within the last week or so I have come across these poems in the Raleigh paper. They express my love for you in a way I have never been able to tell it myself. Those seven fellows who wrote them must know you!"

Nevertheless, it was "Arthur" she married!

III

WHEN A WORM SPROUTED WINGS

A PRIVATE school nearer home beckoned. Investigation showed that it was terribly run down, but it was not until I had gone to teach at the institution that I discovered the woman who owned it was extremely unpopular in the neighborhood. By May, with only seven pupils on my roll, I was about ten dollars ahead. Most of my earnings had gone to pay for board and the rent of the schoolroom.

One day I saw an advertisement in the Baltimore *Sun* which seemed to hold possibilities. It read something like this:

> "Wanted, a gentleman of education and good appearance to handle a live proposition."

In Baltimore I applied at the address given. A tall, lanky, middle-aged man said he thought I would suit him, but he was slow with other information. After some beating about the bush I asked him what the work really was.

"It's bucks," he replied.

Later I discovered that he had originated in rural Ohio.

"Bucks?" I repeated wonderingly. "Er—do you mean it is hard work?" I recalled the phrase, "bucking down to work."

"Naw," he answered, taking up a volume, "bucks!"

And then I understood he meant "books." I was a bit doubtful, but thought I saw a chance opening in the direction of my goal.

"Do you think this would lead to my becoming an editor?" I inquired. I was about as unsophisticated as only a country boy could be.

"Sure," he replied; and I was convinced.

The book was an illustrated chronicle of the Chicago World's Fair. All I had to do was to call at the houses or offices of some of the leading citizens of Baltimore, and show them a portfolio containing the wonderful volume. They would fairly fall over themselves in their efforts to subscribe.

Just one week I spent in this effort to become an editor. At the end I had not sold one book. In my mind is still a clearly-defined picture of myself being escorted to the door of his office by a well-known coffee merchant, to the accom-

paniment of appreciative tittering furnished by his hireling clerks. The nearest doorstep claimed a figure fairly writhing in indignation. The next day I went home with nervous prostration.

But pleasanter things were ahead. The following autumn saw me assisting the Professor of Latin and Greek in the college that had rashly handed me a diploma, and then for two years its preparatory department was handed over to me to run. During my absence the institution had grown and broadened. Men who had attended other colleges or universities and women who had traveled had been added to its faculty, and through association with them and by looking on, listening, and absorbing, my real education began. At the end of my three years' work, no enthusiasm for my continuance with the institution manifesting itself in an offer of increased pay, I obtained through a teachers' agency the position of head master of a small preparatory school in a Connecticut town.

So far as the new work was concerned, the only advantage proved to be the increased salary. The Rector and owner was a cigaret fiend of uncertain temper, fond of haling small boys into a study whose hazy atmosphere was being incremented by a curling exodus from beneath a

newspaper hastily thrown over his own lighted cigaret, while he lectured the unfortunate culprits on the vice of smoking. Once the newspaper caught fire. Within three months the Rector and I, openly cordial, had begun to express freely in private our detestation of each other.

But in the old New England community there was much culture and there were many delightful widows and spinsters of means, all of whom were hospitable, and two or three scholarly men, and formal dinners were the greatest means of indoor entertainment. My closest friend, Albert Evitts, the town's druggist, was one of the best-read men I have ever known, and from him and through the hospitality generously bestowed, I learned much about the art of dining out and that more important art of conversation—more than enough to show me how ignorant I really was. So that the following summer I spent taking courses in English at Harvard. I realized I needed such for my work of the next year and for what I hoped would soon prove to be my regular occupation.

Now through all the years I had been making efforts—feverish and unmethodical because of ignorance of how to go about such things and lack of some one to counsel—to get into news-

paper work, all the time with the "Herald" in view.

Spasmodically I had written to editors of journals in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, including the "Herald." In Baltimore no editorial ear was stretched to catch my timid whisper and I lacked enterprise sufficient to encourage gambling the few dollars I could have scraped together on a trip to a larger city. I believe now that if I had taken a chance my ignorance and lack of initiative must have brought me to grief. The nearest approach to a response I ever received from overworked city editors was two words, scrawled in blue pencil on the back of my own letter, "No vacancy." And what I was yearning for was "Find Livingstone!"

My journey to New England had given me my first glimpse of New York. It had also afforded my first sight of the temporal capitol of the "Herald," the Venetian palace occupying a truncated triangle bounded by Broadway, Sixth Avenue, Thirty-fifth, and Thirty-sixth Streets, now, alas! given over to a haberdashery and a multitude of small and unimportant businesses. I approached that temple of my dreams with reverential awe. I walked around it. I stood on the steps of its Broadway side and gazed through the great win-

dows that revealed the gigantic presses in the basement throwing off an edition of the *Evening Telegram,* and wondered how long it would be before those same presses would be feeding to a hungry world the special dispatches I should be cabling from some far-away capital. I listened, figuratively with bared head, while the life-like bronze figures atop the building hammered on a great bell the hour denoted by the "Herald" clock. I even penetrated the lobby of the building, with its imposing screenings of glass and bronze and marble counters, and looked longingly up the marble stairway that led to the editorial department.

But that was as far as I dared go. I was under engagement to meet my new employer at the Grand Central Station. Not until the Christmas holidays did I progress further than the foot of the "Herald's" marble stairway. And then I did not go without support.

The scholarly druggist, a man some ten years my senior but who had taken an unwonted interest in me—possibly because I was a rare specimen of unsophistication—had elected to spend part of the Christmas season showing me about New York, and when one day I mentioned my long-cherished plan to ask in person for a job on the

"Herald" he agreed to accompany me. Still, it was with trepidation that I mounted the marble steps and opened the gate guarding the sacred precincts above. An attendant demanded that I state my name and business on a printed form, and ushered me into a great room with a central table and leather-covered sofas and chairs. I sat with heart palpitating and deaf to the cheery comments of my companion. In a brief time a young man came out and informed me that the city editor was at luncheon. He was sympathetic when I stated my errand and suggested that I call again in the afternoon; meantime he would report my request to the city editor.

Sullivan, the genial, blarneying old office attendant who, it was said, had served the Commodore on the latter's yacht, took in my name on my second call. He came back with two familiar words on a slip of paper.

Sullivan must have read the message. Now he glanced at my face. He had seen many such expressions.

"Too bad, sir," he said. "But don't you give up, sir. I've seen 'em turned away like you are, sir, many a time, sir; and them that comes back, sir, and comes back often, gets here at the right

time, sir." Later Sullivan and I became great friends.

The following spring brought a real gleam of hope. I was engaged to teach English and Greek in the Cheltenham Military Academy, at Ogontz, Pa. For the first time in my life I was to live within the shadow of a big city. And when the contract was signed I made a resolve. I did not like school-teaching; I was unfit to teach others; it was dishonest to pretend to impart knowledge I did not possess. Within a twelve-month I would quit, and within the same time I would be actually reporting on a newspaper. If I did not land a job on a newspaper while living so near Philadelphia, I was unfit to have one. And so, with a view to what I now felt sure must follow, I spent the summer of 1898, as already mentioned, at the Harvard Summer School.

At Cheltenham I was more pleasantly situated than ever before in my life. The salary was good for a teacher in those days—much more than my real worth, except by comparison with many others who were teaching—and the living was excellent. On the days I did not "keep study hour," my time was my own after two o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as my new work was in shape, I began to make inquiries in Philadel-

phia about the way to get on a newspaper. Of nerve, or self-confidence, ordinarily considered an absolute requisite for a newspaper reporter, I had none. I did not know the meaning of initiative. I learned that Richard Harding Davis had worked on the *Press* before going to New York, and was told it was the school from which reporters were frequently graduated to the bigger field of New York. After some difficulty, I succeeded in obtaining a letter of introduction to the city editor of that paper.

To that gentleman, whose door the letter promptly opened, I explained that I was to have a week's holiday at Easter, and disclosed my ambition to enter newspaper work. I offered to work for him that week without pay, the condition being that he would employ me regularly when school closed in June; provided, of course, I showed that I could do the work required.

"It's a bargain," he said. "Report at this office at two o'clock in the afternoon of the Thursday before Easter."

At last the Chance had come. At least, that is what I thought.

Now so far as interpretation of this narrative is concerned, perhaps an incident may furnish a sort of side-light. One day during the interim

before the Thursday which was now spelled in red letters on my calendar, mention of my supposed good fortune drew from one of my friends this rejoinder: "Why on earth do you want to be a newspaper man? You will have to start at the bottom, and you are getting along fairly well now."

"I don't know exactly what I want to be in the end," I returned, "but after I have been working in Philadelphia for a year I want to go to New York and work on the 'Herald.' After I have been on the 'Herald' two years I should like to be sent to London."

Actually, both wishes were fulfilled, and in less time than I ever hoped; but the manner of fulfilment was very different from what could have been foreseen.

On the day appointed I called punctually at the office of the city editor of the *Press*. He kept me waiting half an hour in an anteroom before he finally summoned me. He was manifestly embarrassed.

"I am sorry," he said, "but the managing editor says he can not take on anybody without paying him a salary."

"But I am perfectly willing to work for money," I cried.

However, no argument would avail and I went out from that office with about the same emotion as when the Baltimore coffee-merchant, figuratively, took me by the ear.

The world looked very dreary in spite of the sunshine when I emerged into the street, and my feet carried me undirected miles before I penetrated a zone of comparative calm and reason. Then I called in turn at the offices of the *Record,* the *North American,* the *Evening Telegraph* and the *Evening Bulletin,* climbing long flights of steps in endeavors to interview other city editors, but not once penetrating past the officious reporter delegated in each case to get rid of an undesirable caller. I wasn't getting anywhere. City editors were inaccessible. I made a resolution.

"I'll see the man at the top and find out if he isn't human."

The only "top" editor whose name I knew was the late Colonel Alexander K. McClure. To keep courage from oozing after the decision was once made, I hurried to the office of the old Philadelphia *Times* and sent up my card to the editor-in-chief. It produced almost a shock when word came that he would receive me. He did, and very courteously; and what is more, he listened

very patiently to my story. Then he turned me over to his assistant, Dr. Lambdin, who was equally courteous and patient, and who summoned Colonel Fenno, the managing editor, said a few words to him in a low voice and introduced me.

Colonel Fenno, it developed, had also been a school teacher, and he knew the limitations of the life for one who was unfitted by temperament for training young minds and who wanted to do something else.

"Why, I can make use of you," he said, after listening to my plea. "I should be very glad to do so. Can you go to work at once?" He introduced me to the city editor. It so happened that I knew two little items of school news. I wrote them out and was immediately sent out on my first assignment, which was to "cover" the story of a runaway girl.

The Chance had really come at last.

At the end of a week they astonished me by telling me to make out my space bill. I distinctly remember the sum—$17.85. My new associates told me it was extraordinary for a cub reporter on space in Philadelphia in those days.

"There is a job for you here whenever you want it," said Colonel Fenno as, my holiday ended, I was about to start back for Cheltenham.

But this did not assure me. One bitter memory of a newspaper editor's promise had taught me caution. My pot would not boil, I was sure, without watching, and I determined to do the watching. And so from that time until the middle of June I taught school by day and did newspaper work at night. Literally, I went into Philadelphia three afternoons each week and sat in the city room of the *Times,* sometimes getting an assignment, more frequently not, until the last edition of the paper went to press in the morning. Then I would board a trolley car for Ogontz. It was always four o'clock or later when I reached the school, and at 6:30 must begin a day of trying to guide younger minds through the intricacies of Greek translation and English composition.

The Commencement of the Ogontz School for Young Ladies took place the day before ours. I covered that and the next day took to the *Times* office the story of our own closing exercises and went to work.

At last I was a full-coated newspaper cub and on my way to Bennett, and the world was full of promise.

Naturally I thought I was going to be "on space." Having grown accustomed to a good scale of living, I took for the summer a fairly

luxurious suite of two rooms and bath in a rather fashionable quarter of the city. When pay-day came, by "space string," including the two commencement stories, figured out over forty dollars. I trod air—until I opened my pay envelop. It contained just fifteen dollars. I was on salary.

So my luxurious rooms were hastily given up and a two-dollar-a-week attic in Spruce Street, with six-cent breakfasts, nine-cent luncheons and twenty-five-cent dinners, held me for the next few weeks, and the old Bon Ami restaurant, which stood in those days in Ninth Street, opposite the Post Office, claimed me as one of its most regular patrons.

Newspaper work in Philadelphia was just then undergoing a species of revolution, it so chanced. The late Thomas B. Wanamaker had shortly before bought the old *North American,* and was seeking to resuscitate it. He had spent a lot of money in the effort, and had imported from New York to be managing editor, a man who had been one of the star reporters on the "Herald." Soon after my name was put on the weekly payroll of the *Times,* its owners decided that as competition for news had become keen, an effort should be made to keep up with the procession by importing

a new city editor from New York. The newcomer was the late Philip Speed, who had had an experience of some years as reporter on the *World* and the Hearst papers.

Speed immediately started out to make Philadelphia sit up. He believed that sensationalism was essential to making a live newspaper and under him I had a brief course in imaginative writing. One of his early assignments to me was a murder that had taken place in a house situated on an isolated tract of marsh and meadow land away below Gloucester, N. J. By ferry, afoot, and by the ramshackle wagon finally hired it was a long way off, and it was late when I got back with such details as had been bagged.

Speed, who was supposed to go off duty at 6 o'clock, was still waiting for me.

"Any arrest?" he asked, after listening to my report.

"No."

"Ah, a mystery! Who is suspected?"

I named the man, and told the circumstances.

"All right, make him the murderer. Anyhow, we'll wake 'em up down there. You write that story this way," and he sketched out some details that I had failed to get!

The yarn I wrote, liberally illustrated with

pictures of the "murderer" and his victim, the scene of the crime and so on, all "drawn from life" or made from non-existent "photographs" by a gifted "staff artist" furnished considerable local talk. Unfortunately for the *Times,* the man charged with the crime was able to prove an alibi.

Another experience in fabricating the material from which the story must be made came out of the investigation of a fake matrimonial bureau. I chanced to discover in it a preacher who confessed to being easy to summon in case matches were made. The bare details were enough for Speed. He told me how to treat the subject, with the result that the romance, with a wealth of imaginative "photographs," was run for a full page in the next Sunday's issue. A year or two under Speed and I should have developed a creative streak that could not have failed to equip me for writing fiction. Nevertheless he was an excellent preceptor, and proved a good friend.

But my small weekly pay was causing me concern. Speed was now giving me what were called "star" stories. I kicked and got an increase of two dollars a week. A month later, the *Times* being reluctant to appraise my further services higher, I went over to the *Inquirer,* whose city editor, John Trevor Custis, now its managing

editor, has ever since been one of my best friends.

But the *Inquirer* was a newspaper of conservative methods, and after a few months I began to fix my eyes on New York, and upon the "Herald" in particular. My period of apprenticeship had taught me the elements of reporting and interviewing. How to make the jump was a problem that caused pondering.

And then one cold day in February a thought blossomed. I wrote out the briefest letter I could compose and addressed it to the city editor of the "Herald." It ran:

"Have you a place on the Herald for a man who is willing to work?"

Back came an answer, still briefer:

"Come over and see me on Saturday."

A few minutes after that somebody asked me whether I was going to be married or had been left a fortune. However, nobody learned from me then just what had happened except Custis, who gave me his best wishes. In those days railroad passes were to be had from the Pennsylvania Railroad by any reputable Philadelphia newspaper-man who simply presented with his request a recommendation from his city editor; so that on the day appointed, smiling and confident, for I felt that my highest hope was approaching

realization, I presented myself at the office of the City Editor of the "New York Herald."

At that time the late William C. Reick held that position. The title was misleading; its holder was, in effect, managing editor and, as well, personal representative of James Gordon Bennett. On strangers and upon many who worked under him, Reick's presence often had a disquieting effect. I was very much of a flutter when shown into his private office. He looked me over and shot a number of questions at me. Then at the end he said:

"I thought when I wrote you that perhaps I might have a vacancy. I don't believe there is one. Good day!" and he nodded me out.

The disappointment was overpowering, but I pulled myself together as best I could after this apparent revelation that a brief examination had convinced him that I was not a suitable candidate. I even managed to smile and bow as I thanked him for having seen me. But I headed straight for the Jersey City Ferry and caught the next train for Broad Street.

Philadelphia looked rather dirty and spacious and lonely when I left the station. I sought the office for company. Not a reporter was in the city room. Custis shouted as I entered.

"Scranton tips me off to a good-sized scandal, and I've got nobody else to send out," he said, giving me the details. "Would you mind hopping on a train and telegraphing the story as soon as you can?"

Two days later, after an unpleasant Sunday experience with a preacher who begged me not to mention that he was the man mixed up in the scandal because he was of my tribe, as he had once been a newspaper-man in New York; and another the same day in being mistaken for that same preacher by the brother of the woman in the case and so narrowly escaping a personal encounter that the jelaous local correspondent of the *Inquirer,* in the Scranton paper to which he was also attached, told how that "fight" had actually occurred and that I had been rolled in the mud and my glasses broken, I entered the *Inquirer* office again and from force of habit sought my mailbox. It contained a New York Herald envelop.

Feverishly I tore it open. A note, signed by the secretary to the "Herald's" City Editor, ran:

"Mr. Reick requests that you report in New York next Saturday to go to work on the 'Herald.' "

The postmark indicated that it had been written soon after my dismissal from Reick's office.

THE HERALD BUILDING, BROADWAY AND ANN STREET, NEW YORK, 1880

Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE HERALD BUILDING, FULTON AND NASSAU STREETS, NEW YORK, 1849

IV

A DREAM'S FULFILMENT

THE city-bred boy or the youngster brought up in a town, who acquires a degree of sophistication that almost necessarily comes to one such, whose father knows people that know editors, or who lives at home and can afford to keep dropping into newspaper offices until one day they give him a job just so he won't keep annoying the city editor with his card, can form no conception of the feelings of a youth, still unfledged despite his twenty-six years, upon achieving, after timid, spasmodic efforts during a long eight years, something that influence or "nerve" might have gained for the other in a day or two, or a few weeks at most.

A goal had actually been attained. It was not much of a goal, perhaps, but how I had coveted it and longed for it—longed, perhaps, rather than striven, for the impelling motive was purely a craving. Even ambition was vague, except on one or two points; my ultimate aim was nebulous.

Now, with one dream of years realized, I appeared at the Herald office on the day appointed, went boldly up the marble stairway and found my way to the city room.

I gazed about the forest of desks, of many designs. Frank Perley was day city editor, and facing him sat William Johnston, his assistant, since become well known as an author. Noon was the hour I had been told to report, and long before that time I introduced myself to Perley, who asked me a question and with a sort of shrug, turned me over to his assistant. Johnston suggested I grab a seat anywhere. Reporters came drifting in. None noticed me at first. Then one, kinder than the rest, came over. He was John G. Logan, now one of the editors of the *Herald-Tribune,* and he tried to put me at my ease, introducing me to several of the younger men and pointing out the "big fellows" who would come in late and call the day city editor by name and quarrel with him, roar for an office boy, and sit on the edges of desks and smoke big cigars. I waited. I had had no luncheon. Three o'clock; most of the reporters had been sent out; my ears were stretched for the sound of my name. Another hour, and then it came.

The day city editor handed me two newspaper

clippings, and spoke a few words, whose purport was that I was to find and interview two men, one in Fifty-fourth street and the other in Twenty-first, tell each that he was held by some one who knew him to be a villain of the deepest dye, and then bring back to the office an account of what the objects of attack said—or did—subsequent to receipt of the information. The assignment gave me an inward sinking. I had never had anything like this to do on the Philadelphia *Times* or the *Inquirer*. However, having come to New York and got on the "Herald," I must be ready to act as a "Herald" man. Nevertheless, I felt the premonition that comes to trained newspapermen at times, that my first assignment would fail of results.

A call at each address was not unproductive, and hunger would no longer be denied. Had some prevision warned that this meal was to be my last until Monday morning, I would have made it more of a feast. I cut the dinner short and hurried up to Fifty-fourth Street again, and rang the door-bell. The man I had been instructed to see was still "not in." At the Twenty-first Street house the report was similar. Up to Fifty-fourth Street again—to have the door

slammed in my face. For a change, I walked down toward the other address.

About eight o'clock it began to rain. My room was too far away to reach, so, having noticed a haberdasher's shop under the old Metropolitan Hotel, in Broadway, I stepped in and selected an umbrella, and reached for my pocketbook. Missing! A hole in an inside coat pocket, against which my purse had been jealously guarded except in one unthoughtful moment, gave the explanation. All my small savings were gone. Mining every pocket of each garment developed that just one dime and two nickels constituted my total available capital. I turned up my overcoat collar and marched downtown. At the Twenty-first Street house I was informed, with considerable emphasis, that the man I sought had not come in: would I please stop ringing the door-bell!

One more ride up to the uptown address, which yielded nothing except the opinion of the angry person who opened the door that the man I sought would not be back until the next day.

One more ride down to Twenty-first Street, where I edged up the steps and then darted back expecting something to be hurled at me.

"If you don't stop ringing that door-bell, I'm going to call a policeman," shouted an irate

woman. "No, he isn't home!" and again the door slammed.

The two rides had reduced my cash capital to a dime. My only chance for a story lay in keeping that door under surveillance. So with the rain soaking through my overcoat and cascading from the brim of my derby hat down the back of my neck, and inside and outside of my collar, I patrolled the opposite sidewalk. It was a cold night, and I became thoroughly chilled. What was there to cheer? Here was I, without the story I had been sent to get. I had committed the almost fatal sin of "falling down" on my first assignment. Perhaps they would fire me upon my return to the office. And I, with only ten cents to my name and not one friend in New York!

Weighted down by my wet garments and filled with foreboding, I continued plodding, first eastward and then westward, at every few steps taking a squint at that door on the south side that tho like the rest now stood out among them all. I looked at my watch. It was just past one o'clock.

At that moment, a gruff voice boomed in the rear of me:

"What are yez doing here?"

An attempt at explanation failed to impress.

"Where's yer police card?" demanded the policeman; for it was a policeman.

I knew nothing of a "police card." I explained that I had just joined the "Herald" that day, and perhaps the city editor had simply forgotten to arm me with proper credentials.

"Ye're a liar," was the policeman's comment. "Ye're actin' suspicious. Move on there, now, and if Oi ketch ye loiterin' on this here block Oi'll run ye in."

Expostulations availed not. The representative of authority grabbed me by the shoulder and, wilted as I was, I made no fight, but took refuge in the valor of discretion, and moved.

Now, had I been an experienced reporter, I would have bluffed the policeman off, or else forced him to make good his threat. Taken to the police station—still assuming I had known the ropes—I would have delivered an indignant oration to the lieutenant or captain in charge, and got an apology. That was possible in New York in those days, when every reporter who knew New York knew things a police captain wouldn't like to see in print. But as for me—well, people seemed to be getting into the habit of telling

me to "move on." It was years before I could learn to love a policeman.

No sympathy was mine when I returned to the office, but the night city editor almost broke up the poker game with the repetition of my report to him.

A Sunday in New York with ten cents in pocket, no acquaintance to borrow from and all the pawnshops closed is no part of Paradise. From the time I got up, recollections of feasts attended in Philadelphia persisted in becoming lively. Particularly did the diamond-back terrapin and the canvasback duck of Clover Club and other festivities "covered" for the *Inquirer* insist upon asserting themselves. Several times during the day I was halted at the doorway of an eating-place by a realization that I must conserve my appetite. About the middle of the afternoon hunger refused to be appeased by further promises. I sidled into a restaurant in Herald Square and studied the bill of fare. Invested in what, would ten cents go farthest? "Bowl of rice, 10c," answered from the card. Rice it was. Luckily my assignments that day were all within walking-distance of the office.

Monday morning I went to pawn my watch. The pawnbroker would allow me only six dol-

lars. He said the timepiece was not gold. I swallowed the insult and took the money. I was hungry. But as soon as I had once more eaten my fill, pleasanter things began to happen. The first was an encounter with Keats Speed, now managing editor of the *Sun,* whom I had known as a reporter in Philadelphia. He was a brother of Philip Speed, who had given so much attention to my early newspaper training. Keats laughed when I told him of my experience of the Saturday night before. Then he pulled out the biggest handful of bills I had ever gazed on.

"Here," he said, "take as much as you want."

And thus it was that I entered the outer gates, one might say, of Bennett's Bagdad. The beginning of my new job resembled nothing in the Arabian Nights except a Barmecide feast. The salary was only three dollars better than what I had last drawn in Philadelphia, and the cost of living and getting about in New York was much higher. However, my shell of inexperience was beginning to crack.

Pretty soon I was slated for "emergency." This meant that I had to remain on duty until the last edition of the paper went to press, and jump out and ring door-bells, or keep "death-watches" over prominent citizens whose obituary

notices were standing in the galleys, and "cover" the late ends of stories brought in incomplete by our important "stars." After a time it dawned upon me that I was getting a larger portion of this leg-work than others and that certain reporters, younger and less experienced, tho having the same "emergency" assignment, seemed to draw a comparatively easy time. Finally ears and craft came to aid the discoveries of my eyes. There was a way to beat the emergency game. One evening I invested ten cents in a cigar and unostentatiously, but making sure that the night city editor knew what was happening, I laid it under a pile of copy paper at his right hand.

That night I was not sent out of the office. This was the first time in my life I ever benefited from graft. A few nights later I tried the experiment again and it worked. Thereafter, at intervals, I repeated the proceeding, and while these performances and the occasional loan of a dollar or two to the great man may not have been responsible, at any rate I was never sent out on a disagreeable night-assignment during the remainder of my emergency trick.

As spring came and wore on, a feeling of comparative stability gradually grew up in me, tho it was seldom a copy-reader would let a

story of mine be printed as written. The worst thing always was sitting about in the office waiting for an assignment. Candor compels the admission that there was nothing about my work to commend it or me, other than a habit of showing up on time, and conscientious—if often unsuccessful—effort to deliver the goods when assigned to a story. The day when I, too, would shine amid the galaxy of "star" reporters that swaggered about the office and who were called familiarly "Bob," and "Ham," and "Bill," and "Leo," by the day city editor seemed far away.

Of course I made a number of friends in the office—mostly chaps of about my own age, who may have got a good deal of fun out of my ignorance of the world and its ways. For me, however, the entire "Herald," visible or invisible, the whole authority of that mysterious, absentee proprietor, centered in the room that adjoined the City Department, the room where sat his representative. From it climbed the Golden Stair to the Throne of the Caliph.

The story was current that Reick had been just an ordinary young reporter—really an out-of-town correspondent—when one day he was summoned to Europe. When he came back it was as Bennett's first lieutenant. To me his office

was a sort of temple of the Impossible Achieved. Not often was I called into it. Every time I passed the open doorway it was almost on tiptoe. The voice of the occupant, summoning the day city editor, never failed to startle me when I sat in the great room without.

There was much talk, in hushed tones, of the Commodore and his eccentricities, and narrations, undoubtedly somewhat fanciful, of what had happened during his infrequent trips to New York, supplemented by speculations as to the date of his next visit. One gray-headed veteran assured me solemnly that many years earlier, Mr. Bennett, arriving in New York unannounced, had invaded the office and fired everybody except the teller of the tale, his escape from the edict being due to his being engaged at the time in washing his hands in the lavatory. In the course of years I was to hear other old "Herald" men repeat that yarn and star themselves.

My twenty-five dollars a week did not permit the indulgence of any expensive tastes I may have formed, and I began to worry. I did what work I was told to do, but was never given an important story to cover. I had done cub work at the start in Philadelphia and had soon been forced into the "star" class, and here I was again a cub, cov-

ering mainly fag ends of somebody else's story. One of the "big men" might phone in to say a certain person in Harlem ought to be seen to make his story complete, or he wanted a copy of an entry on the blotter of a distant police station. Otherwise, I might be sent out in front to represent the City Editor when people were waiting in that same luxurious reception office I had formerly entered in such fear and trepidation, and take down ten pages of notes from which to produce a three-line "city jot"; or, once in a while, explain to the man who was there to challenge the city editor or the owner or somebody to a duel, that if the story that had aroused his ire was incorrect, I should be glad to take down the facts. But nothing happened to make me think I was getting on or that my prospects for even staying on the paper were good until one day in June. The first intimation of a change of any sort was the voice of Mackarness, Reick's secretary, so close to my ear and so distinct—Mackarness had one of those clear English voices that never slurred a consonant—that I jumped to my feet. Frankly, too, the words themselves had something to do with my alarm, for what I heard was, "Mr. Reick wishes to see you at once in his office."

Thoroughly dismayed, I followed his gesture toward the open door of the City Editor. What had I done? Wherein had I fallen down? One of the first things one learned in the service of the "Herald" was never to be satisfied with oneself. Complacency was apt to prove fatal.

So I ambled awkwardly in, looking, I am sure, half-scared to death. In those days Reick had a smile that was wonderful in its effect. To one under him, it was most comforting—almost like a pat on the back. To me he wasn't only "next" to the biggest man on Earth, but he was the next biggest man on earth. And so, when after a glance at me, he smiled, I plucked up courage. My job was still mine, I was sure.

"How would you like to go to Long Branch for the summer?" Reick asked, without preface. I stammered out that I was willing to go anywhere. He set the date of my departure.

"If you do good work, your position may be improved in the autumn," he continued. He then outlined my work and set the date for its beginning.

Treading now on air, I went out into the city room and received congratulations. The Long Branch assignment was regarded as a plum in the office.

That summer was spent in hard labor. The stretch of territory running from Sea Bright on the north to North Asbury Park on the south was my bailiwick. Fortunately I owned a bicycle. Richard Croker was a visitor at Elberon, below Long Branch, during the season, and Senator Mark Hanna, then Chairman of the Republican National Campaign Committee, occupied a house at West End, and both had to be watched for news. All the other New York papers sent "special" men down to interview them and report their doings and keep an eye on their callers and associates, but apparently I did no worse than any of the special correspondents, in addition to covering the hotel and personal news of the resorts. Back in New York in September, I was sent for, congratulated, and told that my salary was raised to thirty-five dollars a week.

At the beginning of the next summer I was made suburban editor, my job being to read the copy for and superintend the make-up of three pages of New Jersey, Long Island, and amateur sporting news. Much of this copy I had to rewrite, and most of it I had to edit and supply with headlines, and the work had all to be done between six o'clock and eleven at night. That gave me an hour for making up the three pages,

which must leave the composing-room for the matrix-shop before midnight.

The assassination of President McKinley upset every newspaper office in New York and it put an end to the suburban section of the "Herald" for the season. Its editor was given a two weeks' vacation and his salary was increased to forty dollars. A few days after my return I was summoned to Reick's office. This time I was not alarmed; much of the unreasonable timidity long mine had been overcome. A reporter has to become immune to stage fright.

"How would you like to go to London?" Reick asked abruptly. It came with a shock. I had not forgotten my wish; but that it should be on the eve of possible realization! I felt my knees weakening. Reick must have noted something queer about them or in my face, for he asked me to sit down.

He explained that Mr. Bennett had cabled from Paris asking that another correspondent be sent over to assist in the London bureau, and he was thinking about recommending me.

However, I was not to be dispatched right away. Until the order came to sail, I must undergo a course of training, acting as New York correspondent of the Paris edition of the "Her-

ald" and of the London *Daily Telegraph,* in order to familiarize myself with news selection and skeletonizing cable dispatches. That autumn I made more money than ever before, for besides drawing the increased salary, I worked on my day off and also edited cable dispatches for the Sunday paper on Friday nights, thus receiving pay for "eight days' " labor each week.

It was a curious theory of the owner's, and put into practise, that a salaried man on the "Herald" was paid for working seven days a week, and it was only through the grace of its proprietor that he was given a day off. For that reason, when a man worked on his day off he could draw, not one-sixth, but one-seventh of his weekly salary in addition, and the same rule obtained if he put in a full "night day." On a forty-dollar salary, a man who worked an extra day and an extra night thus received as pay not $53.33, but $51.42. That difference of $1.91 used to be credited among the victims of the practise with helping to buy coal for Bennett's yacht!

V

OVERSEAS TO THE CALIPH

THE order to sail came just before Thanksgiving Day and it made a sensation in the office; for whoever declared that he would not wish to be summoned over to Paris by the Commodore was not speaking the truth.

Some who had received such a command in former years kindly coached me in the proper procedure for one to whom had come the Caliph's call. Upon reaching the French capital I was to stay in my hotel, after notifying Mr. Bennett of my arrival, until I received instructions from him. Every office story dealing with the Commodore's eccentricities was repeated to me, and by the time I was due to sail I was almost convinced that it might be the wiser part for me to resign and look for a job on some other paper, so harrowing were the experiences accredited to predecessors who had been ordered to Paris. I was told on what ship to go—the old French liner *Champagne,* the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique

being the Commodore's favorite line in those days—the name of the hotel at which I should stop, given various recommendations as to where the best and cheapest meals might be obtained—which information I promptly forgot—cautioned as to Parisian pitfalls by friendly fellows who had paid for their own knowledge, and then sent off accompanied by many friendly wishes as well as many ominous shakes of the head from those whom experience or their memories of what had befallen others embarking with some of my high hopes, had trained in the habit of anticipating the worst. But my sensations upon leaving New York, bound as I was on the second lap of a journey that had once seemed unattainable, and toward the realization of an ambition secretly conceived and nurtured for many impossible years, may be imagined.

And yet I do not believe any guess would be correct. I was elated, yes; but the moment the *Champagne* backed out of her berth I became unreal to myself. The actual *me* became a bystander, an onlooker. The person who had embarked for Europe was a sort of disassociated personality. My body accompanied him, and he used it when he had work to do. But for years thereafter it seemed to me I had two selves. One

of them still remained the simple, gaping Islander, incredulous that he was not still dreaming.

On the *Champagne,* as a "Herald" correspondent, I was given a seat at the captain's table. There were few passengers. One was a Parisian automobile agent who had scented from afar the possibilities that lay in that first heavy inrush to New York of plutocratic Pittsburghers and accumulative Chicagoans, drawn like moths to the way of a Thousand Billion Candles, and was now returning with his trunk full of orders for high-powered German cars. In a few years he was reputed a millionaire. Another was an English commercial traveler who had been almost everywhere, and who was the life of the smoke-room during what proved to be a stormy, uncomfortable voyage. An American who owned a château in France, whose name I have long forgotten, but whose patient explanations to an incessantly interrogative young man still linger in memory, was one of the most interesting passengers. He knew Bennett, but he was no rumor-monger. Several days I kept perforce to my stateroom. The ocean had ways that were strange to one whose nautical experience had comprehended no more troubled seas than the comparatively peaceful waters of a landlocked bay. And

then came the hazy morning when we awoke off Havre.

The first glimpse of the coast of France set me wondering, and yet I had a sense of detachment. What would it mean to me? I soon gave up trying to guess. My motions were purely mechanical as I went down the gang-plank aboard the tender—we had missed the tide—and when later we disembarked upon the pier, I felt my ear-drums, which had not grown accustomed to the French language on shipboard, ring at the excited shouts of dock laborers and the cries of *facteurs,* competing for the honor of handling my very unimportant baggage.

Nothing I had ever seen had looked quite so permanent as the dirty quays of Havre, built of blocks of stone, as they were. But I did not explore further. I was on my way to see Bennett, and nothing should steer me from my course if I knew it; and so I stood about in a sort of daze, keeping near those who were not strange until we were marshaled into the *douane.*

"Rien à declarer, M'sieur? pas d' tabac? pas d' cigarettes?" the *douanier* barked at me, according to formula. I shook my head uncomprehendingly, and he took it for negation. Whereupon he cast what I fancied was a contemptuous glance at my

cheap steamer-trunk and my near-leather suitcase, grunted, chalked a mystic something on them and went on to the next passenger.

The train consisted entirely of old compartment cars, which, of course, were a novelty to me, but I found my seat comfortable. It was a dark morning and the start was made after one of those long but inexplicable delays which even to this day may attend the beginning of a boat-train journey from a French port. And when the sun does not shine, the run from Havre to Paris can be very dreary. The train made many stops—usually not at stations—and it seemed we should never reach Paris; but we did.

Dusk was near when we drew into the Gare St. Lazare. I instructed the *cocher* who caught me there and to whom the porter delivered my trunk, to drive me to the Hotel Balzac, but my pronunciation did not convey any meaning to him. He kept saying *"Où? Où?"* and I had to appeal to a fellow-voyager for assistance. It was chilly and Paris was not at its best at dusk, and the *fiacre* found the way by a succession of side streets. My first impressions gave the lie to all I had heard of the place.

The Hotel Balzac also disappointed me, until I found how good a table it set. Its proprietor,

a Swiss, who met me, bowing and rubbing his hands in that European fashion that was later to become so familiar, assured me he had taken care of many "Herald" men who had come to Paris on a mission such as mine, and without any prompting led me to the writing room.

"You will wish to notify Monsieur Bennett of your arrival," he said. "If you will write the note, I will send it around to 120, Avenue des Champs-Élysées, which is just around the corner."

At first sight of the room I was to occupy, I was far from pleased. There were the high bed and the *duvet,* the great pillow that served as a blanket, of which I had heard. Everything was neat, but plain and gloomy. For illuminating purposes only the candle the *garçon* had brought along was to be mine—the *bougie* that was to be charged on my bill. I became suddenly very tired. Nine days of salt-water tubs and a sooty train journey had made me feel as if a fortnight had elapsed since I had had a genuine bath, but I was not prepared for the effect of my consequent request.

"A bat'? *un bain?"* the attendant gasped.

"Yes; right away."

"I will tell ze managaire."

He went downstairs with myself at his heels.

The proprietor, whose astonishment seemed less than his servant's, assured me that the necessary preparation would be made, but it would take an hour.

"But Mr. Bennett may send for me at any moment," I protested.

"Rest assured, my dear sir," returned the manager, convincingly, "that you will have plenty of time in which to bathe before seeing Mr. Bennett."

On the arrangements for that bath I kept a watchful eye. It seemed there was no running water above the ground floor. The tub might have been a sarcophagus, it was so massive. First the attendant spread a heavy, grayish-looking sheet in the tub; then he proceeded to bring the hot water, pitcher by pitcher, up the three or four flights of steps. There was no *ascenseur*. Elevators in that day were the boast of few of the smaller Parisian hotels.

And there proved to be plenty of time for dinner, tho I ate in momentary expectation of being interrupted by a messenger with an answer to my note. It was my first experience with a real French *table d'hôte* meal—considerably different from those that were swallowed to the accompaniment of considerable tinted fluid in the

cheap "French" restaurants of the "Bohemian" section of the New York of that day. I had been cautioned against the ordinary water supplied at the table in Paris, and had my first introduction to "St. Galmier," recommended to me as the cheapest French table water an American could drink and retain. After dinner the *concierge* solemnly and repeatedly assured me no message had come. I was growing tired of being a virtual prisoner. Perhaps there had been some mistake. It was just few steps to 120, Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and I walked around the corner.

At the time I knew absolutely nothing of the French language and my interview with the *concierge* bordered on the painful. He kept saying *"Cent-quatre,"* but I had never heard of one—at least, as he pronounced it—and didn't know what it was! Finally I got him to write it down and the figures showed "104," which I knew to be the number of Mr. Bennett's residence in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

Thither I went in an effort to make sure that my message had been delivered. Another interview with another *concierge*.

"Ah! M'sieu Gordon-Bennett!" this one exclaimed, after some efforts to make him under-

stand. He took me up in the *ascenseur* and a ring at a door indicated brought a liveried footman. That functionary was very patient, repeating that *"M. Bennett est sorti en ville,"* which meant, of course, that my employer had gone out somewhere in the city. I did not catch the *"en"* and my misapprehension translated the sentence to mean that Mr. Bennett had left the city.

Directly across from "104" was the new Élysée Palace Hotel. A friendly clerk at the desk spoke English. Him I told that I had come over to work on the "Herald," and he confided that Reick had just arrived from New York and was stopping there. I had understood that Reick was to come to Paris, but I did not know that he had beaten me there by taking a faster steamer. The knowledge that he was in the city, however, gave me a degree of confidence in the outcome of my first call upon Mr. Bennett. He could somehow help me out, I felt.

And so it proved. Next morning, early, I received a note on the robin's-egg blue paper, always affected by the proprietor of the "Herald," and signed "C. Christianson." It said that Mr. Bennett would like to see me at a certain hour. The time I have now forgotten. Anyhow, I went around at the hour appointed and was shown

into a sort of library in which were three men: Christianson, Mr. Bennett's confidential man; Percy Mitchell, his amanuensis, and an English stenographer, named White. They were courteous, but volunteered no information. After a few moments the footman came in and said something in French, which was translated to me as an intimation that Mr. Bennett wished to see me. I was shown into a reception-room that was either oval or octagonal—I forget which—and the door closed.

Undoubtedly, it was merely nervousness or apprehension on my part, but I could not get over the feeling that somebody took a peep at me during the ten minutes that I was sitting there. I recalled stories of men who had made bad impressions by wandering about a room in which they had been left, and examining its contents; so nothing but my eyes moved, and the room was so dark I could distinguish little. Finally the footman reappeared, conducted me to the second door down the hall, opened it and pronounced something that I suppose was his conception of my name.

Such an extraordinary room I had never in my life seen. It was small, and choked up with furniture and bric-à-brac. A table was in the cen-

ter, piled high with objects of many kinds. On one side was a desk and upon it a disordered variety of objects, including several blue pencils, each fully fifteen inches long; but what most strongly impressed me was that no matter in which direction I looked I saw owls blinking at me. Owls graced every piece of furniture and every ornament in the room. Carven, cast, or baked earthen owls, serving as adornments or merely as receptacles, littered the table, the desk and the mantelpiece. I had been familiar with the owls on the Herald Building in New York, but I did not know that owls were a hobby of Mr. Bennett's. On the wall was a drawing of the "great seal" of the "Herald," whose motto, *"La nuit porte conseil,"* some one had translated for me as "Sleep on it."

As my eyes were taking in these extraordinary furnishings and decorations, I discovered the sole occupant of the room was Reick, who greeted me very cordially and told me not to feel nervous. He suggested, in a whisper, that I be careful not to volunteer information unless I was asked for it—a totally unnecessary warning to a thoroughly awe-struck immigrant. In a few moments, a beautiful tiny Pomeranian rushed in from an adjoining room, the door of which was open, and made

towards me. I stooped to pet it. At that instant the doorway was filled by a tall, slender, slightly stooping figure. Reick arose and so did I. I had time to note stern features, a prominent nose, a high forehead, a drooping gray mustache, and eyes from which looked authority. And yet I detected a certain shyness about the man, once I had gained control of my senses. He reproved the dog for jumping at me, just as if it had been a child guilty of bad manners. Reick introduced me and the Commodore gave me a quick handshake and motioned me back to my chair. The interview was very brief, indicating that Reick had told him everything necessary to know about me.

"You had better spend a fortnight—two weeks—helping in the office in the Rue du Louvre, and learning what sort of news is expected from London and in what shape it comes," said my Big Boss. "Reick, you had better tell him how to get there. Better take a day off to rest up after your voyage and report to-morrow afternoon. The editor-in-charge will tell you what to do. At the end of the fortnight, go to London. Snyder has been asking me for a vacation. Good-morning," and he nodded me out.

Paris was not gay at that season. I had diffi-

culty in finding my way about. When I instructed a *cocher* to drive me to Brentano's, he landed me at the "Printemps," and I could not understand how a street, after running a few blocks as did the Grand Boulevard, could suddenly change its name from "Capucines" to "Italiens." There were, so far as I could see, few Americans in Paris who didn't live there, and I knew nobody. Paris in midwinter was not an attractive place to a lonely stranger who did not speak the language. I was bored and was eager for work. It might bring companionship.

Reporting at the office in the Rue du Louvre at five o'clock the next afternoon, I was introduced to such a varied collection of sub-editors and copy-readers as could be equaled in few offices. Some of them were men of considerable education who had seen better days, and were now working for a miserable pittance; for very few men hired in Paris by the "Herald" were paid more than twenty-five dollars a week, and that did not go far toward maintaining the families of some of them in luxury, or even comfort. Others were Americans who had been left behind when the tide of the Paris Exposition of 1900 receded. One of those at the long copy-table has since attained a degree of fame as a War corre-

spondent in the Near East. The man that aroused interest, however, was the head "office boy." He was a French marquis, and I learned that his wife was the Society Editor. The walls of the room were plastered with "Dont's"—a list of words not to be used in the "Herald" and names of persons who must not be mentioned—and a variety of curious rules. The editor-in-charge sat at the head of the long table, and the principal diversion of the whole office seemed to be swearing at "copy" emanating from Stanhope, then the favorite correspondent of the Commodore, who years later, during the war, as a renegade Englishman, edited the *Continental Times* for the Kaiser in Berlin.

Hours were long. It wasn't until the clock hands had swung around to five in the morning, when the paper finally went to press, that the working-day was over. To keep awake during the last three hours of the work almost everybody had recourse to a bottle of hot, black coffee, which Alphonse, the assistant office boy, would bring from the café a few doors down the street.

Everybody told me stories of the Commodore, and there was an atmosphere of anemic gloom about the narrators as of men who were oppressed by fate or circumstance, but had not

the strength to rebel. What was the use? Some of them might have difficulty getting employment elsewhere, and their main ambition seemed to be to keep on living in Paris. Nothing else appeared to matter. I could not help recalling the old saying about all good Americans heading for the French capital when they died, and a new meaning occurred to me. Those who were Americans had been long out of touch with what was happening on this side. One man's duty was to edit the letters from subscribers answering, or indignantly railing at the "Old Philadelphia Lady," who kept asking every day on the editorial page how to change Fahrenheit into Centigrade, and vice-versa; his monotonous task varied by responsibility for the appearance on stated days of the cartoon of "Pat" measuring the "height" of the thermometer with a two-foot rule!

As I was fresh from New York I was delegated to edit the New York cables, which often arrived much mutilated. Then I was given the London wire by which, mostly clipped from the London morning papers, arrived much of the news. Between the English operator at the other end and the French operator in the "Herald" office, the result was a wonderful and oftentimes almost undecipherable jumble of letters on the blue strips

pasted on white paper which emanated from the little cupboard containing the telegraph instruments.

Mr. Bennett maintained, at that time, four different offices in Paris. One was in his residence, 104, Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and another was at 120, Avenue des Champs-Élysées—the latter a sort of daytime editorial room. There the correspondence was looked after and such as was thought to hold particular interest for the owner was sent to "104." The rest went down to the editorial rooms and printing office, which were at 38, Rue du Louvre. The business office was at 49, Avenue de l'Opéra. All of these establishments were separately conducted, and except when instructed by Mr. Bennett himself, or when he went to draw his pay, an employee at one was not supposed to appear at any of the other offices.

Reick came into the Rue du Louvre office the first night that I was there, but after that I did not see him again. When I learned that he had left, the dreary "city of gaiety" seemed lonelier than ever. To make matters worse it rained most of the time, and I was rather glad when, after two weeks, I was summoned up to "104." I saw Mr. Bennett just for a moment, and he

PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK *HERALD*, PARIS EDITION, AT 38, RUE DU LOUVRE

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S HOME AND PRIVATE OFFICE

No. 104 Avenue des Champs Élysées, Paris, as decorated for a visit of King Edward VII to Paris, about 1903

instructed me to leave for London the next day, report to the correspondent in charge of our bureau there and assist him in any way that he should direct. So, early the next morning I found the way to the Gare du Nord, and a few hours later was making my first acquaintance with the Channel, which proved to be in one of its turbulent moods. The only impressions that remain of the journey to London are a glimpse of the Cathedral at Amiens, the courtesy of an English woman in the dining-car, who noting at a glance that I was a stranger, engaged me in conversation and gave me some very useful and practical hints on getting about in London; and my first sight of the chalk cliffs of Dover.

It was pitch dark and rain was coming down in torrents at Charing Cross station. I had been recommended to the Salisbury hotel, principally because it was convenient and inexpensive, but the gloom and confusion and noise of the station drove the name from my mind. However, a helpful porter found my trunk, got me a four-wheeler and stowed me in it with a touch of his hat and a "kew," for "thank you," at the sixpence I had been told to hand him. For the service he rendered me a porter at Charing Cross would re-

quire "two bob" to-day to return thanks in the same tone.

Then we headed down the Strand to Fleet Street, turned into a narrow alley, reached an open space, and stopped. I had told the cabby my hotel was in a court off Fleet Street, and he knew I meant the Salisbury. It was, of course, my first English hotel, an establishment conducted much as hotels in England had been conducted for hundreds of years, and filled with an atmosphere that was aspirated in the wrong spots and "aitchless" where it ought not to be. My room was neat, but crowded with atrocities of the mid-Victorian era. It was bitterly cold and damp. Could the steam be turned on?

"Steam, sir?" echoed the porter. "Ah, Hi see you are a Hamerrican, sir," he said. "Bless you, sir, we don't 'eat 'ouses with steam over 'ere. If you like, sir, I'll l'y the fire and bring a scuttle o' coals." And soon there was a cheerful blaze in the grate.

For dinner the service was *table d'hôte,* beginning with *hors d'œuvres,* a concession that might have represented one step toward that *"entente cordiale"* that was later to bind England and France, followed by a dark soup that was as thick as gravy, a piece of boiled fish described by the

waiter as "'addock," with which was served a tiny boiled potato, and then roast beef—very good—cabbage of a violent hue of green, and next a sticky "sweet," followed by a cup of what was never coffee.

To my surprize, I discovered that the London Bureau of the "Herald" was in the alley from which we had entered the court upon which the hotel fronted. After dinner I found the building, mounted two long flights of steps, and entered a large room bare of everything save a long table and a few rickety chairs, some newspaper files, a lot of newspaper-proofs spiked in a row against one wall, and a duplicate of the telegraph instrument, desk, and high stool familiar in the Paris office.

The sole occupant of the place was an office boy. We had some difficulty making each other understand. Finally, gathering the purport of my questions, he ushered me into an inner room, containing two desks and a small table, three or four wooden chairs, a fire-place, a number of ragged books lying on the mantel-piece above, a dilapidated book-case containing a few reference books, an assortment of calendars on the walls, and piles of soiled manuscript and proofs spiked on the desks.

It was unimpressive, but it represented fulfilment. Exceedingly slight was the resemblance it bore to what my childish fancy had called "Bagdad." Still it was an outpost of the Caliphate, and I had already gained the capital and heard the voice of Harun himself. I was in the realm I had dreamed of seventeen years before, and actually a correspondent of the "New York Herald," stationed in the city of Dickens, of Shakespeare, of my romantic Stanley himself, and there to work. And the man who had ordered Stanley to Africa had ordered me to London, and some day he might wire me, "Find Livingstone!" He never so did, it is true, but perhaps that was not his fault. He did order—but that will come.

VI

ORIENTATION

THE staff of the "Herald's" London office, I found, consisted of a chief correspondent, or editor-in-charge, an American, whom I had met in New York several months before; a Scotsman, who had charge of the routine work of the office; a young Englishman whose duty it was to clip sporting items from the London papers and put them on the wire for Paris, and two office boys. I had arrived just in time, as Mr. Bennett had intimated, to give the chief correspondent an opportunity to enjoy a week's vacation in Paris.

The next day was Christmas Eve. The morning was spent in getting my first view of London and trying to realize that omnibuses, hansom cabs, four-wheelers, top hats, "bobbies," and shillings and pence were some of the things that would be now most familiar in my daily life.

Many times, wandering through a maze of unfamiliar streets I lost my way, and directions given in purest cockney were difficult to follow.

The difference in the noise of London from that of New York was one of my first impressions; whereas New York's noise always seemed to spell activity and advance, the sound of the London streets impressed me from the first and until the last time I heard it as a continuous, sullen roar.

If Paris had seemed dreary during my fortnight there, London looked the apotheosis of gloom—a city of begrimed old buildings, from the King's Palace to the most squalid tenement. The wood pavement of the streets was covered with a black, slimy mud, which flew up from every passing horse's hoofs and inevitably found one's collar. The traffic in the Strand was in a state of seemingly inextricable tangle much of the time and, to my astonishment, passed to the left instead of the right. And bicycles, even then beginning to go out of general use in New York, sped in and out among the horses. I grew to regard them as the most dangerous element of the traffic, particularly after one had knocked me down while crossing the Strand and the rider had expressed a desire to repeat the operation with his fists for getting in his way. And the gloomy faces one met—except he was just passing the door of a "public 'ouse!"

My first walk about London filled me with un-

rest and foreboding. It was so different from New York on Christmas Eve. In a sense, I had got what I had wanted—what I had long looked forward to. But having got it, did I now want it, after all? I had heard New York called the loneliest place on earth for a stranger. I now had doubts. As a matter of fact, I still believe London deserves that characterization. When my chief met me after luncheon and showed me about that part of the town that I was to consider my charted sea, I began to cheer up. He spoke my language. The American Embassy, the leading hotels and the big steamship offices and other places where Americans might be found, were to be main ports of call, and I was introduced to clerks who might be presumed to be able to help me out with news.

As it would save him rent, my superior generously rented me his "chambers" in Jermyn Street for the length of his absence, and that afternoon, for the first time in my life, I enjoyed the luxury of a valet's services. They did prove a luxury, too. I immediately ordered 'Enery—he said that was his name—to have some clothes pressed. He brought them back with a bill three times as much as almost any tailor in New York would have charged.

That night I tackled my new work for the first time. As my chief had done no news-gathering before catching his boat train for Paris, there was little to occupy beside wait for the early editions of the morning papers and search them for items that could be clipped and telegraphed to Paris or cabled home. We had, of course, the advantage of five hours' difference in time over New York, but it was three o'clock in the morning before we finished work.

Whether Christmas dawned bright or otherwise, I do not know, but it was pitch dark when I woke up, tho by my watch it was noon. The bedroom had been invaded by a grayish-green smoke. A glance out of the window made me realize I was experiencing my first encounter with a London fog, a genuine old "particular." It was dispiriting, and provoked a headache. Having arranged to have breakfast served, as is customary in lodgings in London, I summoned 'Enery. The coffee he brought, like most coffee served in London lodgings in those days before foreign cooks had taught a nation of tea-drinkers what real coffee was, was as palatable as lukewarm dishwater—absolutely undrinkable. The toast was cold and tough. A bath cheered somewhat until I remembered with horror the risks I

had run in an English barber shop the day before. The ordeal had to be faced again, as I had neglected to pack my razor when I left Paris.

However, the nearest barber's shop proved to be shut. The fog lifting, I found another, and another, and still another, all closed. Two hours' search and inquiry revealed that all barbers' shops in London were closed on Christmas day. By this time, hunger had awakened. The first restaurant was shut; so was the next. In a search for an open door of an eating-house I covered most of the ground from Trafalgar Square to High Holborn and Oxford Circus. A "bobby," who might have directed me to a railway station restaurant, said that no eating-house would be opened until after six o'clock. Christmas in England was a holy day, not what in the United States was a holiday.

My work was to be mainly devoted to looking up Americans who might chance to be visiting London, interviewing them and chronicling the movements of such as were not desirous of escaping observation—now an obsolete construction of a newspaper correspondent's duties. This took me mainly to the hotels most frequented by Americans, especially those who enjoyed prominence because of wealth or social position.

The society correspondent of the "Herald," C. P. Little, was the first Englishman who registered on my attention. In some respect he was one of the most remarkable characters that has graced journalism in many a year. He it was who, in the main, educated English newspapers in the American habit of "playing up" society news. Later on he achieved a unique eminence in the life of London. A man of good family, he had been an actor, and as such was frequently consulted by society women who wished to arrange private entertainments. In this way he acquired acquaintance among people of title and position. Mr. Bennett had heard of him and, being anxious to make the Paris "Herald" popular among the British aristocracy, as well as to impress its American readers with the paper's familiarity with titles and pander to the snobbishness that dearly loves a lord, engaged him at a wage munificent for an English "pressman" in those days, to jot down the movements of English women and men in society and the Americans who moved with them. His frequent "I saw the Duchess of Bedford walking in Bond Street" was a much-parodied classic among newspaper-men in those days. Some years later, Lord Northcliffe, wishing to avail his newspapers of the really

exclusive social information which was sometimes obtained by Little, tempted him away from the "Herald" with the offer of a big salary.

Dressed in the height of fashion, with the flower of the day in his buttonhole and a monocle screwed into an eye, his round, florid face surmounted by a top hat, or whatever was the absolutely correct kind of headgear for the occasion, his was always a prominent figure at Ascot, Ranelagh, or wherever society foregathered in the open air. A very kindly soul he was, altho his trade made him, perforce, a sort of snob; for no other society reporter in London was invited into society, and none other, in those early days, had been presented at Court and could be seen on Levee Day gracing the lobby of the Carlton or Claridge's in velvet knee-breeches. Before he died he had even attained that distinction coveted by every true Briton—he was caricatured in Punch!

A pleasant memory of early days in London was the daily visit to the American Embassy in the course of a search for news. The late Joseph H. Choate, one of our ablest American Ambassadors of the last fifty years, at that time represented the United States at the Court of St. James's, and if one arrived before three

o'clock the Ambassador was usually to be found at the gloomy offices at 123, Victoria Street, surely the ugliest, least impressive and most altogether undesirable chancellery that could possibly have been found in all London.

He was always genial and generally jocular. Almost invariably his greeting would be, "Well, Mr. ——, what is the news to-day?" and chuckle because he had got the question out before I could put mine. His method was to interview me rather than let me do the interviewing. Seldom, indeed, did I ever get an item of news out of him except what was also given the Associated Press. He played no favorites.

In the dismal offices in Victoria Street there was a reception room, in which a few American periodicals, usually a year or two old, were kept on file, and a visitors' book, much thumbed. I never saw the sun shine into that room. If Mr. Choate had gone for the day and the other secretaries had left their desks, Hodson, the English "clark," was always there to answer questions—except when the answers might furnish information particularly sought.

Hodson was a character. He was a big chap with a pointed gray beard, who prided himself upon his likeness to King Edward. He used to

tell, with great delight, of an errand he had once made to Sweden, bearing dispatches from the Embassy to the American Legation in Stockholm, when he had been mistaken for Henry White, the First Secretary, and treated accordingly. Hodson brimmed over with anecdotes of Bayard, Hay, James Russell Lowell, and other great Americans who had been his chiefs at one time or another. I considered Hodson a friend until one day he assisted in a transaction that caused me considerable financial depression for several months.

The chill dampness of a first London winter had proved hard to combat, and the Channel crossing and journeys on unheated trains had made me long for a fur coat. One dark day, as I entered the Embassy offices, Hodson greeted me somewhat excitedly.

"D'ye want a rare bargain?" he demanded. " 'Ere's a chahnce to obtain a real one. Chap in there says 'e's a smuggler just come from Rooshia by way o' Sweden. 'E's got a piece o' sable and a piece o' beaver there that 'e's willin' to let go for fourteen quid. Commahnder Clover (the naval attaché) 'as been lookin' at it, and Ah think 'e'll tyke it. 'E's hupstairs now. If you want a chahnce to get somethin' good, Ah'd advise ye

to get a'ead of 'im. You know you'd 'ave to pay a 'undred or a 'undred and fifty pounds for it, easy, if you went to a furrier's."

I entered a room where a pile of furs lay on a table. A low-browed individual, roughly dressed, stood by. He expatiated on the furs, said he had smuggled them over and "cross his 'eart," he wouldn't sell them for less than twenty "pun," and for that only because he "'ad to 'urry back to 'Ull to catch his steamer going back to Norway." Hodson, who was apparently determined that a sale should be made, beat him down to fourteen pounds. I objected that I had only two pounds in my pocket, and Hodson insisted upon lending me the remainder until the next day. He was far more eager that I should obtain the fur than I myself was. And so the sale was accomplished, and Hodson, the money passed, accompanied the so-called smuggler outside the door. As the latter closed I heard the jingling of coins. I paid Hodson his twelve pounds, but I always had my suspicions.

Next day a furrier whom I asked to value them and make them up into an overcoat, looked at the larger skin contemptuously. "Musquash," he pronounced it. This, translated, meant "muskrat." Another furrier was more communicative,

but he said that if I had paid more than two guineas for the big piece of fur and the beaver, I had been doubly skinned. They stayed in storage with him until I happened to run across an American woman who said that she was looking for an automobile coat. I made her a present of my storage check.

With the exception of Hodson and his son, the main news source at the Embassy was Henry White, who was then at the height of his popularity in London. He was a member of The Souls, that association which Mrs. Asquith tells about in her memoirs, and knew everybody worth knowing in British society. He had already lived many years in England, and as First Secretary of Embassy had come to be regarded so nearly as an institution that he had figured in novels by American authors. White was tall and handsome, with mustache and hair just beginning to turn gray, and his manner was bluff and hearty. He had been the coach of many a new Ambassador in diplomatic procedure. William C. Eustis, of Washington, was Second Secretary, a very pleasant person, but not a source of news. The Third Secretary, John Ridgely Carter, a Baltimorean, younger and handsomer than Henry White, on very rare occasions would give a bit

of information that was worth while. William Woodward was the Ambassador's private secretary. He has since become a capitalist and bank president. I recall that he never wore gloves, tho he always carried a pair in one hand.

Mr. Choate lived, of course, in Carlton House Terrace, in what, compared with the state of his successor, was a very simple and democratic establishment, and there I used to see him often in the afternoon when he had left the office. His study was on the ground floor of his house, near the front door, and when you went to see him, the butler, if he knew you were an American newspaper man, immediately admitted and then announced you. The simplicity of this reception was recalled to newspaper correspondents by way of contrast a few years later.

Marconi's experiments with wireless telegraphy by this time had been attracting a great deal of attention, and the "Herald," through influence at Washington, had established a wireless plant on the Nantucket Lightship for communication with ships arriving from Europe and for reporting others passing. Soon after Christmas, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Kaiser, was due to make his long-heralded visit to America, and we had some dealings with the Marconi-Wireless

Telegraph Company, with a view of getting exclusive control of the *Kronprinz Wilhelm's* wireless for the trip, so far as news was concerned. This seemed eminently fair, as it was due solely to the "Herald's" efforts that the Nantucket Lightship had been turned into a wireless station, Mr. Bennett being one of the warmest champions of the new telegraphy. Most of the American newspapers had detailed or secured correspondents to accompany Prince Henry and his suite. Mr. Bennett had somewhere picked up an Irishman who had written a book or two, a pleasant, genial soul, but absolutely unsuited for competition with the keen-witted American newspaper-men on the steamer. We actually got a sort of lien on the wireless, and I completed arrangements to that end with the ship's operator at Southampton. But the "Herald" received no exclusive story via Nantucket. The wits of the other newspaper-men on board the *Kronprinz* proved too sharp for the Irishman. Some of them told me afterward they made him drunk the first night out, and kept him so.

In a sense I was being groomed to help handle the "outside story" of the Coronation of King Edward. In some things Mr. Bennett had rare foresight. An American who lived in London

in those days was apt soon to temper his way of looking at things and events, and one of the Commodore's objects in ordering over a raw young New York reporter six months or more ahead of the Coronation date itself was that the newcomer might acquire sufficient acquaintance with the *locale* and with matters English to be able to write intelligently as well as from an American view-point when the great event drew near and thousands of visitors from the United States would be filling the hotels and boarding-houses in London.

The first really distinguished American visitor I had to interview when the regular season opened up was Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who had a habit of showing up in London at almost exactly the same time each year. This interview came to be almost a delightful spring fixture. After the first two occasions, the Senator would invariably say, "Well, Mr.——, what do you wish me to talk about this time?" and then, when I had given him a hint, he would talk for a few paragraphs, and then say: "Now at this point you should say to me, 'Senator Depew, do you think so and so?' and I shall reply as follows." A few more philosophical comments, and he would again question himself in similar fashion.

The ticket for the Coronation exercises in Westminster Abbey was made out in my name. Mr. Bennett, knowing that Senator Depew was in London and hearing that he wished to attend the Coronation but had no ticket, instructed me to let him have mine. I was to interview the Senator and get an "exclusive story" from him about his impressions of the historic event. The sudden illness of King Edward just before the day appointed for his coronation prevented this and Senator Depew very thoughtfully returned me the ticket before leaving for his annual visit to Carlsbad. However, it did not serve to gain entrance for me when the postponed crowning of King Edward VII took place. My chief had seen to it that the next ticket bore his own name.

VII

PERSONAGES

AS a drama or spectacle, the London of to-day is played by an almost entirely different cast from what trod the boards a quarter of a century ago. This would offer no occasion for remark, were it not for the centuries-old resistance to change which the ancient capital had made almost notorious. Not to the ordinary occurrences of such a lapse of years, but to the toll taken by the Great War is mainly due the changes I refer to. For, humanly speaking, what to the superficial intruder from overseas made London so different from New York was its leisure class, emphasized to him by hosts of tall, handsome, military-looking men, who seemed cast for no part but to appear in Bond Street or Piccadilly in the late morning wearing top hats, morning coats and spats; or at luncheon hour to step out of hansom cabs before clubs or restaurants; or at tea-time to grace the lounges of hotels to chat and flirt with fashionable-looking women.

Guardsmen many of them were; others gentlemen of inherited leisure or inhibitions against work. Their appearance and their abundance of time to dance attendance upon the other sex often provoked from American women comparisons unfavorable to their own husbands and the home product of courtiers and swains, most of whom at that time had not yet learned the art of play. Nowadays, London has become socially so altered that the ghost of a late Victorian would need a guide to distinguish who's who; and the names with which Burke and Whittaker now bristle would be in a large measure unfamiliar to one who had a fair acquaintance with the British peerage at the beginning of the century.

The Americanization of London—perhaps it is more polite to call it "modernization"—a process which has changed the ancient capital both socially and physically more than any other influence that had beaten against British conservatism for more than a century, is so recent a thing that its significance had not begun to be widely realized at the time of my advent, tho it had set in shortly before. The tearing down of vast areas of old buildings to make way for new structures and the digging of London's "tubes" were the first two physical steps in the conversion of London

into a fairly modern city. The construction gangs of the late Charles T. Yerkes were then boring deep under the network of narrow streets, but they did not come to the surface until a few years later. And I am constrained to assert that whatever reputation Yerkes may have left in his own country, fair-minded British historians must needs account his arrival in their capital as one of the most importnt factors in converting London into one great city instead of a straggling collection of towns and villages. He made it easy for Londoners to travel miles in the time it had taken them to cover furlongs. If it is claimed that the famous Underground Railways were in existence long before Yerkes knew London, one has but to compare the "underground" of the present day with inky black tunnels, filled with smoke, and the slow-moving trains that ran under the surface of London in 1901 and for several years after. In fact, Yerkes was responsible for London's taking a jump forward that its own geniuses had never made possible.

To one whose horizon had been very little broadened by eight years of teaching school and only slightly by more than two years of newspaper work in Philadelphia and New York, the great city seemed an enormous stage peopled by famous

characters, and the scene of wonderful performances, with himself as a marveling spectator unexpectedly conducted to an orchestra-chair in the first row.

Continental royalties, semi-royalties and ex-royalties were a familiar sight that first winter. Such visitors as were not entertained by the King and Queen usually put up at the Carlton or Claridge's. The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, impressive with his side-whiskers, spent some time at the former. The late Czar's uncle suggested a somewhat larger edition and older, of an international promoter who was a well-known figure in New York. The truth is, perhaps, that the New Yorker had copied the Grand Duke's fashion of facial adornment. The Grand Duchess was with her husband, and they used to give a great many dinners in the restaurant of the hotel. On one of these occasions the Grand Duke Cyril and the Grand Duke Boris were pointed out. The Grand Duke Michael, who had lost his rank in Russia by marrying the Countess Torby, spent that winter at Claridge's. He was a tall, slender man with a dark, pointed beard, and his name and that of his wife frequently appeared in the society columns of the Paris "Herald."

Mention of the Grand Duke Vladimir's whis-

kers recalls first sight of the late Walter Winans, for the latter affected trimmings on the sides of his face that were fashioned exactly like the hirsute adornments of the other. The son of an American from Baltimore who had made a fortune by building railways in Russia, he was born in that country and, tho claiming to be an American, and being advertised as such in London, he had never been in this country. He was an enthusiastic horseman, devoted to trotting-horses, and at his country place, at Surrenden, Surrey, he had a fine string of them. He never seemed to mind talking or seeing his name in print. Many years later I chanced upon Winans just after he had arrived in New York for the first time, and wrote a two-column interview with him on his impressions of his "own" but unknown country.

The dignitary who seemed most in evidence in the hotel lobbies in those days was the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister. Perhaps it was due to his striking appearance that he loomed up so formidably and so frequently. Short and thickset, with dark skin and black mustache, he was a compelling and picturesque figure, always arrayed in the very extreme of fashion. He somehow gave the impression of enjoying the rather theatrical effect of his personal

appearance and the question that was sure to be asked about him. He was said to be a crony of King Edward's. He managed his monocle with wonderful skill—a feat that used to be held a requisite for a successful European diplomatist.

Speaking of monocles, the most famous exponent of the single eyeglass, the late Joseph Chamberlain, was then still in his prime. My first identification of the distinguished Colonial Secretary was gained when his carriage passed in Piccadilly, and I heard a knot of people cheer and somebody shout, "Good old Joey!" The British proletariat loved its celebrities in those days.

The Marquis of Salisbury was then Prime Minister of Great Britain. The daily trip to the offices of the American Embassy in Victoria Street was sometimes made by bus from Charing Cross and sometimes afoot down Whitehall past Downing Street, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. One spring day I noticed a group of people at the Downing Street corner being herded back by several policemen. Just then a carriage drove out and turned into Whitehall. In the carriage sat a large man with a full gray beard. The crowd gave him the usual cheer which was on tap in those days for the great in England. A

policeman confirmed that it was the Premier. That was the only time I ever saw him, for his health was bad and he resigned in July.

Of Arthur Balfour, his nephew, who succeeded him, it was much easier to catch a glimpse, for he frequently took the air in Carlton House Terrace, or Whitehall. Years passed before a chance came to interview him. He was courteous but diffident; more embarrassed than when addressing a throng. For years I have regarded Mr. Balfour as one of the ablest men produced by Great Britain in the last half century. From such of his speeches as I have heard and from his public acts, I should judge he had a much wider human sympathy and understanding than many public men of his nationality.

As a matter of fact, it surprized me how really democratic in manner the most aristocratic of Englishmen were. One of the first I actually met was the Earl of Lonsdale who, with his round, florid face and mutton-chop whiskers, fulfilled the traditional picture of an English country gentleman. I was introduced to Lord Lonsdale at the first Derby I attended and by another American newspaper-man with whom I had gone to the great horse-race. Candor compels me to add that the next time I saw the nobleman he did not recall

me. The acquaintance of the Duke of Manchester was not difficult to make, for he frequented the Carlton; but somehow he did not conform to my ideas of what a duke should look like.

In the years that followed, chance or the course of work brought about acquaintance with many other noblemen of various nationalities, but they never impressed me as did the personages viewed with something akin to awe during that first winter in London. It was like surprizing a sudden quickening into reality of characters hitherto known only through the long-winded romances of the old *Family Story Paper* and the *Fireside Companion,* of happy memory.

An Englishman who was getting much into the public eye at that time was Rufus Isaacs. He had been a stock-broker, but having studied law, he was now gaining a big reputation as a barrister. When he was engaged in a case, his speeches were quoted at great length in the newspapers, and he was recognized as possessing one of the most agile minds in Great Britain. Years later he was made a knight, then a baron, and still later a viscount, and finally an earl, and as Lord Reading he became very well known to Americans as President of the Anglo-French Loan Mission,

Special Envoy and, finally, as the British Ambassador at Washington.

An automobile was a rarity in London, and in the afternoon one could go to Hyde Park and watch people of great names rolling by in carriages, and it was always easy to have some authoritative person point out the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, or Lady So-and-So. Every once in a while the King or Queen or both of them would be going somewhere—to the theater or to open a charitable entertainment, or perhaps to a railway station—the news of which would be in the air and people would congregate on the route. Tho prepared to be awed by my first sight of their Majesties, which came very soon after my arrival in London, I was more impressed by the preparations that were made to receive them at a theater and the patience of the vast crowd that invariably gathered to catch a glimpse of them.

The hotels in my bailiwick—those it was necessary to visit every day, usually twice or oftener, in search of news of Americans—were few in number. First there was the Carlton, where stopped most of the Americans who were apt to furnish the sort of news the "Herald" wanted. It was only two or three years old, but had become

the liveliest place in London, and had gone furthest toward offering the best combination then known in Europe of American requirements as to comfort, French cuisine, and German and Swiss service. True, not every room had its private bath, and if you took a room with bath you paid well for the latter. At luncheon and at dinner the restaurant was always crowded, and there was much gaiety at tea-time. In the evening after dinner the Palm Room was one of the most interesting spots in London, because there society and those who liked to see and speculate about society sipped their coffee and liqueurs and chatted and gossiped or else asked questions of the waiters and stretched inquisitive necks; according to whether one was in the swim, anxious to take a plunge, or just borne there by the wash of travel! On a Sunday night it was, for an unknown and lonely American, almost the only place to go. It was the designers of the Carlton who first discovered the advantage that lay in providing a spot on the way to a hotel dining-room where a woman should find full opportunity—or occasion—to display her face and her frock, and its steps and terrace just outside the main restaurant, as well as its Palm Room, have been since copied in almost every big city in the world. The idea was

first brought to New York for the old Knickerbocker Grill-room, and has been adopted in many a pretentious local hostelry.

The Savoy was a lively place, too, in a somewhat different way. Its private rooms were famous for the parties given in them, and such a dinner was always suggestive, in conversation at least, of something shockingly but deliciously improper. The Savoy had a back entrance from the Strand, mostly used as a short-cut to its bar, or so it seemed, the main entrance being from the Embankment. During my first or second year in London its owners decided to modernize it and they imported an American contractor to insure the work being done in a hurry. And a curious commentary on the historic devotion of the true Briton to his tub was the fact that when the new Savoy was opened, it boasted so many bathrooms that it was far ahead of the demand! So that in the front part, Savoy Court, I was able to get a big room with a fine bathroom for less money by the week than I paid the hotel a day a few summers ago, for a small room without a bath!

The Cecil was a great, gloomy institution, the biggest hotel in London, and patronized by many Americans, but few who demanded comfort simi-

lar to what was offered in first-class hotels in New York liked it. Lots of promoters of many things made their headquarters there, and the bar was usually very lively, and developed a habit of keeping open after legal closing-time, until the police began to take notice. In winter the place was depressing, but when the days grew mild a source of entertainment was to sit outside in the open court and see the carriages and cabs drive up and watch for some acquaintance to alight.

The Grand, the Victoria, and the Metropole, all run by one syndicate, were more typically English. Prices at the Metropole were higher than at the other two, but the Victoria was the most home-like, and it was the best news-source of the three.

The Berkeley had not then undergone modernizing. Certain Americans of very exclusive tastes affected it, and at lunch-time it was fairly gay. The Langham was thoroughly English, but occasionally Americans strayed there, even out of season. There were other hotels, of course. But those named, with Claridge's, were where the best-known Americans went, and looking after them, together with daily visits to the Embassy and covering assignments that took me into the

"City," to the American Consulate General and to private houses, kept me fairly busy.

Claridge's was the favorite resort of the richer among the British nobility. It was considered more exclusive than the newer Carlton, but continental people preferred the gaiety of the latter. If one wished to see many titled folk together, one had only to go to Claridge's, and the obliging Italian reception clerk would rattle off the names of those in the lobby or in the restaurant with ease that betokened considerable cramming up on "Burke."

London was full of gossip about so-called "favorites" of King Edward. Mrs. George Keppel was then in her prime, and occasionally one would hear this or that woman's name mentioned as singled out by the King for especial attention, and frequently an American woman's name figured in such talk. Observation forced the conclusion that rumor often erred, but there was one story that was passed about that first year which concerned a certain peeress who had been told by His Majesty, so the tale ran, to go to a particular jeweler's shop which enjoyed his patronage and select an ornament. Before delivering the gift, however, the jewelers submitted it to King Edward, according to custom. It was a very hand-

some trinket, and after looking at it, His Majesty decided that it rather more than represented his regard for the person who expected to receive it. As Mrs. Keppel was at that time particularly high in the King's favor, it was she to whom the present was given and not the lady who had made the choice. At least, that is the way the tale was told. Sir Thomas Lipton saw a great deal of the King in those days, and it was common rumor that his yacht *Erin* was often placed at His Majesty's disposal for the entertainment of those friends whom royalty liked to receive informally.

Hansom cabs in New York were then a luxury, but in England they were a comfort and a necessity. During a fortnight in London in 1922 I saw only one, and that was a private vehicle, but back in 1901 and 1902 they were a popular institution and swarmed the streets. Motor buses had not come into existence, and if one went anywhere one usually took a cab. The fare seldom amounted to more than a shilling, or at the most, eighteen pence, except for a ride of unusual length, and one could even go as far as Ranelagh or Hurlingham for a modest sum. That fact drew many a needless shilling from a light purse, because the little buses always seemed unclean inside. It was all right, when one was not wear-

ing a top hat and the sun was shining, to sit on the upper deck, but the people inside the buses generally seemed to wear soiled clothes, and that first winter in London the streets were muddy most of the time. Nowadays, the motor-buses are almost as attractive as our own Fifth Avenue conveyances.

My first formal public dinner in London—I was not invited as a regular guest, but as a correspondent—impressed me very much. When I saw the menu, I wondered how the diners could get through—or outside—so many courses. When it came to the "savory" I could not fathom why it was considered necessary to spoil the taste of a good dinner with a tiny bit of anchovy paste. The official functionary who, in a scarlet coat and silver chain, used to be in evidence at all formal dinners in that day, was the most striking feature. He stood behind the toastmaster, or whoever was presiding. If the Chairman made an announcement he would always echo it in a great, orotund voice, but invariably I understood the Chairman better than I did him.

"Me Lords and Gentlemen: pray, silence for his Lordship, Field Marshal Earl Roberts!"

I can still hear him bawling it out. It was a long time before I could figure out whether it

was "Crave silence," "Preserve silence," or "Pray, silence;" but an English friend assured me it was the last. And when the toast to the King came, his "Gentlemen—the King!" would resound through the hall, and if there were cheers for anybody, he would lead them. At any rate, he lent a dash of color to such a scene. Several times I lighted a cigar before I learned that it was not good form to smoke even a cigaret until the toast to the King had been drunk.

One notable figure of which a great deal could be seen in Whitehall at that time did not impress me. It was that of John Burns, the labor leader and member of Parliament. As a matter of fact, observation of the way English labor tyrannized over the British public inspired little admiration for Burns or the unions. A friend who had a small hotel tried to have some alterations made. During the morning the men would take a half hour off for beer, besides their noon hour for luncheon; in the afternoon they had their tea, which required another thirty minutes, and they always stopped work fifteen minutes before closing-time to gather up their tools. One had only to watch gangs repairing streets to realize why German industry was in that day overtaking Great Britain's.

Mrs. Ronalds was the best known American hostess in London, and she had perhaps what was the nearest approach to a *salon.* Singers who hoped for fame were only too glad to entertain at her house on Sunday afternoons or Sunday evenings. Americans who were in London for a short time and had social aspirations were always anxious to be invited. She knew the King very well; besides, she had a past and was willing to admit it; tho I never heard that she admitted the correctness of one report that she had been an inmate of a harem. But none knew the world or human nature better, and many a young artist she helped on the road to success simply by introducing him to those who could advance him.

As the presiding divinity of a salon, Mrs. Ronalds had a rival in the person of the wife of H. R. Chamberlain, correspondent of the *New York Sun,* tho outside of what was commonly termed Bohemia the second salon was hardly known. Chamberlain, a delightful man who had long resided in London, kept open house on Sunday nights, and thither resorted genius in many guises. Some were drawn by the hope that the host might be so impressed with their playing, singing, or other artistic performance that he might extend them mention in his cables to New York. Others,

assured of hospitality and entertainment, went for the free show. One met there an abundance of art struggling for recognition. It was one of the few households in the London of those days where unknown or unattached Americans could count upon a welcome.

To the Carlton used to come the Duc d'Orleans, who, but for certain changes in the Government of France and the prejudices of a majority of its people, might have been king of that country. He had a country place in England and visited London very often. In my unknowing eyes he was by no means "every inch a King," altho he would have passed for a very handsome man. As a matter of fact, he looked and was a French exquisite, always beautifully dressed and with a certain touch of effeminacy in his costume. He wore a fairly long, curly beard, on whose care his groom or valet must have had to spend much time, for every strand seemed always in place. Wherever its owner went the air about him was pervaded by a rather strong and, to my nostrils, somewhat unpleasant perfume. Sometimes in the lobby of the Carlton he would hold an approach to an informal court, when representatives of the old French nobility, encountering him, would bow and scrape and kiss his hand

or drop on one knee. It was all rather astonishing to a simple Islander.

And then there was the ex-Empress Eugénie, who occasionally came in from her home at Farnborough, and who attracted another set of French nobility and of a later vintage than those who fawned upon the Duke. She was still a very handsome woman, with white hair and a regal figure, tho, if I remember correctly, she walked with a cane. I never saw her except in black.

Adelina Patti and her husband, Baron Cederström, would come to the Carlton when their home at Crag-y-Nos Castle, in Wales, got too cold and damp for comfort, and were usually there for a part of the regular "season," as well. The famous opera-singer was remarkably well preserved, and had a smile and a kind word for everybody. Once, summoning up my courage and taking advantage of my position as a "Herald" correspondent—and of her as well—I approached her in the lobby. We had a pleasant chat, but she told me she had passed the interviewable stage of her career and did not wish to be quoted.

An amusing incident of that winter was an exhibition of the kind of grammar employed by an American woman who had married an English

Duke. I was standing in the office of the Carlton when the Duchess came in to inquire for letters. "Are there any mail for me?" she demanded, addressing the clerk. She had probably encountered trouble with the British habit of pluralizing the predicates of collective nouns.

Among the early acquaintances made was that of the Hon. James Boothby Burke Roche, brother and heir of Baron Fermoy, who affected the bar at the Savoy and the society of American correspondents and other Americans who drifted into London. Burke Roche, as every one called him, was a very tall, handsome man with a long, dark mustache and a high forehead such as would ordinarily bespeak great intellectuality. He had a ready wit and his comments on the affairs of the day, if not always illuminative, were invariably entertaining. He had married an American woman many years before, but had been divorced by his wife and never, it was said, saw his daughter or his two sons, thereafter.

After a few years Burke Roche seemed to keep away from his old haunts and I missed seeing him for almost fifteen years. As a matter of fact, it was not until June, 1920, that I again met him, this time in the lobby of the present-day Savoy. To my surprize he recalled me. But he

was not the same merry, sarcastic, good fellow of other days. His hair was quite gray and his clothes were not new and far from fashionable and his collar was very much frayed. A few months later his brother died and he became Lord Fermoy. However, he did not enjoy the title long, for within a few months he, too, made way for an heir.

A very brief acquaintance with the ways of London established that an American correspondent could not go about doing his work in an ordinary lounge suit. Times have changed since then, but in those days if one wished to get anywhere and be distinguished from many of the Fleet Street "journalists" who, poor chaps, worked for miserable salaries and could not afford to be concerned if their linen was soiled and their trousers frayed at the bottom, he had to put on a bold front, usually assisted by a top-hat and long-tailed coat—what used to be known in America as a "Prince Albert." An American correspondent had to dress that way to impress the hotel attendants and servants and, of course, if one went about a good deal, one had to dress in the evening. I soon, perforce, adopted the habit of so doing, for like everybody who had nothing else to do I dined in a restaurant where evening

dress was *de rigueur*—that was the case in most eating-places of any pretentions—and afterward went to the theater or took in the ballet at the Empire or the Alhambra. Then came moments, particularly on a pay-day, when it was easy to embrace the illusion of being a gentleman of leisure. Fortunately I never had to cover a fire!

VIII

EYES OPEN AND EARS STRETCHED

PHYSICALLY, as well as socially, the London of the winter of 1901-02 is difficult to recognize in the London of to-day. Of course there are certain aspects of the West End that have changed little during centuries. But, as has been noted, the place was in the throes of the early stage of the Strand and Aldwych improvement, and great rows of buildings in the heart of the town were being demolished, and new streets cut through. Since that time the region in the neighborhood of the Gaiety Theatre, and the whole of Aldwych and Kingsway have been constructed, and these are lined with what are still comparatively new buildings, tho the fog and smoke of the Thames Valley have a habit of making coeval the appearance of modern and ancient, and everything becomes, after a year or two, either a dark gray or a dingy brown, except where paint is freely used, or frequent recourse is had to sandblasting.

Several new theaters were going up. Charles Wyndham, later Sir Charles, was at the height of his career as actor-manager-proprietor, and was building playhouses. Later he made a delightful acquaintance, and on his subsequent visits to America was the subject of many an interview. His plays and those in which John Hare appeared, or George Alexander, were always a treat. Seats for first nights almost invariably came to our office, and as my work was done mostly between nine o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening, and between eleven P. M. and midnight—or, perhaps, three A. M., in a rare emergency—I became a "first nighter" when new plays were put on.

To view the long line of people who would wait patiently outside of a theater for hours before the performance to gain admittance to the pit gave an amazing realization of the hold of the drama—or the musical comedy—on the British public. For a popular performance the queue would often form long before noon. Some few would bring chairs or camp-stools, but the majority would stand, and their powers of endurance and persistence seemed marvelous.

Henry Irving at that time was the most noted of British actors, and he and Ellen Terry still re-

tained their dramatic partnership. Among my early London friends was Irving's "Boswell," Austin Brereton, the dramatic critic of one of the weeklies, who after Irving's death wrote a biography of the great actor. A modest man, of rare charm, he was the first person I ever knew who was in the "publicity business"; for, aside from his literary endeavors, he was employed by an important group of British hotels to handle its "relations with the press." He had been my friend three years before I found this out. At some of the early Pilgrim dinners one saw various notables. Jerome K. Jerome came to these affairs frequently, and there one met Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling. Hall Caine, looking like the bust of Shakespeare, attended these dinners also. He was very pleasant to talk with, but offended fashion by invariably wearing a ready-made white tie with his dress suit. Lord Roberts, the first President of the Pilgrims; Sir Charles Darling, better known as "Mr. Justice" Darling, famous wit; the Hon. Augustin Birrell, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, and many other men well-known at the time in public life were to be seen. Gilbert K. Chesterton, even then a great tub of a man, who never looked comfortable in his dress suit, was always at first nights; Clement Shorter, the

editor of the *Sphere,* and A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic of the *London Times,* were among others who were invariably present.

When the Savoy grill-room was opened a few years later it enjoyed for a time a reputation as the haunt of literary men of the more prosperous class. William J. Locke was a frequent visitor at luncheon. James M. Barrie could often be seen lunching with Charles Frohman. E. Phillips Oppenheim lived in the Savoy Court and took a great many of his meals in the grill-room. But during my first winter there was no popular restaurant of the better class in the West End where such celebrities were to be seen in numbers by the chance visitor.

Of the Americans resident in London, at least among those engaged in business there, the most thoroughly representative in every way was the late James MacDonald, at that time in charge of the Standard Oil Company's interests. He was one of the few Americans living in England who did not seem to have lost at least a part of his nationality, and one of the few in those early days who seemed to like to be nice to newspaper-correspondents without expecting any return. Such a thing was often a bitter experience. There were many events of a social nature that had to

be covered in the course of work, but it was never pleasant to be invited to a "private" dinner, and find oneself expected to "write up" the event for the "Herald." It made me cautious about accepting invitations. But James MacDonald was a thorough American. He did not seem to care for publicity, and his invitations, one always felt sure, were extended in the spirit of friendliness. And he entertained magnificently. He had a splendid house in Cadogan Gardens, an excellent chef and a wonderful cellar. Upon the like of the last I shall not look again!

Another American in London was a Chicagoan who had married an Englishwoman, settled in Hay Hill, off Berkeley Square, and had become an art collector of note. He was also reputed a connoisseur in matters pertaining to the table. During a business call at his house, one evening after dinner, when coffee and a liqueur had wrought their generous spell, the host handed me with a great deal of *empressement* a cigar, with the information that he wished to give me a "special treat." The cigar was one of a special brand made originally for King Edward, he said, and was some seventeen years old. With great difficulty he had acquired a few hundred, and they had cost him all of a guinea apiece! The sample

was eight inches long, appropriately wrapped and labeled, and my thanks were mingled with awe.

"Don't smoke this now," said the donor, "but wait until some evening when you have just finished a particularly fine dinner. It is wonderful tobacco, and you'll enjoy it with your coffee."

To wait for some one else to furnish the feast prescribed involved too long postponement of a trip to Nirvana, and the next evening, in order to arrive at the condition necessary for a just appreciation of the virtues of a smoke sponsored by the King of England, I treated myself to a dinner at the Carlton that cost about as much as had the occasion of it, and when the coffee came I drew out the cigar with a ceremonious flourish. Underneath the elaborate gilded band and gold foil was a wrapping of oiled paper—at least it had been oiled paper, but it was now dry. At last appeared, in its own integument, the cigar that had cost a guinea.

I lighted it with due care, drew in the smoke, looked at the cigar, drew another mouthful, and swore. Alas! its advertised virtues had departed. Dry as a piece of chaff, it tasted not one whit different. I regretfully laid it aside and took from my pocket the sixpenny cigar that was more within

my means. Since then I have never cared for vintage cigars.

A. J. Drexel, or "Tony" Drexel, as people knew him, was then a well-known figure in London. He had a big yacht, saw a great deal of the King and figured extensively in the columns of the Paris "Herald." He, like the Marquis de Soveral, used to dress in the height of fashion and was frequently to be viewed in Bond Street. Whenever I talked with him he used to refer to his being a newspaper-man. Fancy Drexel, in his usual habiliments, covering a four-alarm fire, or getting a story out of a Tenderloin police-station! Of course, as part owner of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* at that time, he had some claim to the title.

A few months in the London of those days would have changed almost any unsophisticated young person, and my eyes had already opened to the fact that this was rather a different world from what, for years, it had seemed. And in London one saw vice on parade. It was always on view in the "promenades" of the Alhambra and the Empire; hundreds of women of all nationalities, even American, passing in review while the ballet or the vaudeville was on, making eyes at you, inviting you to buy them drinks in one of

the numerous convenient bars, and openly trying their powers of seduction and sirenry upon every man who looked like a "prospect." It was an interesting study always, but sometimes the women were persistent, and that became annoying. But many of them, exquisitely gowned—some could get credit from the leading dressmakers of London and of Paris—were well-mannered and conducted themselves with a certain amount of discretion. One marveled at seeing men who had their families or women of their own social class in the boxes or stalls, come back to the promenade and seek the society of one of these women of the street. Often, of course, those they had accompanied to the theater knew that such defection meant a meeting with one of the painted ladies and a sociable drink or two, but hypocrisy, or at least optical paralysis, was a peculiar trait of the Londoner of that time. If people did not wish to believe a thing existed, they simply, like the ostrich of legendry, stuck their heads in the sand, or shut their eyes, and everybody—at least if he was a man—was as good as he pretended to be.

After nightfall, women thronged the streets a full half-mile in every direction from Piccadilly Circus, and to get past them a man must look

neither to the right nor to the left, else he was accosted many times and often, perhaps, grabbed by the arm. For supper—so-called by custom—an establishment in lower Regent Street claimed the more "fashionable" of those that had thronged the Alhambra and the Empire promenades, and a few of the restaurants in Coventry Street and Leicester Square and the lounges of public houses of the more pretentious sort drew many others. But thousands simply marched the streets, stood in dark places where the eyes of a policeman would not be likely to fall upon them, and his voice urge them to "Come along there, now; come along!" It was a gorgeous picture from Babylon that filled the supper rooms of the old Continental, and many a dignified American of assured social and religious standing, a prop to his community, one used to see there on the few occasions one was taken to the place, opening "quarts" and "magnums" and being made love to by some unwholesome denizen of the half-world to whom the man from home would probably later on have to give a "fiver" or a "tenner" just to get rid of her.

And when 12:30, "closing-time," came, such a mob as would surge up Lower Regent Street to Piccadilly Circus, and westward on Coventry

Street from Leicester Square! For the most part it numbered women who were hunting, and men who were more or less timid, but willing to be hunted, and thieves of both sexes, but there were not a few who went merely to see the sights and speculate upon them.

Behind this lot and urging it forward, marched a group of policemen, who became loudly admonitory at every delay. The Circus reached, some of the women got into cabs, having acquired escorts. Some hurried across the Circus and disappeared up Shaftesbury Avenue. Some caught the last buses or walked slowly and with hope that died hard, up Regent Street to Oxford Circus to catch other buses, or to drag their weary ways to rooms in Bloomsbury or the Edgeware Road district. Others made a hestitant progress westward along Piccadilly, lingering in some friendly doorway until spotted by a guardian of public order and respectability, and then driven on until they encountered some belated male who could be charmed or cajoled; or else slowly and in despair hit the trail for their apartments in the little thoroughfares off Sloane Street or their lodgings in the meaner rooming-houses that were near South Kensington or further out.

For many years the inspector in charge of the

New York Tenderloin was a German-American, a fairly efficient policeman, whose contact with the problem of vice in a great city was acute and continuous. That was in the days when the green lights of the police station just west of Sixth Avenue illuminated so many headlines for the daily papers. The inspector came to London in the course of his work, and, thinking to secure a "feature" story, I took him one night to the Continental and later showed him the parading thousands, acquainting him with the custom that did not recognize the existence of vice, but at the same time kept telling it to "Come along!" My guest stood stock still in the Circus and watched the seething throngs for a quarter of an hour. Then he let out an oath.

"Well," he said, "if we let this thing go on in New York, the papers would pound hell out of us sure enough!"

Not more than a year or two before this time, London had been invaded by the "Belle of New York," and some of the assisting "belles" and others who had gone over with the George Lederer outfit were still lingering on, a few in the choruses of London musical productions. Some Americans were just discovering London. Fanny Ward, the actress, older then than to-day, when

she is a grandmother and a mother-in-law to a lord, had married Joe Lewis, the diamond millionaire, and was much to be seen about. Then there was the beautiful Anna Robinson, to whom an Australian millionaire had become attached; when he died she had a fortune in jewels. To an impecunious young Irish nobleman Anna later looked like a good speculation, and he married her. A separation was inevitable and it soon came, but Anna clung to the title. She and her Australian were to be seen dining almost every night at the Carlton or the Savoy that first winter. Only a few years ago, Anna, penniless, died in the psycopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital.

The Drury Lane pantomime was a new thing to me, tho I never enjoyed it. But in those days it was a great British institution. Dan Leno was its chief comedian. I never found him funny. An American who had lived in London many years told me that the British theater-going folk were intensely loyal, and an actor who once made a big hit was sure of a perennially enthusiastic public. It was a sight to witness the reception of theatrical favorites on first nights—not only those who appeared on the stage, but those who sat among the audience. Julia Neilson used to get a "big hand," and Ellen Terry was wildly acclaimed.

Marie Tempest was invariably the best dressed of any of them, and she attracted much attention. The late Sir W. S. Gilbert was a familiar figure. He always had a seat up near the front, and the distinguished librettist was invariably applauded as soon as he made his appearance, and often cheered.

The Covent Garden Balls were recommended as occasions when and where London was to be seen at its liveliest. They proved depressing, except as a study in progressive intemperance. Every woman of the streets who could buy or hire a costume and pay the price of admission or get some one to stake her to it, was sure to be among those present. Prizes were offered for costumes—many of those that shocked in that day would not now attract passing attention in an exclusive London ballroom—and the men who came were of every class, from the diamond millionaire's son of Park Lane and the duke's heir from Piccadilly or Mayfair to the clerk of Oxford Street or the Strand and the coster of the Mile End Road. Occasionally, of course, some decent woman, ignorant or keen for adventure, would stray in among the wolves. But the gaiety never began until almost everybody was in some advanced stage of intoxication, and the aftermath of a

Covent Garden Ball was unprintable, for it meant cabs laden with drunken couples heading for every part of London and its suburbs.

I don't know how many addresses I had that first year in London. It seemed impossible for a small price to find anything like the comfort I had been used to in New York. A London lodging-house with a bathroom was as much of a rarity as was an American flag in a foreign port —except where prices were higher than one could afford to pay—and the only heat in lodgings was to be had from a fireplace, and must be paid for extra and by the scuttle of coal consumed. I tried a house in Jermyn Street, another in an *impasse* off Coventry Street, one in Russell Square and one in Museum Street. The three or four others are forgotten except the last, in Chancery Lane, which actually boasted a bathtub, with hot and cold water on tap! A chief source of material satisfaction was in being able to have good clothes made cheaply. I had to exercise much patience with the tailor I adopted, but by making him fit a coat half a dozen times I could obtain raiment that looked reasonably smart for little money. For less than the price of two good suits in New York, ready made, I could have

a whole wardrobe made to order, and of the best quality of cloth.

My experience in looking for restaurants where good food at a modest price could be obtained was written up in the "Herald" that first spring for the benefit of American summer visitors to England who liked to get the best possible in the way of food for the smallest possible expenditure. Perhaps if I had investigated London eating-houses in the light of the subsequent twenty-odd years of added experience, I might have been more lenient in my criticisms. But the London restaurant table in that day was in the throes of reconstruction. French and Italian restaurateurs were flocking to England, and the "chops and tomato sauce" of Mr. Pickwick were yielding before an onslaught of *filets* and *risottos*. My experience of restaurant cooking had been limited to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. I was not used to dinners that tradition said must consist of *hors d'œuvres,* soup, fish, an *entrée,* a roast with one or two vegetables, a salad, a sweet, fruits, sometimes a savory, and a *demi-tasse;* and the custom, if one was experienced in dining out, was to have an *apéritif,* usually sherry, at the beginning, at least two kinds of wine, and at the end a *liqueur.* If you dined at a friend's house,

you had at least one kind of wine with the meal, and a *liqueur* or a glass of port afterward.

But in the cheaper places the food was usually disguised with sauces, and after a time, craving simple food, I fell into the expensive habit of frequenting the Carlton grill-room, where I could order what I liked, if I had the money to pay for it; with the result that most of what I earned used to go for food, and almost every pay-day would find me reduced to Soho. And what most impressed me about dining out in London was the fact that in the very cheapest places you saw women in low-necked frocks and men wearing at least dinner coats, if not swallow-tails. Imagine finding people wearing evening dress in the fifty-cent *table d'hôtes* that used to flourish in the old days in the district west of Broadway, between Eighteenth and Thirty-fourth Streets!

Even when one went to such a cheap place as the "Diner Roche," in Soho, where you could obtain a fairly good meal for a shilling and six pence (about thirty-five cents), one found many of the patrons in evening dress, tho the majority were unkempt-looking folk who, I was told, were artists and musicians and writers. It was difficult to get a seat, and I preferred to patronize the Restaurant du Mont Blanc, in Gerrard Street,

just off Wardour, and order from the card. There one might obtain delicious soup for "tuppence" (four cents) and have a real banquet, with a bottle of wine (which had to be sent out for), tip the waiter, and all for a total expenditure of two shillings. The best food in all the cheaper eating-places was to be had at a little place in the Haymarket, where three shillings was the price of dinner. Later this restaurant was taken over by Boriani, whom many Americans used to know as the head-waiter of the Carlton grill-room. Having taught Boriani how to make a Martini, I was thereafter the recipient of particular attention. Always I paid the usual price for a dinner, but instead of the ordinary roast called for on the *table d'hôte* menu, I was served with quail, or pheasant, or whatever game was seasonable. It was years before I learned that the secret of dining the best possible for the least money in London was to tell the head-waiter in advance just how much money you wished to spend, and let him arrange your menu.

The theatrical firm which had produced Ben Hur so successfully in New York had arranged to put it on at the Drury Lane Theatre, and one day the head partner arrived in London with a retinue that included an ex-pugilist; the latter

being brought along, it was said, to keep the manager in good condition and incidentally to act as a body-guard among the unknown perils that might be encountered in a strange land. News was very dull just then, and I planned to originate a special "feature story" for New York consumption by taking the former prize-fighter to Westminster Abbey and recording his impressions of the great Cathedral. But my brilliant idea fell to earth, for my protégé had no adjectives for any of the magnificent historical treasures, the tombs, or anything else. He just took everything as a matter of course and refused to be astonished by what he saw. The guide, or verger, under whose direction we made the tour of the building, had a remarkable flow of language. As we left the building I said to my companion:

"What impressed you most of what you saw inside?"

"Gee!" he replied, "dat fella certain'y can talk!"

When summer came there was hardly any place to go on Sundays except on the river, and it became a habit to excursion to Hampton Court, or Thames Ditton, or as far up as Maidenhead, chartering a punt or a rowboat and spending a few hours moving up and down the stream admiring

the scenery, or enjoying the amorous performances of those who were regular patrons of the river on a Sunday afternoon.

One day I had just drifted out from Thames Ditton when I heard, some distance ahead of me, a familiar voice. I turned and recognized, in the stern of a small boat, Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. He was discoursing with the oarsman who was rowing him to Hampton Court. The boatman was apparently taking little part in the conversation except with his ears; his eyes were bent upon his passenger and his mouth was open. The Ambassador stopped his speech long enough to wave me a cheery greeting, and then as he turned toward the boatman I heard him resume: "Now Horace says——" but I did not catch the rest of what was evidently a bucolic as well as classical dissertation.

IX

"FRIENDS OF MAMMON"

THE days of preparation for the coronation of King Edward were rather stirring in London, at least to a man who was trying to cover news of American visitors. These pilgrims were numerous, and every hotel in the town was crowded. Fabulous prices were in order. American millionaires, especially new ones, were willing to pay any figures for suitable accommodation, but, even at that, some of them did not get what they wanted.

The late John W. Gates, of "bet-you-a-million" fame, was reported one day to have arrived at the Carlton. He had stopped the year before at Claridge's. The manager of the latter hotel, a Dutchman, seemed very much disgruntled at the news. In the course of conversation he told three American correspondents, one of them myself, that he would not entertain Gates in his hotel; that the Westerner's demeanor in public was such that

American and English women objected to having him about. Two of us, after a consultation, did not cable this interesting item. The man who represented a Chicago newspaper duly rushed the "story" to his paper, and the same was "lifted" by the New York newspapers, all of which "queried" their London correspondents, much to the discomfort of the latter. The story was cabled back to Europe and published, either in the "Herald" or one of the London papers.

Gates was in a rage when the *Sun* man and I approached him the next evening at the Carlton.

"I'll give two million dollars to anybody who can prove that —— —— —— said such a thing," he announced.

Perhaps, if we had felt that he meant it, the *Sun* man and I might have taken a chance, and yielded to temptation. As it was, the manager of Claridge's, scared out of his wits, sent Gates a most abject denial. I often wondered what Gates would have done had we furnished him with testimony confirming the report of the correspondent from Chicago. Would he have made each of us a millionaire?

Every window along the route of the proposed Coronation procession was filled with chairs or

stacks of benches; great grand-stands were erected at all available points along the way. The rector and the vestry of one of the churches in the Strand thought this a good time to turn a pretty penny, and surrounded the edifice with a huge stand, on which seats were offered for as high as ten guineas. It was a brilliant season in London, and society, both English and American, found much to attract it in the polo matches at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. Untraveled Americans discovered tea on the lawn at those famous clubs to be of tremendous interest, for one was able to see at close range many of the "smartest people" of the United Kingdom. To some it was decidedly a novel experience to be able to pass within a few feet of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia and her sister, the present Queen of Norway, who were in attendance several times. It was my first "close-up" of royalty. The Connaught sisters in those days were very sweet-looking girls, who dressed simply, and might have been taken, in a throng, for Americans. Men who were not playing in the matches dressed very formally. "Bowlers" were never worn, except the variety that years ago we used to refer to over here as the "peanuckle."

As Coronation Day, June 26, approached,

rumor whispered that the King was not well. This was at first denied, and before the day arrived the impression got about that His Majesty's health had recovered sufficiently for him to take part in the ceremony. However, an operation had been performed for appendicitis and announcement had to be made that the coronation would be postponed.

When the news spread among American visitors, among hotel-keepers, and among proprietors of grand-stands, it caused a small panic. For one thing, a big exodus started from London in every direction, and steamship and railroad booking-offices were besieged. Hotel managers who had rented their windows at a hundred guineas a day for the two days of the expected festivities, were in despair. One of them almost lost his reason. Those who had speculated in seats along the route had to return the money they had taken in. The London season, which had opened so brilliantly, fell flat. It had a slight revival in August when the coronation actually took place, but the occasion was robbed of much of its brilliance.

Before the King was taken ill, however, the American Ambassador gave a dinner to His Majesty and the Queen, and of course it was im-

portant to get a story about it. Henry White had told me at the Embassy that Mr. Choate did not wish to have anything said in the press about the dinner beyond a bare mention; and he himself did not wish to give out any particulars. It was just the sort of story the "Herald" wanted, but for once it proved impossible to see the Ambassador, and the latter's butler announced that he had strict orders against answering questions. However, I had a good friend in the Embassy; two friends, in fact, the late Admiral—then Commander—Clover, the Naval Attaché, and his wife, who lived in a pretty little house in Park Lane overlooking Hyde Park. They, of course, had been invited to the dinner. To them I explained my dilemma. Commander Clover was a very kindly man, and both he and Mrs. Clover immediately volunteered to help me out. So it was arranged that at the hour when the party would probably break up I should present myself at the Clover residence, and await their return.

At the time when the dinner was supposed to end, Carlton House Terrace was blocked with vehicles, and when the first carriage call was shouted, I hurried on to Park Lane. Orders had been left for my admission and entertainment. The Commander's cigars and good Scotch

whisky helped make the time pass agreeably until long after midnight, when my absent host and hostess arrived. Mrs. Clover, following my request, had noted the costumes of the Queen and of the women of the party, and furnished a fairly good report of the dinner and what had taken place. The Clovers were very popular in London society. They never pretended to be anything else than plain Americans, and they had that quality of sincerity and sympathy that attached people to them.

One of the events that took place during the coronation festivities was a luncheon given at the House of Commons by Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist and member of the British Parliament, to "British, colonial and foreign journalists," which was a praiseworthy attempt to bring together some of the American and Canadian newspaper-correspondents to get acquainted with their British fellow-newspaper-men, and to afford an opportunity for both to meet certain members of the Government. The Marquis of Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a rather short, slight man with sharp features and bushy side-whiskers, extended a cordial greeting to the "journalists." It was the first time I had ever shaken hands with a marquis.

I had never thought of a marquis as shaking hands!

That year saw the beginning of the Society of The Pilgrims, which by 1914, had attained such reputation and influence that it was able to accomplish not a little toward keeping relations cordial between this country and England. Over there The Pilgrims actually helped make a career for one who, when I first knew him, was an almost briefless young barrister. He now enjoys a title and a high position.

It had never been clear in my mind as to just which of two Americans in London during the spring of 1902 was actually responsible for the inception of the society, whose immediate purpose was to make Americans and Britishers better acquainted, with a view, through individual friendships and by entertaining prominent Americans when such visited London, and by similarly playing host to visiting Britons in New York, to building up accord between Great Britain and the United States. Certainly the object was laudable. It is a fact that just then the number of Englishmen who really knew anything about the United States was insignificant; and I had reason to believe that the number that cared anything about our country or us was less. Americans reaching

London on business found it extremely difficult to acquire acquaintance among Britishers, most of whom, even the business men, were almost as closely guarded by tradition or custom as a sovereign by aides, police and the military. Many an American would tell me he had been in London fully a week without being able to get near any of the men he had made an ocean-crossing to see.

While covering Long Branch for the "Herald" in 1900, I had been assigned by Reick to send in a story describing a minstrel show at the Monmouth Beach (N. J.) Club. Frank W. Sanger, one of the owners of the Empire Theater and prominent in theatrical matters, had conspired with the City Editor of the "Herald" to play a joke on George T. Wilson, a Vice-President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, who took a leading part in the performance. Sanger obtained a photograph of Wilson in black-face and ballet skirt, and furnished the details, and I wrote up George's début as a dancer. This, he told me later, almost cost him his position, for Henry B. Hyde, founder of the company and then its head, was shocked and scandalized when he learned that one of his executives had given such a performance. Wilson was one of those who came to

London in 1902. With him were many representatives of the Equitable.

The head of the American Society in London was the London manager for a rival American insurance company, and rumor had it that the Society itself was dominated by that company; indeed, that was the belief held by several newspaper correspondents, who asserted that the movement soon started was fathered by the newcomers. If that was true, a time came when it passed beyond their influence.

Wilson introduced me to Lindsay Russell, a young lawyer, who, I was given to understand, was assisting Bainbridge Colby, many years later Secretary of State, but then a member of a legal firm employed by the Equitable. Russell cultivated my acquaintance, and told me of his success in building up an association of lawyers in various cities who handled distant ends of each other's cases. After several conversations, he spoke of an idea he had, which was to start an international organization that should make for friendship between Americans and Englishmen. He asked my assistance, and my reply was that I felt Mr. Bennett would not approve of my joining, but that if any news came out of it, I should be

glad to cable the details to New York and to send them to the Paris "Herald."

Russell's first move was to induce a number of Americans resident in London and who were dissatisfied with the existing society, together with a lot of visitors from this side and such Englishmen as he could get hold of, to come together at luncheon and discuss the matter. Most of the American correspondents in London were invited, and I sent over to Paris the first news of The Pilgrims ever printed. That was several days in advance of the luncheon itself. I don't know who paid for that festivity, but it was excellent. Reference to the Paris "Herald" of July 13, 1902, shows I mentioned that "Hamilton McCormick, Col. Mahan, of the British army, Oliver Herford, Frank A. Munsey, and James MacDonald all spoke in unqualified praise of the idea, etc." General Joseph Wheeler presided, and in him Russell, a fellow-Southerner, held a trump card, which he proceeded to play. General Wheeler, a Confederate veteran, had taken a prominent part in our war with Spain, and was frequently pointed to as a typification of the reunion of the North and the South.

So Russell sent General Wheeler, along with Harry E. V. Brittain, who, he told me was in

his own employ, a very presentable young barrister, with good manners and a degree of self-assurance that any hardened old police reporter might have had reason to covet, to call on Field Marshal Earl Roberts and certain other Englishmen of assured position; and by the time the first dinner took place a good deal of enthusiasm had been aroused. Actually, the roster of Britons present was important enough to attract good mention in the London newspapers. Lots of Americans then in London attended. Said Edward F. Flynn, London Correspondent of the *New York American,* as we kept meeting actuaries and accountants and others of insurance-company title: "Looks like George Wilson has turned out every Equitable man in London and even sent over to New York for more." Flynn, one of the most astute newspaper men I ever knew, and possessed of a genius for sizing up situations, remained in London until a few months ago, becoming at the time of the War editor of the *London Daily Mirror,* conducting it successfully, and doing much to familiarize the British public with American newspaper methods.

As for The Pilgrims, the American Embassy at first gave the new order scant recognition. Having, however, a quality of vitality the Ameri-

can Society lacked, it grew and waxed important. In the following winter or thereabouts an American branch was organized and became an important agency in playing host to distinguished British visitors, as well as a feature of New York life.

Isaac N. Ford, correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* H. R. Chamberlain, of the *Sun,* Milton V. Snyder, at that time my superior in the "Herald" Bureau, and Walter Neef, of the Associated Press, joined at the start. I think most of the other American correspondents—at least, Flynn, J. W. T. Mason, of the Publishers' Press, Edward P. Bell, of the Chicago *Daily News;* and the New York *Times* man, whom the rest of us little knew and seldom saw—were like myself. We were either afraid that our Big Bosses would object or else unwilling to invest more than our pens in helping bring about one of those *ententes cordiales* that were beginning to be talked about. Of these the chief was the *rapprochement* with France toward which King Edward was beginning to turn his attention, and which was acclaimed as an accomplished fact not long after Russell had "landed" the Pilgrims.

It is impossible to chronicle the events of that first London season in order. One spring and

summer came to be very much like another, so that it is difficult to put things down in sequence. An important "fixture" of the early summer was the Henley Regatta, in which an American crew participated. The spectacle from the Red Lion Inn, with the lawn set with tables, and with both sides of the river, from the bridge almost to the starting point of the races, lined with launches, rowboats, and punts, supporting long stretches of luxurious house-boats tied to the banks; women everywhere in all shades and hues, holding pink and blue and green parasols, and everybody bent on having a good time without exertion—this all gave me a new view of life. I had not before learned that the Englishman of the pre-war period regarded comfort as one of the chief things in life—at least, comfort in the open air. At last I seemed to grasp the meaning of "luxuriate."

My interest in the races themselves was secondary, tho I had to look out for the American crew and send over stories about it, the main task being to watch for American visitors and get their names and say something about them. On the day of the race in which the American crew took part, I paddled awkwardly along one side of the stream, bumping into canoes and punts at almost every

stroke and getting roundly scolded, until I came to a house-boat prominent because of its beautiful decorations. On her upper deck was a man I had met at the Carlton the day before. He said something to another and both shouted an invitation. The whole party consisted of what were beginning in the United States to be called the more or less idle or predatory rich, but luncheon was ready and under the spell of it or of good Scotch or generous cocktails, everybody became a volunteer reporter and one staid banker insisted upon making a lot of photographs with his expensive camera (newspaper photographers had not at that time arisen in England) which later made an exclusive "feature" in the "Herald."

This happened before the original date set for the coronation, and before my American friend left London he had invited me to make a two weeks' automobile trip with him to France, should a vacation fall to my lot.

Toward the latter part of July came the hoped-for word from the Commodore, appointing the holiday, together with a reminder from the man who had issued the invitation, and who was now at the Hotel Ritz, in Paris. M. Ritz himself had been personally supervising the Carlton that spring, and a hotel clerk had given the impression

that single rooms without baths could be had at his fashionable Paris hostelry for a very small price. So, having become fairly well acquainted with him, I asked Ritz the price of his cheapest rooms.

"My dear sir, they are very modestly priced," he informed me.

"Have you any as cheap as five francs?"

"Most certainly. When," he added, "do you expect to go to Paris?"

I told him.

"Leave it to me. I will telegraph that you are coming, and have a room reserved for you."

At that time, ignorant of the extraordinary "courtesy" any manager of a fashionable European hotel was more than willing to extend to any one who could certify to being a correspondent of the "Herald," I was not seeking graft. The folly of accepting favors—owing largely to the possibility of the Commodore's finding it out and imposing summary punishment—had been the text of many a sermon preached to me during the preceding two years. Subsequently I discovered that many "Herald" representatives in Europe braved all risks and managed to retain their reportorial heads.

At the Ritz, in Paris, the "modest five-franc

single bedroom" revealed itself as one of the finest suites in the hotel. Its luxurious spaciousness—a big salon, huge bedroom, and enormous bath—and furnishings were appalling. Dismayed at the possibilities involved, I demanded something I could pay for.

"This is the smallest room vacant," was the solemn assurance of the manager. "The charge, therefore, will be the same as for the kind of room you desired."

My automobile host was giving a little dinner party. Everything went beautifully until he called for his bill.

"What's this?" I heard him demand of the waiter. The latter did not know, and was sent post-haste for Olivier, the head-waiter. And then one pair of ears burned at this explanation delivered at a pitch that must have been audible to everybody at the table:

"The cost of M.——'s dinner is deducted from the bill. By orders from M. Ritz, no bill of any kind is to be rendered for anything M.—— has during his stay in this hotel."

In those days, automobiling as a sport was novel. So that when we started out from Paris in a little 18-h.p. Panhard, we had no company, and until near Aix-les-Bains it was extraordinary if as

many as two other cars were seen in any one day. The route lay through Fontainebleau, Orleans, Blois, and Tours; thence across to the hills of La Grande Chartreuse, and next to Aix, taking a week on the way. At Aix came my introduction into the Europe that rich Americans, in large numbers, crossed the Atlantic to see and to enjoy. I believe that was the first automobile tour of France by Americans that later made a long newspaper story; for I wrote it up for the Paris "Herald" the following Christmas.

That was in the prime of the late King George of Greece, long the high patron of Aix-les-Bains. A picture persists of his Hellenic Majesty, leaping from rock to rock like an agile chamois of the nearby Alps, as he came down the lawn of the Hotel Splendide, where he used to stop; another shows him at dinner on the *terrasse* of the Cercle d'Aix, presiding over a table of dignified and much-whiskered ministers or attachés. A little later in the evening, in company with the late Peter Moller of Newark, N. J., he was to be noted at the doorway of one of the gambling rooms at the Villa des Fleurs, and it was the talk that Mr. Moller was giving His Majesty the names of such of his own compatriots of the gent-

ler sex as might, in passing, attract the King's eye.

A notable figure at the gambling tables was that of the late Dr. José C. Paz, owner of *La Prensa,* of Buenos Aires, an absentee newspaper-proprietor somewhat like Bennett. He used to sit for hours, his white hair and mustache arresting attention, his face imperturbable, whether losing or winning ten thousand francs at a turn of the cards, almost the earliest arrival after dinner, and one of the last to go. Then there was the President of a big American rubber company, who, under the tutelage of an adventuress, took a prominent part in the festivities of the place. Next comes up the face of a young Russian, whose infatuation for a dashing young American woman was one of the sensations of the resort. This light and beauteous lady was costing a mid-Western millionaire a fortune. Her magnificent apartment in New York I had had to invade in the course of news gathering the winter before. The Russian was devoted to the gaming tables, and she was always with him. Theirs was simply one of those numerous infatuations which flourished openly in the febrile and artificial conditions of life characteristic of fashionable continental watering-places, but everything was so bold and

bald it made the uninitiate gasp. Then there was the painter whose wife's beauty got him many commissions from elderly and wealthy men. How many divorces and scandals whose beginnings were later traceable to that particular summer at Aix-les-Bains!

A more interesting acquaintance gained during my visit was that of Mary Garden—not exactly the fascinating Mary of Grand Opera, but rather a sort of chrysalis, from which the Mary we came to know later was to emerge. She had just made her début at the Opéra Comique, I believe, and was singing "Louise" at the opera house in the Cercle d'Aix. Sybil Sanderson was at Aix with her, and I renewed an acquaintance I had made in London the winter before. My friend wished to meet Miss Sanderson, so we attended the performance of "Louise" and he gave a supper party afterward at the Villa des Fleurs. Miss Garden was very slender in those days—I should call her thin. And she insisted she was Scottish—not American.

The late Col. Tom Ochiltree, long the most widely known American in Europe, with the exception of the Commodore, was at Aix, and was in the habit of delivering, for all to hear, his sentiments upon any political, social, or other sub-

ject that claimed his vagrant interest. Colonel Tom had constituted himself the constant champion—at least vocally—of American womanhood, and one day under the big trees fronting the Villa Victoria he held forth for a solid half-hour on the insult he asserted had been offered by a young French nobleman to his American fiancée. Colonel Tom repeated the story that was the gossip of Paris—that the Frenchman had taken his mistress to the very hotel at Cannes or Nice where his fiancée and her mother were staying. The match was broken off, but the nobleman had little difficulty later in persuading another American girl to marry him, the difference being that her family had neither the wealth nor the social position of the first girl, who later was wed to another nobleman, but not a Frenchman. Colonel Tom's conversation was punctuated every few words with a "by Gawd," and a snort of indignation.

Aix, in fact, was a real eye-opener to one who had spent most of his life on a virtuous little island or in an environment almost as far removed from what Paris knows as "the world." There I saw men I had interviewed about serious things—matters of finance, legislation, and politics—seeking, rather than avoiding, the snares of notorious adventuresses, and openly parading their willing-

AUTOMOBILING IN FRANCE, 1902

This was one of the first automobile tours ever made by Americans in France. The picture was taken in the Grande Chartreuse region

RICHARD CROKER (Center)

Being interviewed by the author (on his right) and a group of ship news reporters on one of Croker's return trips to New York

ness to sign blank checks for their experience. Such staid citizens in their particular communities they were, too, most of them; pillars of respectability, pillars of the church, now pillows for parasites—male as well as female—buying with their dollars the society of the young or the amusing, the beautiful or those skilled in the art of the artificial, who fawned or flattered or loved for "loans," or gifts. Almost every woman walked trailing clouds of scandal. One elderly head of a big American corporation introduced me to his "niece." A little later, in a forgetful moment he spoke of his "ward." Some months afterward he married her off to a young Englishman, and her "dot," it was commonly reported, he paid in five figures. Truly the place provided a great spectacle for the merely moral who had come in good faith to take the baths! And I write merely as a scribe, and not as a Pharisee.

And one could easily pick out modest or prudish souls that had come from that great and vigorous country that was still for the most part in its "age of innocence." They sat about in chairs, staring, open-mouthed, at the "goings-on," swished aside their skirts as decorative protagonists of vice swept by in the latest modes, and kept one protective or minatory eye upon hus-

bands or fathers who sat as monuments of virtue, if secretly resolved that their next trip to Aix would be made "without the women folks."

After a day or two at Aix, I began to wonder who was the local "Herald" correspondent. A question at the hotel desk elicited the information that he was under the same roof with me. He proved to be an Italian who rejoiced in the title of "Cavaliere," and he had an American wife. She, it developed, did the actual writing of the "dispatches" to the "Herald." When they dined or lunched, it was always with a lot of people whose names figured in the Aix correspondence. The "Herald" job, while paying little in cash, was actually a small gold mine. In the winter the couple "corresponded" at one of the resorts in the South of France. In those days the newspaper, directly or indirectly, supported many a family by permitting its correspondents to make a generous use of names. Its owner had a strong aversion to permitting anybody to "use" the "Herald"; lots of people did nothing else!

Soon after my return to London came orders to go to Glasgow on the first of many peculiar assignments which later on became part of the day's work. Mr. Bennett was anxious to be kept thoroughly informed on all matters connected

with yachts and their building. If any American ordered a yacht he wished particularly to know it first. Somebody told him that W. K. Vanderbilt had given orders for a new steam yacht to be built in Scotland and that George L. Watson, the famous designer who created several of the America's Cup challengers, was at work on the plans. As Watson had designed the *Lysistrata* for Mr. Bennett, the latter thought he ought to have had the first news and was rather offended that the Scotsman had not tipped him off.

So the command came to go to Glasgow and snoop about the town without venturing near Watson, and see if the information which the creator of *Shamrocks* had apparently withheld could not be otherwise obtained. It was my first journey to Scotland, and Glasgow was in its most depressing mood. Rain came down in the continuous and generous fashion one is surprized to find typical of the latitude. Getting acquainted was difficult, but finally the American Consul introduced me to some Americans who were in the tobacco importing business in the city. They were Kentuckians and very friendly, and through their assistance it proved possible to make inquiries of workmen in the yards at Dumbarton and other places in the neighborhood and of other yacht

designers, as well as to sound some of the employees in Watson's own office without awakening suspicion.

Denny Brothers and the other great yacht-builders who might have been expected to get the contract for such a craft, if it had been designed, gave personal assurance they had heard of nothing of the sort. In the midst of this furtive investigation, I learned that Watson's mother had just died, and my report of this news drew my first direct message from the Commodore, who was then at Ragusa, on the Adriatic, with his yacht. The telegram read:

"If funeral Watson's mother not already taken place should like you send flowers as nice as you can find in Glasgow in my name; also wire Paris and cable description of people there. You might call upon Watson afterwards, express to him my sincere sympathy and ask if he received my telegram. This may lead to a chat."

Following such instructions was easy. I immediately sought the leading florist in Glasgow. The first thing I saw upon entering his shop was a huge wreath of roses. Learning that it had been ordered by Sir Thomas Lipton for the funeral, and that it had cost five guineas, I grandly commanded a wreath to cost six guineas, and sent the tribute to the Watson home, in the

Commodore's name. After the funeral I called on the yacht-designer and gave Mr. Bennett's message, and then, as directed, cautiously approached the subject on which I wanted information. Watson's reply gave the lie to the report that had reached the Commodore, so that the trip to Glasgow yielded nothing except experience.

Richard Croker was at that time living near Wantage, and some of the New York papers used to have a lot of fun at the expense of the ex-Tammany Chieftain, whom they pictured as living the life of an English squire—which was more or less correct. About election time, Mr. Croker's opinion was wanted in New York on some matter or other. During the summer of 1900 I had seen a great deal of him at Long Branch, when he was still very active in politics, and he recalled the acquaintance, and talked freely. After that I used to see him frequently in England, in Ireland, or in New York, and he never refused to "talk." We became good friends, and some years later, when his race-horse, Orby, was entered for the Derby, he told me he was sure I could win some money on the animal—and I did.

Elihu Root came to London as a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, and meetings of

that Commission were my assignment. Senator Root, in that early day, had very favorably impressed himself upon the British public. Some of the Canadian Commissioners were very much exercised because English sympathy seemed to favor America in the boundary question.

Whitelaw Reid arrived in London in the summer of 1902 as the Special Ambassador to the Coronation of King Edward VII, and temporarily obscured the more modest establishment of Mr. Choate. Some of the American newspaper-men hoped that, as Mr. Reid was a newspaper owner, it would be easier to get news at the Embassy under his administration, when he had succeeded Mr. Choate a few years later. We were disappointed, and the great establishment that the new Ambassador maintained at Dorchester House rather awed us after the comparatively democratic order of things at Carlton House Terrace. Of course, the offices of the Embassy still remained in Victoria Street, but when one went to Dorchester House, it was seldom that one did not have to run the gauntlet of half a dozen liveried flunkies about the entrance or entrance-hall. Mr. Reid later took Wrest Park for a term of years, and correspondents used to say that his magnificent method of representing the United

States made a lot of foreign diplomatists look and feel like pikers. Having an enormous private fortune at his command, he was in a position to give entertainments of such a lavish character that to almost any one else the idea of trying to rival them was impracticable. Personally, Mr. Reid was delightful to meet and always courteous, once a correspondent had braved the formidable liveries that stood between the Envoy and his democratic visitors.

The rush of Americans homeward in the autumn brought dread of a second lonesome winter in London. Luckily, however, a change was coming. Mr. Bennett had decided that one American correspondent in the London office would be enough for the dull winter, and there was more news to be gathered in Paris, where Americans in number were always passing through, no matter what the season.

One early November day word came to report to him in person and without delay.

X

"VICE IS A MONSTER"

THE Hotel Balzac looked by no means so dreary this time as upon first acquaintance. Experience of the discomforts of various London lodging-houses turned the simple little hostelry into an abode of convenience and luxury, and the welcome extended by its proprietor gained emphasis from annoyance that had been consequent upon purchasing, in my haste the evening before, what turned out to be a trunk fashioned of paper, tho guaranteed to be of leather by the persuasive and rather masterful young Jewish salesman in the shop in the Strand to which I had hurried immediately upon receiving the Commodore's telegram. For when the husky porter at the customs house at Calais threw it upon the counter before the *douanier,* that vaunted receptacle scandalized me by disgorging from every corner all the boots and odds and ends I had accumulated during the twelvemonth. Getting them together again and finding some means of keeping them so

as far as Paris almost made me miss my train, and I saw red all the rest of the way to the Gare du Nord.

And so the Balzac looked good, and the two days' rest the Commodore suggested, in the course of a brief but very pleasant interview, the welcome back from his personal staff and from the men at the office, cheered very much, and compelled the conclusion that Paris was a much more friendly place for an American than London.

The first detail was to help out generally in the office, more especially with the New York cables and the London wire; and then after a few weeks Mr. Bennett told me to devote my time to going about the hotels, getting acquainted with and obtaining news about Americans, and interviewing them if they were worth while. Boarding at even a modest hotel and paying for a cab every morning at five o'clock soon proved a strain on a small income. A trial of another hotel near the office in the Rue du Louvre did not achieve the necessary economies, and finally my effects came to roost in the top of the Grand Hotel National Jules César, whose appearance might have justified a theory that Cæsar slept in it the night before he started to invade Britain. It was an ancient establishment in the Rue Serpente, with

a winding stairway, off which, at unexpected intervals, little flights of four or five steps led to mysterious-looking doors. My two rooms—there were no private baths in the hotels in the Latin Quarter in those days, so far as known—cost only eight dollars a month, and Madame Eck, the Alsatian proprietress, furnished a delicious breakfast of coffee, rolls, and butter for fifteen cents a day. Those economies made an occasional outside splurge a delightful possibility.

One of the first "news tips" out of the common run of events was that of a young American singer who was about to make her début at the Opéra Comique. She was poor and had had a hard time getting her musical education, but finally she was about to attain that alternative ambition cherished by every American girl who went to Paris to study singing. The height of ambition was to sing at the Opéra; the alternative was a debut at the Opéra Comique.

The "story" seemed full of human interest, and as we had no operatic critic, the editor-in-charge assigned our French dramatic critic to cover the event. That distinguished journalist, however, sent word that he had a dinner engagement which would prevent his doing so, and the editor told me to go and cover the story myself. Knowing

absolutely nothing about operatic criticism, I was at a loss as to how to proceed. However, in Mr. Bennett's weakness for names lay my salvation. I would make the American Ambassador the "Herald's" chief operatic critic for one night, and surround him with a corps of assistants.

General Horace Porter, of course, occupied a box, and in others and in the *fauteuils* were most of those prominent in the American colony in Paris. During the intermissions, accompanied by a man who knew most of them, I interviewed the Ambassador and such others as could be reached, with the result that perhaps one of the most curious pieces of operatic criticism ever entrusted to the cables was published in New York the next morning and printed in the Paris "Herald" as well.

The outfit in the office had changed little since my first acquaintance with it. Robert Wilton, an able Englishman, who had been born in Russia, and who later on achieved distinction as St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times*, was in charge. There were two or three men of ability on his staff, but there were several derelicts. One of them, particularly, a man who had once been a famous correspondent in Paris—a Cambridge graduate, I believe—now an unkempt

individual and content to work for one hundred francs a week, or little more, had a fashion of gloriously celebrating the night following every pay-day, which was also his night off, and this invariably happened every Friday morning at five o'clock:

The telephone would ring: P—— was on the wire, calling from the Bal Tabarin. The pay received in that day's envelop had been spent, and his table was piled high with "uncashed" saucers—unredeemed pledges for beers, *sirops,* and other refreshment which the generous Englishman had provided for scores of women of the half-world who had been showering attentions upon him since the moment he had reached the place with money in his pocket. Then it was always Erwin's duty to get together what money was available in the office, charter a *fiacre,* proceed to the Tabarin, and take the hospitable inebriate out of hock.

There were occasional but brief interviews with Mr. Bennett, and at rare intervals he came down to the office at night. Nothing out of the ordinary happened for me, however, until mid-winter. Having heard much of a certain famous *bal masque,* whereto entrance was supposedly limited to students of art, I had managed to obtain an

invitation. On the very day of the celebration orders came to go to Marseilles and interview the officers of the United States training-ship *Hartford,* which had been on a cruise. It was always the Commodore's custom to follow closely the movements of American warships in foreign waters, and whenever one touched at a port to be sure that a "Herald" correspondent was there to get a story.

And so, when the *Hartford* arrived at Marseilles, I met her and interviewed the ship's goat, the officers, and some of the crew, and sent the story back to Paris. Then, with two of the naval officers, I cast about for ways to make a stay in Marseilles interesting. We had all heard of *bouillabaisse,* and had been told to discover it at Pascal's, then a famous restaurant in the Greek quarter, recommended in very strong language by the celebrated Mr. Baedeker. My first taste of the dish was disappointing. The manager of the Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, whose acquaintance had been gained the preceding summer in London, denied the next day that the real *bouillabaisse* was to be found in Pascal's, and sent me out to luncheon at one of those *reserve* restaurants so common in the south of France, where, except that I lacked company, I

had one of the most delightful luncheons I ever enjoyed, overlooking a scene whose picturesque beauty stirred imagination. The restaurant was on the side of a hill on the Corniche Road. Below, the Gulf of the Lion stretched away to join the Mediterranean, and in the middle distance was the Château d'If, made famous by Alexander Dumas in his "Monte Cristo." My friend of the hotel owned the restaurant, and he had ordered with the *déjeuner* a light wine that proved a perfect accompaniment. Looking across the blue sea to the rock, and the prison whence *Edmond Dantes* had made his escape, I felt as if I, too, could exclaim, "The world is mine!" Omar with his jug of wine had nothing on me, except his "Thou." A telegram from Mr. Bennett that was handed me later at the hotel seemed a continuation of the day-dream. It read:

"Have you ever visited the Riviera? If not, how would you like to go to Monte Carlo, where you might get an idea of the life of the place, and at the same time interview some persons I have in mind?"

Acceptance was immediate and enthusiastic, and necessary funds soon came by telegraph.

A journey to famous places on the Riviera was an adventure into a region of real romance. I suppose most American youngsters of the nine-

ties read with avidity Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York," whose hero and heroine made an astonishing trip down to Nice and Monte Carlo from Paris. I do not know how many times I went through the book. It may be a serious reflection on my literary taste to admit that it had made a great impression, but the fact could not be denied. I had even seen the play based upon the book, so that as the train approached Nice I felt as if I had stepped into an atmosphere of fiction. This impression was heightened when Monte Carlo was reached and I had found the Hotel de Paris, where I had been instructed to stop. Oddly enough, I saw in the dining-room several persons I knew. Bothas de Pavlovski, a Russian who was acting as agent for the North German Lloyd line in Paris and who a few years later killed himself, sat with his wife at a dinner table presided over by that same Dr. Paz of Buenos Aires, whom I had first noticed at Aix-les-Bains. Later on, Dr. Paz proved to be as prominent a figure in the Salles de Jeux in the Casino as he had been in the gambling room of the Villa des Fleurs.

Instructions awaited me at the hotel. The first task was to hunt up an Irishman, a brother of a nobleman, and interview him upon the

roulette "system" said to have been invented by the peer. The latter was at that time in New York and was wasting columns in the "Herald" with his ideas for beating the bank. The next day I started out to find the brother, who lived in a villa at Eze, a few miles distant, but all information was against his being found at home during daylight hours. Gossip had it that his habit was to make the acquaintance of wealthy Americans and others at Monte Carlo and invite them to midnight suppers to meet light and lovable ladies of various nationalities who affected the shore of the Mediterranean at that season of the year. Roulette and other similar means of parting with money were provided, and the Irishman was supposed thus to spin out rather a comfortable income in addition to the extravagant salary paid him by Mr. Bennett for telegraphing to the "Herald" daily reports of the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo.

It was easy to obtain a card of admission to the Casino. As a matter of fact, the hotel concierge merely took me down through the subterranean passage that connected the hotel with the Casino and said a few words to the door-keeper at the other end, and I was passed up to the official at the *control.* Him I satisfied that I was

not a Monegasque—subjects of the Prince of Monaco were not permitted to enter the Casino as visitors,—and the card he handed over got me past the various door-keepers and into the great salon of chance, into which so many thousands have taken hope and brought out disillusion and despair. The season was almost at its height and there were enough Americans of familiar visage in the place to make me feel rather at home. One of these was the American Ambassador to St. Petersburg, who cautioned me to remember that he was there "incog." and that it would not be politic to mention that he was in Monte Carlo, and a thousand miles or so away from his post. And when I professed to be able to forget easily, he conducted me through the various salons and pointed out numbers of the notable and the notorious who were at the tables.

It was he who gave me directions as to how to find the place where I had arranged to meet the Irishman, at midnight, a hotel across the French border—a late supper resort, which I found filled with rather lively persons of both sexes and all nationalities.

The "interview" drawn from the handsome young *chevalier d'hasard,* the center of an admiring circle of feminine intimates, was immediately

telegraphed to Paris. Next day a wire from Mr. Bennett ordered an interview with Sir Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor, who also had ideas for beating the bank at Monte Carlo, and instructed me to dine afterwards at Ciro's and interview the famous restaurateur.

It required considerable questioning to dig up the whereabouts of Sir Hiram, who proved to be vegetating at a hotel upon a mountain back of Nice. The *cocher* who drove me up to the hotel demanded an extravagant sum, but I went back to Monte Carlo on a trolley car for a few centimes. I still have a rather extraordinary photograph that Sir Hiram gave me in that interview. It shows the first Maxim gun ever publicly tested in England. Sir Hiram, in a great top hat, is seen instructing King Edward VII of England, then the Prince of Wales—wearing a much more formidable top hat than Sir Hiram himself—in the art of handling the machine gun.

Going back to Nice, I wrote up Sir Hiram's views on the Irish peer's "system" and his own—for he, too, proved to have figured out his own "system" for beating the bank—put the "story" on the wire, and then arrayed in dinner jacket made for Ciro's.

The story of Ciro, whose name is now claimed

by a large number of fashionable restaurants in Europe and has even extended to our own tango belt, was familiar to correspondents of the "Herald" of that time. A little Italian pastry-cook, he had run a small shop in Nice or Monte Carlo until one day Mr. Bennett chanced to taste his confections. The Commodore advised Ciro to branch out and make himself fashionable, and gave him a story in the Paris "Herald" to encourage him. Largely through the attention that Bennett was able to focus upon him by this free publicity and by personally giving parties in Ciro's new establishment, the last, in time, became the ultra-fashionable restaurant of Monte Carlo. As its owner grew in fame and waxed prosperous, some correspondent of the "Herald" each year received an assignment to treat himself to a good dinner at the "Herald's" expense at Ciro's and at the same time interview the proprietor on the "prospects for the season."

And if it is of interest, I tried out both the "systems" of Lord Rosslyn and Sir Hiram Maxim in the Casino my last night in Monte Carlo, with results that might have been expected. Fortunately, I had previously settled my hotel bill and bought my ticket back to Paris.

XI

IN FAVOR—AND OUT

MR. BENNETT unexpectedly began to develop a disturbing propensity for sending for me and asking questions on matters concerning which neither my knowledge nor my experience qualified me to give information. One night he appeared at the office in the Rue du Louvre very much dissatisfied with something that had been printed in the "Herald." After a few words with Wilton, he beckoned to me to accompany him.

"I think I shall put you in charge of the Paris edition," he said, when we had got outside the door.

This was unwelcome intelligence, for the position had proved fatal for many. Having had no experience as a newspaper executive and knowing no French or any other live language than English, a rapid calculation convinced me that not more than thirty-six hours would elapse before my decapitation, and possible dispatch back to

New York. So I cautiously pointed out to him that not editing, but news-getting, was my function and that as there was no one else in Paris who could do my job and the office was full of editors, he might be taking unjustifiable risks.

He argued the subject all the way to the subway station, but it was with a great deal of relief that I heard him say, as he left me at the entrance to the *Métropolitain,* "Well, I don't know but that you are right. Better keep on doing what you are doing."

It was about that time that the Princess Louise of Saxony made her appearance on the front pages of newspapers. She had run away with her music-teacher and the details were a scandal of two continents. Mr. Bennett suddenly materialized in the office in the Rue du Louvre one evening and summoned Wilton, Gordon Smith, and myself into the little reception-room. He had the Princess on his mind. He said that somebody ought to defend her and he thought an editorial ought to be written, which, while not actually committing the "Herald" should point out that, after all, it was possible she was being maligned. No one dared differ with him. He urged Gordon Smith to state what he thought should be said in such an editorial. Gordon

Smith, who in those days wore a long, fierce, red beard, stammered in Scotch for about five minutes without getting out a sentence, the Commodore the while hectoring him with "Come on! Come on! Let us hear what you have to say," and winking at Wilton and myself.

Finally, Mr. Bennett left with the injunction that I was to write the editorial, which was to be approved by the three of us, and then printed. That essay filled nobody with pride, for an hour's labor produced a jumble of words that read connectedly but didn't mean anything. It appeared in the next morning's paper. I expected to be hauled over the coals about it, but nothing more was ever said.

A peculiar and frequent visitor to the "Herald" office in the evenings was Principe della Rocca, a well-known Italian nobleman, in title more ponderous than fortune. The marquis who had been the head office-boy during my first visit to Paris, had left us and his wife was no longer the chief society correspondent. We guessed that Mr. Bennett had put Principe della Rocca, her successor, upon his pay-roll just to give him an income. One night the semi-royal society correspondent came into the office very much excited.

"Oh, Meestair Veelton!" he cried, "I have ze

grande idée. Ze Commodore, you know, he vant ze description of ze costume of ze ladies who attend ze weddings at ze Madeleine. Such it is *très difficile* to note at once because zere are so many. But look! Zis is my *grande idée.* I buy ze camera, I put myself behind ze pillair, and as ze ladies come out, I snap! snap! snap! and I get ze picture. Zen, afterward, I have zem develope and I write ze description at my leisure!"

Charles M. Schwab, lately come into world-fame as the head of the new United States Steel Corporation, spent most of that winter in Europe. I had interviewed him at the Carlton in London before coming to Paris. At that time, attached to the Carlton in the capacity of interpreter was one Joseph Hanan, a garrulous old Englishman, full of the importance of his position, and never tired of boasting that he was Schwab's own courier and of the favors the other had showered upon him.

While Schwab was in Paris rumors were printed that he was going to retire from the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation. One day at the Ritz I ran across Joseph, whose eyes bulged when he saw me. He told me in an excited whisper he had a big piece of news and gave me, unsolicited, the contents of a telegram

received by Schwab from America that day, which, had it been published, would have made a sensation in the financial world. I did not attempt to use the information, but made a note of it and sent it to Mr. Bennett, in case he wanted to do anything with it. Tips on very big news sometimes come that way.

However, my reward was a rebuke. Mr. Bennett sent me a note to the effect that the "Herald" never cared for news obtained from "servants," and he preferred that its correspondents should not obtain information that way. And yet the newspaper often did get news in just that fashion. If only the "Herald" could have maintained at all times the lofty standard that Mr. Bennett set for it in rare moments!

The presiding genius of the editorial office at 120, Avenue des Champs Élysées was Captain Hutt, who had been the skipper, or rather the "executive officer" of Mr. Bennett's yacht. No one dared permit himself to be called "captain" of the *Lysistrata*. Claim to that title, or any equivalent, was the sole prerogative of her owner. Hutt was a jolly, fine-looking Englishman, who was supposed to have developed heart-trouble, and so had been invalided ashore, and partly because of his fine presence and delightful manners

had been selected to receive visitors at the editorial office. He was also now editing the "Letters to the Herald" which were a daily feature of the publication.

I believe Hutt was one of the two or three "Herald" men who, later on, inherited money under Mr. Bennett's will. In those days, both in Paris and in New York, the tale was told that Mr. Bennett had announced his intention of bequeathing the "Herald" to his "faithful employees," and men who had been in his service two decades or more often expressed their conviction that they would be so provided for. The story was that the Commodore had once made the pronouncement in the course of an interview with a reporter for one of the French papers. I had not been many years on the "Herald" before I began to acquit him of any intention of thus recognizing the services of those who worked for him, and investigation showed that his statement to the *Figaro* reporter had been subjected to a very liberal translation.

Paris in winter was not a city of general gaiety. It was cold, damp, and foggy, the climate being very much like what had been experienced in London the year before. Some acquaintances were made at the American Art Association,

among them men who afterward achieved a degree of fame as painters and sculptors. Most of the American girls in Paris used to go there for the dances that were occasionally given. The gayest party open to Americans was the *Reveillon* at the Élysée Palace Hotel, where two of the princes of Orleans became the first ex-royalties of my acquaintance. Of course, one had not expected them to wear crowns, but lots of other young Frenchmen present could not be distinguished from them by either manners or talk, and all were out for the same good time. This entertainment and a ball at the Opéra opened my eyes to what life might be like in Paris to those who had money to spend. My appreciation of the French *revues* which I saw for the first time was for the most part optical, because of my ignorance of the language, and because most of the offerings made their appeal mainly to the eye—or through it. The new Moulin Rouge opened that winter as a magnificent music-hall, where one dined while seeing the show, and its opening provided my one piece of graft during the stay in Paris, for the manager assigned me to a table in the front row of the balcony, and insisted that I give a party for four "on the house."

Unattached young Americans who sought

gaiety went on Thursday evenings to the Bal Bullier, in a sense the big weekly social event of the Quarter—as the only requisite for admission was a small fee. The two-step was just coming into favor in Paris and they had coined the word *bostonner,* meaning "to dance the Boston." One met many Americans of both sexes at the Bullier, and occasionally caught a glimpse of some little tragedy. It was not exactly the atmosphere a careful American mother could have chosen for the daughter whose support, while developing her musical or artistic genius, was entailing severe sacrifice at home. The Bohemia of Henri Murger was gone long before this. That of the Quartier Latin of 1902-3 was sordid and cruel; and commerce and not Cupid governed the "affections" of the successors of du Maurier's *grisettes.*

Once in a while a visit to Maxim's was either on my schedule of work or of play and occasionally that then-famous resort provided interest, particularly when one arrived in time to see a fight that had been staged for the edification of foreign patrons, as frequently used to be the case. One always expected something of the sort at Maxim's. A little American jockey used to be a prominent figure at supper there, always seated

at a long table with a lot of girls and others who were habitués of the place. There was one in particular, known as "Ruth," a very beautiful woman who claimed she was a creole, but who some Americans believed had a touch of negro blood. Ruth queened it over Maxim's when she was present. She had been at Aix-les-Bains the summer before, and a story heard half an hour after its *dénouement* was that she had made an appointment with a European monarch and had neglected to keep it. His Majesty, of course, had to be careful as to whom he should be seen with, but the tale was that Ruth had promised to meet the King in the garden of the Hotel de l'Europe a little after nightfall. Before the hour, however, she received a telegram from a young American she knew, inviting her to Belgium. His Majesty appeared at the appointed hour, but Ruth "went to Ostend, to her gentleman friend." His Majesty did not show himself at the Villa des Fleurs that evening.

In the American colony in Paris were two different sets—and a lot of other smaller cliques, not so easily distinguished. The first flocked to the Embassy, the second paid court to the Consul General. One seldom saw at Embassy receptions the same crowd that went to the Rue de la

Pompe. At the Ambassador's one mingled mainly with Americans of aristocratic pretensions, some of whom boasted acquaintances in the old Faubourg St. Germain, stronghold of the remnant of the older French nobility. A few who had been in business in Paris so long that the taint of money-getting had worn off, were also of the "Embassy crowd." Most of the *nouveaux riches* and the plainer sort of folk went to the Consul General's, whose "at homes" seemed also to draw a lot of widows—and women whose husbands were accused of paying them generously to stay in Paris—together with a handful of Franco-American nobility of papal origin, or dating from the Second Empire, among whom the family of Dr. Evans, American dentist to the ex-Empress Eugénie, held the center of the stage. Cheiro, the palmist, who had acquired somehow the title of "Count Hamon," was a frequent visitor. The Gowdys were very plain, kindly folk, and the Consul General was one of the most American of Americans. His offices were always a source of news, and right next door was the office of a Special Agent of the United States Treasury, from which leaked an occasional tip on a good story.

It was Mr. Gowdy who, one day, gave the in-

formation that M. Jusserand, just then appointed Ambassador to Washington, had been calling on the Consul General before departing for his post. I raced downstairs and overtook the new envoy just as he reached the sidewalk of the Avenue de l'Opéra. He was astonished when accosted by an American reporter in a Paris thoroughfare—so much so that he actually gave me a good "exclusive" talk.

Mention of Cheiro somehow calls up the name of another entertainer who had not then won celebrity. A card was brought into the editorial room of the Rue du Louvre office one night, and Wilton went to the reception office in response. He came back looking puzzled.

"This chap's name is Houdini," he said to me. "He speaks with an accent, tho he says he is an American. Sort of rope-juggler, apparently; claims to be able to get out of chains and to unlock any padlock ever invented. He wants us to give him a story to help make him known to the Paris public. Ever hear of him?"

The name seemed familiar, and I accompanied the editor-in-charge back to the room where the seeker for publicity was waiting. He cheerfully gave us a private demonstration of his ability to free himself of toils, and as he was so anxious

about it, I suggested to Wilton that I write something about him. And thus was Houdini introduced to Paris. Nowadays he doesn't have to go to newspaper offices and give sample performances in editorial anterooms in order to achieve mention the next day.

At least one bit of scandal stirred the American colony in Paris that winter. It concerned an American woman who called herself a German baroness and a younger woman whom she was supposed to have brought to France to marry off.

The Hotel Continental was a place of rendezvous at tea-time for Americans who had nowhere else to go, or who were looking for such of their countrymen as might prove themselves subjects for exploration, promotion or exploitation, and possible development as sources of income. Almost invariably in the late afternoon or early evening a lot of women of light repute could be found perched on the stools in the American bar, or loitering in the glass-walled corridor, ready to smile a welcome at a lonely alien seeking company. One often saw at the Continental men whose fortunes had been acquired in such fashion that if a jail did not yawn for them at home, they preferred to keep away from New York or other American cities where their past deeds and pres-

ent doings might continue to furnish reading-matter for the press. One got into the habit of accepting, if not respecting their evident desire to shun the newspaper columns, and to appear as unobtrusive citizens of no particular importance, sojourning in Europe for reasons more or less connected with health.

To the Continental came also for the "feev-o'clock," as the Parisians were getting into the habit of calling it, the "Baroness" and her young companion, and myself having been properly presented in the course of time, the "Baroness," when some one mentioned my connection with the "Herald," warmed up at once.

"Here is this beautiful girl, my niece, whom I have brought over here, and I want her to make a good match," she confided. "Her father was a distinguished American naval officer and her mother a handsome Italian woman. Can't you help me out?"

The girl was really very pretty, and was rather nice to look at while the "Baroness" gushed on.

Some time later the "Baroness" invited me to a *soirée* she was giving in the apartment she had taken in the Rue de la Pompe, near the Consul General's residence, for the girl was now studying under some of the leading masters attached to

the Opéra, and I ran full tilt, judging from names and titles, into a quarter-section of the French nobility. But the "Baroness" had apparently forgotten what she had told me during the first interview, for the girl was now no longer her niece, but her "ward," and according to the "Baroness's" own confession not rich. "I was determined that this poor girl, with her beauty, should have a chance," she told me, forgetful of her first explanation, "and I am willing to give her out of my own fortune a 'dot' of $50,000 if she marries the right man. Can't you help me? As a newspaper-man, you ought to be in a position to do so." I hastily confessed my inability to be of assistance.

It proved difficult at first to launch the "niece" into American society in Paris, but a means was finally found, or at least, what seemed a means. For it so happened that the wife of an American diplomatist usually attended the sewing society whose meetings were held at the church in the Rue du Berri. If you were properly introduced at the sewing society you ran a decidedly good chance of being given an invitation to the next reception at the Embassy—or such was the popular impression. So the "Baroness" looked about her and found an elderly woman who was

called a literary person and who was very poor. For a certain sum—either a hundred dollars or a hundred francs—so the story was told, the literary lady introduced the "Baroness" and her protégée at the sewing society, and then followed a round of calls upon the desirable acquaintances they had made there. The elder woman made a favorable impression and her companion was accomplished and in demeanor modest, so that two very respectable American women thought they ought to return the calls. But when they arrived unheralded one afternoon at the apartment in the Rue de la Pompe, they were ushered in upon what they afterwards described as a bacchanalian revel, and upon their report the "Baroness" and her protégée were dropped. Some years later the young woman figured extensively in the newspapers back home, for she was married to a chauffeur and soon afterward either the chauffeur shot her brother or the latter shot him, one does not recall which.

David R. Francis, many years later American Ambassador to Russia, came to Paris during the spring in the interests of the St. Louis Exposition, and a luncheon was arranged in his honor at the Continental. In those days, Mr. Francis, if he knew French at all, had a much more limited

grasp on its pronunciation than he acquired later. Of course he had to make a speech, and he delivered it, in French, from manuscript. The courteous Frenchmen about me received it with politeness, but their puzzled expressions betrayed that they found it difficult to follow his florid and orotund delivery. And when he came to pronounce "MM. Loubet and Fallières" in the course of his address, the speaker did not say "Messieurs," but read it out, "Em—Em Loobett and Falyers." It was impossible for the polite Frenchmen to contain themselves. A look of wonderment passed from one to another, and then as comprehension dawned, whispers were succeeded by tittering that grew into guffaws.

The Paris edition of the "Herald" about that time became the victim of one of those curious experiments such as only Mr. Bennett could have indulged in. Some of his friends had told him that they could not easily read the sheet. The latter was printed on glazed paper, and, of course, in black ink, and experts considered it an excellent piece of press-work. One day the Commodore issued orders to have the "Herald" printed in blue ink. After a few days the color of the ink was changed to green. Then came, in turn, almost every hue of the rainbow during

a period of something like a fortnight; when, as was to be expected, we went back to black.

The work was proving pleasant in many ways. Tho Mr. Bennett himself limited my duties to covering news of Americans in Paris, every once in a while a story would break about somebody of another nationality, and occasionally an international scandal would require attention. There was not much occasion to come into contact with Frenchmen, and the regular assignment meant visiting the particular hotels affected by Americans, the American Embassy, the Consulate-General, the shipping offices and that of the American Express Company. Occasionally there would be a story at the American Art Association, or half an hour of sitting on the *terrasse* in front of the Café de la Paix might develop a good yarn; and every once in a while an art dealer would have to be interviewed. But during the winter comparatively few Americans passed through Paris. It was easy to find a few good fellows at one of the cafés in the Latin quarter almost within a stone's throw of the Rue Serpente, and it was only natural, too, that an acquaintance should be quickly acquired on the Right Bank of the Seine.

American men, unattached, who could pass a

cup of tea without spilling it and listen appreciatively, and who also gave the impression that they possessed a dinner coat or a swallow-tail, were scarce; for that reason, or because Americans living out of their own country often feel very hospitably inclined toward their kind, an "extra" man or two was always in demand, and at teas into which they strayed were made much of. And of course one met a great many really delightful people. But, as my work was principally concerned with Americans and Englishmen, I came to know very few natives, and neglected opportunities to acquire the language, except what was readily picked up in the cafés, theaters, and music-halls—enough to follow the news in the French papers and interview a Frenchman upon some simple topic. The days were full of labor, and if one "started anything" some fresh instructions from the Commodore would invariably interfere with its continuance. As a matter of fact, I had just begun to take lessons in French when I was first ordered to the south of France, and after my return invitations to dine and opportunities to go about began to materialize in such flattering frequency that I gave up my tutors. Then, as winter went away, came chances to go off on little automobile trips; and what

youngster would attempt to resist the outdoors, and Suresnes and St. Cloud and luncheons in some attractive spot? And so the spring days passed until one came that almost saw my undoing.

William K. Vanderbilt, the elder, who lived in Paris, was about to be married in London, and our correspondent and those of two or three other American papers had spent a week trailing clews in an effort to locate the church where the ceremony was to be performed. So that when I drifted into the office at five o'clock one afternoon and was informed that London was trying to get me on the wire, it keyed me up. Our London correspondent transferred his evident excitement to me with his message that the marriage had taken place that day and that the couple were due at the Gare du Nord at seven o'clock. He suggested that I had better meet them and find out where they were going.

Had I known the Commodore better, perhaps what followed would not have come to pass. But one fact was necessary from a newspaper standpoint to complete the story of the day. Where were Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, "headliners" in to-morrow's news, going after their arrival in Paris? She had a house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; he had an apartment in the Avenue

des Champs-Élysées; or, any of a dozen or more hotels might prove their destination. Besides, he had a country place outside of the city. Time was short, and it was impossible to find out from *concierges* or hotel clerks which one would be patronized; the word of none of them could be depended upon. The only way to obtain the information seemed to be to get it personally—to follow the couple, discreetly, of course, and see what was to be the terminus of their wedding journey.

But the Commodore would probably not stand for hiring an automobile, and a car was sure to meet the newly-weds. No Paris cab-horse could keep up with an automobile, even in those days, and motor taxis had not yet been invented. I knew an American girl who had a twelve-horse-power Panhard. Appealed to by telephone, she eagerly accepted possible adventure, and was at the office inside of ten minutes. As expected, an automobile was found waiting in the sheltered enclosure of the Gare du Nord.

The quarry, upon arrival, stepped into the car, ignorant that the only other car under the shed was interested in their movements, and started off unaware that they were being trailed. Our chauffeur had instructions to keep far enough be-

hind so that in the traffic on the outer boulevards detection might be avoided, and all the way to the Porte Maillot, and out to and through Suresnes and St. Cloud we could not have aroused suspicion. When, darkness coming on, the chauffeur of the vehicle ahead stopped to light his lamps, our driver hastily turned into a side road. The trail was recovered in a few minutes, but we feared to light our lamps, and in the gloom followed an exciting and dangerous chase, two big cars in turn narrowly avoiding running us down, to the accompaniment of superheated, but manifestly deserved torrents of excoriation. Our car lurched from side to side as we flew along at top speed, and more than once we were nearly swept out by low branches of trees. When we emerged from the wood the automobile ahead had disappeared. But some distance toward the left our keen-eyed driver espied a light and a few hundred yards of a side road brought us to a tall iron gateway. A thickset man came out holding a lantern.

"Whose place is this?" we asked.

"It is the château of Monsieur Vanderbilt," was the reply.

Once back at the office, sober reflection would not have dictated anything more than a sentence to be added to the London dispatch, but the

editor-in-charge was fired by my tale and he told me to write up the story of my ride. The world was not interested in that ride, of course, but instructions were orders and the next day the Paris edition of the "Herald" played up Snyder's London story and mine on its front page!

Soon after the Commodore received his paper at Beaulieu the second day following, things began to happen. The first was a telegram detailing me to assist Hutt in opening letters at the office at 120, Avenue des Champs-Élysées, thus clipping my wings. Next day came a telegram which read:

"Consider your hounding Vanderbilt to earth as worst possible type of yellow journalism."

The day following, which was Friday, I was sitting in the office with Hutt, when in stalked the Commodore. He had just hurried up from Beaulieu, and he was full of storm and explosives. He stamped about, thumping the floor with his cane, but without result. I was so thoroughly scared, I was mute. Unable to extract anything intelligible out of me, he finally gave up the attempt and rushed out and took the train back for Beaulieu. He had apparently come up from the South just to deliver his opinion in person.

Nothing happened for a few days, and then came a summons to Beaulieu. Ernest Marshall, who had just been appointed our chief correspondent in London, was a fellow-traveler. Mitchell, the Commodore's amanuensis, met us with the information that we were scheduled to take breakfast the next day with Mr. Bennett at his Namouna cottage, but what he told me personally was far from cheering. However, that night the three of us went over to Monte Carlo, where in spite of its being off season, a crowd of habitués was playing in the Casino, and let the morrow take care of itself.

At the *déjeuner* the Commodore played the perfect host, but during the course of the meal he took occasion to upbraid me. Both Mitchell and Marshall, and even a French Count, who was another guest, came to my defense. They insisted I had got the news, as was my duty; that the fault lay not in the getting but in its method of presentation, and that in writing the story I had simply followed instructions. The Commodore was half appeased, and asked Marshall and myself if we did not wish to take a look at his yacht, which was lying off the dock. He sent us aboard, but we had hardly begun our inspection when out he came himself and took us ashore,

and we returned that night to Paris under instructions to proceed to London, where I was to be Marshall's assistant.

The man whose wedding had almost proved my undoing was very much perturbed by the story, as he naturally would be. I heard later that he had demanded my discharge, but the Commodore, when he had considered the matter, announced, so I was told, that "He'd be damned if anybody was going to dictate to him as to whom he should employ or discharge." As I heard no more of it, I believe he soon forgot the episode. However, there is just one thing about that chase after the Vanderbilts I like to recall. So far as I was able to ascertain, it was the first time an automobile was ever employed, at least in Europe, to cover a news story.

XII

MAINLY ANECDOTES OF A MAN

THE personality of James Gordon Bennett was so much out of the common run that his peculiarities have formed the basis of many a yarn.

Most of them are apocryphal. But there are so many others that are true, and that portray the man as he was from various angles, that repetition of a few samples may serve to throw some light upon the character of the eccentric American who for so many years remained an alien, who more or less successfully conducted a great newspaper by cable, and who liked to do big things—and did them—but yet was not altogether above doing a small one.

Perhaps there are as many opinions of Mr. Bennett as he had acquaintances. To some he was always the generous patron, the courteous and lavish, if perhaps sometimes surprizing and even alarming host. Others found him stern and cold, and harshly satirical. These were those he did

not like. Some of his employees clung to him devotedly as subjects to a protecting tyrant whose frown bred terror and whose smile meant their greatest happiness. Hundreds of men who have worked for him in New York, in Paris, in London, or elsewhere, may assert he was unjust, heartless, cruel. Others who have served him and left of their own accord praise highly some of his qualities and touch lightly upon others.

A man who has openly followed his bent in living, when that bent inclines at times sharply away from what moralists call the "straight and narrow" path, leaves himself open to attacks of a kind such as most men try to avoid. Yet there are many who have reason to be glad that they knew James Gordon Bennett, and who felt for him a degree of sincere affection.

That winter and spring in Paris yielded some opportunity to make a study of Mr. Bennett at close range, and from many sources came numerous anecdotes illustrative of his eccentricities and characteristic of his grim humor. Some of these I shall set down as I heard them, and comparatively fresh as they were at the time. Many, I am sure, are absolutely true, and all were imparted in the guise of fact.

When he worked, Mr. Bennett labored inde-

fatigably. It was his custom to take no more than four hours' sleep. Almost by daybreak, when in Paris, he would head for the Bois de Boulogne with a bundle of papers, and those of his employees who were summoned to confer with him at his villa at Beaulieu often found themselves scheduled for a climb up the side of a mountain and a lot of work before breakfast.

In Paris his hours of labor—when busy—were usually from sunrise to sunset, sometimes later. He had a way of creating an impression in the minds of his men that he read every line in the "Herald." So it was with the Paris edition. But sometimes batches of the New York edition would accumulate and go unread. In later years the Commodore formed the habit of sending these, or great bundles of clippings from them, together with clippings from other New York papers, to one or more of his trusted employees, with instructions to write summaries or critical comparisons. But occasionally he would take a bundle of "Heralds" that had arrived by the latest steamer and go through each paper line by line; and wo to somebody in New York if he found anything wrong!

For many years, when in Paris, Mr. Bennett used to go for luncheon every day at the Tour

d'Argent, famous not only for its Frédéric and its pressed duck, but as a gathering place for those celebrities of the Paris world who liked to take the midday meal in quiet. César Ritz told me that when the hotel of his name was first opened Mr. Bennett used to enjoy many of his meals there, but finally complained that he couldn't stand music when he wanted to eat, and so resumed the habit of going to Frédéric's, covering the long distance afoot, or else riding on the *Métropolitain,* for he was an enthusiastic patron of Paris' first subway.

While he was often accused of not being free from the taint of snobbery himself, evidences of the trait in others disgusted him. One story that used to be told in Paris concerned a dinner he gave at his apartment for some American friends of considerable wealth, and who were a little inclined to put on airs because of it.

Mr. Bennett had a favorite jeweler in the Rue de la Paix who was responsible not only for many of the expensive gifts he was in the habit of bestowing upon his friends but for the distinctive stationery, heavy, calendered paper of robin's-egg blue, for his correspondence while ashore, bearing the engraved figure of an owl and his address; and for use while cruising, paper of a

darker blue, with the name *Lysistrata,* together with his private flag crossed with that of the New York Yacht Club. From Appay he borrowed a quantity of fine jewelry, and when the servants passed the dishes at dinner the guests could do nothing but stare at the magnificent diamond, emerald, and ruby rings which coruscated from the fingers of the butler and his assistants. The tempting viands offered them received scant attention. Their host, it was said, thoroughly enjoyed the amazement that ordinary politeness forbade them to express in words. He knew they had expected eccentricity from him, and he played the part.

Mr. Bennett's position in the social world was curious. Paris and the "high world" of Europe were always looking to him to do in the most elaborate fashion everything he did in the way of entertaining. The late King Charles of Portugal never paid a visit to Paris without going out to shoot with Mr. Bennett at Versailles; and, of course, only Mr. Bennett's friends of the highest social distinction were invited to shoot in company with the King. The Commodore was known to have refused an invitation from the German Emperor at least once.

The Parisians always called him "M. Gordon-

Bennett," but he detested that designation. He always signed himself "J. G. Bennett." He helped to make European society "feel itself," as it were, by chronicling its doings. The Paris "Herald" was run on the theory that most society people, and Americans generally, would much rather see their names in print and those of their friends than read any amount of news. It was of more interest, its proprietor held, to the Comtesse de Didonc to know where her friend the Duchesse de Quidnunc was at the present moment, and to Bill Jones and his wife to know what their neighbors, the Hamfats, who had come over on the boat ahead of them, were doing, than any ordinary news occurrence could possibly be.

It used to be a common saying in the Paris office that if Mr. Bennett gave a reward for something that pleased him he would almost invariably conceive a prejudice against the recipient of favor soon afterward and either fine him for some mistake, real or imaginary, or reduce his salary again.

On one occasion he jumped the pay of a young copy-reader from $30 a week to $80, and made him editor-in-charge in the Paris office. The man had filled the job satisfactorily for a year or more, when the Commodore decided he would make

a change. Therefore he issued an order that the salary of the editor-in-charge should be cut to $35 a week, and he himself be reduced to his former post of copy-reader. The order came by telegraph, for the Commodore was then cruising in the Mediterranean.

But the young editor-in-charge had more red blood in him than his employer suspected. He had worked for the Commodore several years, and being a good newspaper man he felt that there was no need for him to work on the "Herald" at an insignificant salary. It was his duty, before quitting the office at five o'clock every morning, to telegraph a summary of the day's news to Mr. Bennett. Instead of doing this, the deposed editor wrote out his resignation and wired it at the Commodore's expense. The next day he obtained a job as Paris correspondent for a New York paper.

A yarn used to be current in the Paris offices of the way one of the sub-editors of the "Herald" had his salary increased, which is a fair illustration of the basis upon which wages in the Paris office were sometimes put up or down.

It was the custom for the men to send out about midnight for a supply of beer. Among those who worked at the long copy-desk was a

person of the most abstemious habits, and one evening, when a footstep everybody recognized sounded in the hallway outside, the empty bottles were hastily stacked on a shelf immediately above the head of the teetotaler.

As Mr. Bennett entered, every pair of eyes was bent upon the "copy" on the table, and pencils worked feverishly. The Commodore paused and looked about. The row of bottles caught his gaze. He smiled.

"Ah! Mr. Blank," he said, "you apparently have to buy a lot of refreshment."

"Yes, sir," replied the other, timidly, and not daring to utter more.

"On your salary I don't see how you can afford it," went on the Commodore. "I think we shall have to increase your pay 100 francs a month."

And the salary was put up.

One of the Commodore's strict rules was that nobody in his employ should accept a present of any sort in the course of his work. During my first or second year in Europe, the Russian Ambassador to the United States, in appreciation of friendliness shown, procured a decoration from his Government for a "Herald" correspondent in Washington. Mr. Bennett was immediately in-

formed of it and demanded that the correspondent either give up the ribbon or resign. The correspondent chose the alternative. Thereupon the Commodore promptly cabled an editorial in which he asserted that a correspondent of the "Herald" who did his duty was above any decoration that a King or a Czar could bestow, at the same time telling the story of the resignation. This episode proved a big advertisement for the correspondent, who, indirectly through its means, soon had a world-wide acquaintance and an enviable post.

Not infrequently Mr. Bennett made up his mind about an employee largely from the latter's personal appearance. In answer to his cabled request, a new man was sent over from the New York office, a youngster who had done good work on the *Evening Telegram*. He arrived in Paris and presented himself at "104." Unfortunately, the candidate, tho very well qualified, had rather an unattractive physiognomy, and Mr. Bennett immediately conceived a dislike for him. The newcomer was kept in Europe about a month without any assignment. Then he was sent back to New York without any explanation. When he arrived again in Herald Square the local powers were afraid to give him his old job

or a new one, and he had to go out and look elsewhere.

The Paris "Herald" itself was not only a hobby and a fad, but it contained two extraordinary features that many of its readers came to look upon as highly offensive. One was a supposed letter, signed "Old Philadelphia Lady," and the other was a reproduction of a cartoon depicting an Irishman measuring the "height" of a thermometer. The "Old Philadelphia Lady" kept plaintively asking, year in and year out, how to tell the difference between Centigrade and Fahrenheit. This attracted floods of responses of varying tenor. Even in late years, somebody who saw the Paris "Herald" for the first time would be touched by the appeal of the inquiring dame from Philadelphia, and chivalrously and promptly pen a letter to the editor giving the desired information. People wrote and wrote demanding that the "Old Philadelphia Lady" be murdered, but she kept on thirsting for information, and no one succeeded in obtaining from Mr. Bennett a satisfactory explanation of her diurnal appearance. The secret may have been that she set people talking, and that, according to Mr. Bennett, meant good advertisement, no matter what the

nature of the talk. He had inherited the theory from his father.

Not a few restaurateurs in France and in some of the other countries in which Mr. Bennett was accustomed to pass much time used to say they owed much of their success to the Commodore, who, if he was pleased with the cooking and the service of any establishment, was not afraid to have his papers indicate as much, and thus give the restaurant man what the French call a *"réclame."* One of his beneficiaries in this fashion was Ciro of Monte Carlo, earlier mentioned.

His love for a joke prompting him to plan a unique celebration for one of Ciro's birthdays, Mr. Bennett sent two of his correspondents along the French coast from Mentone to Cannes searching for a pair of swans. As the only swans in those parts were in the public parks and belonged to the French government, their quest was unsuccessful. However, not daring to report failure, they reasoned that geese belonged to the swan family—or *vice versa*—so they bought or otherwise acquired a pair of white near-swans and then proceeded to follow instructions.

At twilight a large and fashionable company was dining on the *terrasse* in front of Ciro's as the two "Herald" men came along driving the

two large white geese, each reined with long white ribbons bearing in gilt the legend, "We are Ciro's swans."

When the maître d'hôtel beheld the visitors and their charges, he promptly shooed them away, but they, undaunted, stole around to the back entrance and bribed an attendant to let them in. They climbed to the second floor, where there was a window overlooking the *terrasse,* and resting their charges on the sill, debated as to their next move.

But the geese took the initiative. They spread their wings and started to fly. Unfortunately, they fluttered down in the midst of Ciro's patrons, upsetting bottles and dishes; and later Mr. Bennett had to pay out many francs for soiled frocks.

Mr. Bennett never liked William II of Germany, tho he was extremely fond of the young Crown Princess, whose father, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, had been a warm personal friend. It was no secret that Mr. Bennett considered himself just as important a personage as the Kaiser.

The *Namouna,* the predecessor of the *Lysistrata,* was lying at Beirut when one day the Kaiser, in the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern,* and

accompanied by several German warships, arrived at that port. The Commodore was on shore at the time, and as he was being rowed back he discovered that the executive officer of his yacht had dressed ship in honor of the Emperor, as had the master of every other vessel in the harbor.

As the officer met him at the gangway, Mr. Bennett, with a glance aloft, demanded: "What's all that about?"

"I thought, sir," replied the other, paling, "that if you were on board, you would order it done."

"Never mind what you thought. Hereafter, when you are in the slightest doubt as to what I want done, do nothing. In that way you can always please me. Order those flags down."

Then he hurried to the bridge and gave the order to steam out to sea.

As a matter of fact, the captain of his yacht was never her commander in Mr. Bennett's estimation. He always referred to the other as the "first officer," or "executive officer"; he himself was in command. He had a master's license, and when at sea he stood watch regularly and plotted courses; in fact assumed entire charge of the navigation, often taking the wheel.

During the days of the *Namouna,* Mr. Bennett, with a party of friends, was cruising in the eastern Mediterranean, when, not far from the Piræus, he came up with the first American White Squadron, which was then performing evolutions. On the bridge with the Commodore at the time were several guests and Samuel Chamberlain, one of his secretary-editors, and at that time his favorite. In alarm the others noted that the yacht's course, if held, would bring her into collision with the flagship of the squadron and Chamberlain protested.

"Keep right ahead," said Mr. Bennett to the helmsman, "that ship has no business crossing my bow."

Chamberlain continued his protests, pointing out that running into an American warship would involve serious consequences, not only to both vessels, but to Mr. Bennett himself. The latter suffered himself to be persuaded, and altered the course a point or two, but he did not willingly forgive Chamberlain for his interference. The story goes that later in the cruise he marooned his employee on an island in the Mediterranean; but that when his guests protested he consented to take him back on board, and that at the first port the yacht made the outraged secretary-editor

quitted Mr. Bennett's service in disgust. He it was who founded the Paris *Matin.*

The Commodore was as fond as any one of a practical joke, so long as it was not played upon himself, and he was almost always willing to pay the piper.

On one of his cruises in the North Sea, with a congenial party on board, he put into port. The guests had become a little bored because of the disagreeable weather encountered, and their host decided he would provide them with an original sort of entertainment.

An excellent theatrical company was playing at one of the local amusement houses, and Mr. Bennett invited its members aboard the yacht one afternoon. While they were occupied below, he gave orders to put out to sea. When the actors and actresses realized where they were, land was no longer in sight, and it was getting dark. There was no hope of getting back to port in time to play the performance booked. They were in great distress, but the Commodore had them give a private performance for the benefit of his guests, and not only handed each a liberal present but reimbursed the theater for its loss.

Sometimes the guests on his yacht were made

the butt of his own practical jokes. One of them, a bachelor, complained that he was not called at the right hour in the morning and that he had difficulty in getting his bath. Mr. Bennett promised that the next morning the other should be called early and that his bath should be brought to his stateroom.

At daybreak the guest awoke to a belief that he was being borne over Niagara Falls. From the deck outside the nozzle of the biggest fire-hose on board had been poked through his open porthole and was playing on him by the barrelful, and his berth was almost awash.

"Well," said the Commodore, grimly, when the half-drowned guest made his report, "didn't I promise to awaken you early this morning with a bath? What more do you want?"

XIII

NOTABLE OR NOTORIOUS

THE world's greatest sporting event of the summer of 1903 was the international automobile-race in Ireland. As Mr. Bennett was the donor of the prize, the French, despite his wishes in the matter, had generously tacked on a portion of his name to the event, which in Europe thus became generally known as the "Gordon-Bennett" Cup Race. Mitchell had gone over from France to Dublin to look after the French and continental end of the contest, and I went from London to cover the British and American end of it.

Congregated in the Shelburne Hotel in Dublin was a large collection of men well known in the world of sports. One recalls particularly Baron Henri de Rothschild, a heavy man with a large black beard, who was one of the stewards of the race, and the late Lord Northcliffe, or Sir Alfred Harmsworth, as he was then, who proved to be very useful. Harmsworth had not then

set himself up as an arbiter of British destinies, for the *Daily Mail* had not reached the zenith of its power. One made the acquaintance of many engineers and chauffeurs and mechanics who afterward became famous in automobiling and aviation. And lo and behold! at the Shelburne, too, I found an old acquaintance, no less a personage than Dr. John Grant Lyman, who, when I last heard of him, was sojourning in San Quentin Prison, California.

Dr. Lyman, a few years before, had been the principal figure in what was called the "International Zinc swindle," and when I was sent to interview him in New York he almost got down on his knees while begging me not to print a story about him. We didn't reach a bargain, but upon meeting him in Dublin he seemed willing to forget the past and actually did me a great service on the morning of the race, for he took me out to Ballyshannon Crossroads, the starting point, in his automobile; and transportation was difficult to get.

Foxhall Keene had engaged to drive one of the German cars, a Mercedes, and the day before the event was to be run he drove me out in his racer to Naas, where the machines were to be weighed. In the square, or common, or whatever

it was, were a number of Irish gentry, delightful folk, men and women, who, spotting me at once as an American, asked a lot of questions. One of them recalled that a poor young Irishman many years before had gone from the neighborhood to America to make his fortune.

"He has become rich as a publisher," said my informant, "and recently he came back and bought a castle and has become a squire and has his own hunting pack, somewhere north of Dublin. His name is Collier—I think it is Pat——"

"You are mistaken, Papa," interrupted one of the young ladies. "I am sure his name is Peter."

"Ah, so it is," said her father. "I remember him as a lad. Well, well, America must be a land of great opportunity!"

He was speaking of the late Peter Fenelon Collier.

Mitchell and I were able to cover the story of the race very thoroughly, but we had not reckoned with the British General Post Office and its vagaries. A telegraph tent had been installed near the grand-stand, but we found, when we reached it at a quarter before nine—it was still light—that it was going to shut down at nine o'clock sharp. Entreaties were of no avail and bribes

would not be considered. We each managed to file a few hundred words, and then the problem was how to get to Dublin, forty miles away, to write and dispatch the most of the day's story. We canvassed the driver of every automobile left on the grounds, but nobody proved to be bound for Dublin. Finally, we found M. Mors, the French automobile manufacturer, who was on his way to the Curragh to spend the night. He agreed to take us as far as Old Kilcullen. When we left the car there, we were in a worse predicament than ever. The place was about twenty-five miles from the Irish capital, and while numerous automobiles stood waiting for their thirsty owners and guests in front of public houses, nobody was willing to take us to Dublin. Jaunting-car drivers wanted ten pounds, and would not guarantee our arrival by midnight.

We had almost lost hope when a tremendous noise was heard from the direction of Ballyshannon, and a little seven-h.p. Panhard came puffing into the public square. Mitchell recognized the driver as Henry Farman, then a famous automobile racer, who later made a reputation as builder and pilot of aeroplanes. Farman was carrying two men, and the tonneau of his car was piled high with tires and spare parts, and covered with

a rounded tarpaulin. After a hurried explanation from Mitchell, Farman cheerfully agreed to take us aboard if we could guarantee to stay on. The only way this could be done was for me to lie diagonally across the heap with one hand grasping the front seat and one foot planted against the back of the tonneau, and for Mitchell, a much shorter man, to lie in my arms, as it were. Three separate and distinct showers and many clouds of dust attended the journey. My precarious hold was lost a dozen times, but Dublin was gained in good time to make the telegraph office.

The turbine passenger-steamship was an accomplishment of the year 1903 in England. Parsons, the inventor, had tried out his new engine in small steamers on the Clyde, but that year two craft of some historical interest in marine engineering were launched in England and Scotland, one the turbine yacht, *Lorena,* for A. L. Barber, the American asphalt millionaire, at Leith, and the other the Channel steamer, *Queen.* Mr. Bennett sent me up to Leith to get a full description of the *Lorena* and later detailed me to make the trial trip on the *Queen* from Folkestone to Calais, and thence back to Dover. On board was almost every Englishman of note in the marine world.

That summer I began to see a lot of the late

Charles Frohman. He had some sort of an arrangement with the "Herald" for "exclusive" news, and on the strength of it the paper would print almost everything he said. Once every week Frohman's sitting-room at the Savoy became the scene of an interview, when the famous theatrical manager would pace up and down the room declaiming to me, feverishly making notes, a column or more of what was to be "exclusive" information for the "Herald." Through Mr. Frohman, however, I often got good tips on other stories. For instance, it was from him that I received first information that Anthony Hope, the novelist, was going to marry an American girl. Ethel Barrymore herself furnished me with details, and it made an exclusive dispatch for New York and Paris. Later on that summer Miss Barrymore gave me exclusively what she called the "horrible details" of her engagement to Captain Harry Graham, the English poet. Anything about Miss Barrymore, then the idol of the American theater-going public, was of great interest, and of course, the news of her engagement made a stir. However, as it later developed, the engagement did not "take," and a few years later I had the pleasure of obtaining another exclusive story about Miss Barrymore's final engagement—the news of her

betrothal to Russell Colt. This happened, however, in New York.

The coming of a "white squadron" to Portsmouth during the summer of 1903 was an international event of considerable importance. The *Kearsage,* then the pride of the new American navy, headed a small number of war-ships which broke all historical precedents by being permitted to berth at the government jetty of the naval town, hitherto reserved exclusively for British ships. Officers and crew were feasted by the local municipality during their whole visit, and the former were dined in London. The American Consul at Portsmouth made a fulsome hands-across-the-sea speech at a luncheon given the sailors, which, if it had been reported, would have caused more international complications than the speech of Admiral Sims in London a few years later threatened to bring about. The correspondents were disgusted with his talk and did not use a line of it. At the dinner given by the Corporation of Portsmouth for the Rear-Admiral in command and the officers of the fleet, a distressing incident occurred which we also suppressed. Our officers were apparently unused to so much wine and stronger spirit as flowed at the feast, and one of the brightest men in the navy, a young lieuten-

ant, evidently actuated by a feeling such as was entertained by many naval officers for the late Admiral Sampson, outraged convention by rising of his own accord and proposing a toast to the memory of his hero.

A sudden and strained silence followed his half-mumbled utterance. And then the sharp command was barked by his chief: "Sit down, Mr. M."

A low murmur of commiseration from those near, who knew and were fond of the young officer, and headshakes from his shipmates.

"Poor devil, he can't hold his liquor, and he always springs that toast," said a lieutenant who sat near me. After the feast the offender was placed under arrest and so kept during the remainder of the squadron's stay, and I believe he was court-martialed.

The following winter yielded two unusually interesting acquaintances. One was Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro), and the other the late Father Bernard Vaughan. Father Vaughan conducted a mission in the East End of London—I think it was in the Mile End Road—and he had arranged for a big performance in aid of his work. Mary Anderson had never appeared on the boards since her retirement as the foremost actress on

the American stage, at the time of her marriage to Antonio de Navarro; but she was so interested in Father Vaughan's work that she consented to lay aside her scruples for charity's sake and give readings from Shakespeare. I was instructed to interview her, and found her a woman of unusual charm. She had taken up singing some years before and was to render several numbers. The performance was widely advertised, and much of the West End journeyed east to see and hear it. Mme. de Navarro sang exquisitely, and her rendition of the lines of *Juliet* and *Lady Macbeth* made me sorry for some of the Shakespearean interpreters I had heard. I saw a good deal of Father Vaughan that winter. He lived in a fashionable apartment just off Berkeley Square. in luxury sharply contrasting with his chosen field of work. The next time I encountered him was some ten years later, when we chanced to be passengers on the same steamer on a voyage to the Far East.

William T. Stead, seen occasionally, impressed me as being a very able man, but a visionary. That year he started his famous newspaper-venture. He called it "The Daily Paper," and it was a hodge-podge of matter, with very little attempt to give all the news. What it did print

was the news as Stead saw it, and his comments. It went early to its end. It was about this time that Lord Northcliffe began experimenting with a paper for women, a sort of daily newspaper "for ladies only," and we had instructions to follow it closely in the "Herald." Of course it made a sensation, but no money, and it was not until its owner had put in charge of it Alexander Kenealy, a clever Irishman who had had newspaper training in New York, and changed the publication to an illustrated daily, that the *Daily Mirror* found its way to success.

From other correspondents I heard, later on, a curious thing about interviewing Englishmen prominent in their professions. In obtaining an interview or a statement from one such, so ran the report of one of the most experienced American correspondents in London, it was customary to send with the request for the interview or the statement, a check as an "honorarium," and the fee had to be large enough to make the distinguished person who was to be quoted feel that he had not lost the time necessary to grant the interview or write out what was wished. I never discovered this necessity in the course of my work in London. The Englishmen I approached for interviews either granted them without any

stipulation, except that they should see the interview before it was cabled, or declined to be quoted or even seen. The nearest approach to such an experience I had in New York while still on the "Herald," when an author who has since achieved world-wide distinction arrived in New York on his first visit to America. As the "Herald" interviewer, I approached him on the pier.

He was gruff and disagreeable.

"How much will it be worth to the 'Herald'?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever," I replied, and left him.

I set him down as a cockney who had somehow learned to aspirate his "aitches," but of course I was wrong in my estimate, for the man is to-day considered one of the most versatile and powerful writers in the world, and his books are said to have made him many times a millionaire. I never read this author, however, without thinking of my only encounter with him.

By this time, a circle of acquaintance had robbed London of its loneliness, and once "properly introduced," avenues for entertainment and enjoyment had opened up. Much of the gaiety in which I became an appreciative participant was due to the good will of an American sculptress and her mother, the latter the wife of a Ger-

man baron. They had a lot of friends, among whom were a wealthy old Welsh steel manufacturer, an Irish General and a rich English brewer, two of whom, at least, gave frequent parties at the Savoy. I do not think I have ever seen any wild young American squander money more recklessly than that brewer, and one recollection is of a supper he gave at the Café de Paris, in Paris, when a lot of us were *en route* to be the guests of the Baroness at a cottage she had taken at Trouville, and when caviar sandwiches and peaches—both were sold at that famous restaurant at almost their weight in gold—and the rarest vintages of champagne were a few of the high notes of the festivity. The Baroness's husband was said to be a mining-engineer in South Africa, and on one of her trips down there she had found a young American who, she thought, would make a good husband for her daughter; so as the latter was not unwilling to settle down, the American was brought on to London and we all helped to marry them in fashionable St. George's church, Hanover Square.

The honeymoon was to be passed at Trouville. Now the bride had a marvelous figure—marvelous because it was so different from what one would naturally expect of a youngish woman with

a pretty face and beautiful red hair—and even in a bathing suit of the vintage of 1903 she bulked strangely and in excess of all previous speculations. She had formed the habit of taking a sea-bath early in the morning, when no one else in Trouville thought of tempting the surf. The beach was right in front of their cottage, and inquisitive Frenchmen began to assemble in the offing soon after sun-up, to wonder at sight of this elephantine sea-nymph. Each day they ventured nearer and nearer. One morning a man with a pointed black beard appeared with a camera. When the lady threw off her cloak and strode toward the waves, he quickly crawled over the beach to a point of vantage and proceeded to adjust his kodak. The object of his regard turned at that moment and discovered him and likewise several scores of spectators occupying strategic viewpoints; and, as almost any woman of that day would have done in similar circumstances, she screamed.

Her husband was lying in a hammock on the front porch of the cottage. He had passed his youth in our great "open spaces." In a few strides he reached the camera artist. One blow smashed the instrument and another the Frenchman's jaw. The ambitious photographer fled

from further eventualities and was soon the object of commiseration from a group of his fellow-countrymen. But a French law had been violated. The American had struck with his fist a citizen of France. A servant who had witnessed the incident reported that the injured man and his friends were going to the Commissary of Police to obtain a *procès verbal,* and so graphically were the terrors of that peculiar French warrant painted to the South-Africanized Westerner that he announced that he had had quite enough of France. And so he was bundled into an automobile, driven to a railway station half-way to Paris and put aboard a train. He never went back to Trouville, and I was told that he caught the first boat for Cape Town, leaving his bride to follow him or not, as she chose.

One political event of the winter of 1903-4 was the campaign waged by the late Joseph Chamberlain for the adoption of import tariff laws to take the place of British free trade. Tariff associations sprang up everywhere, and the propagandists, after the fashion that used to be common in England, descended upon the music-halls. Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter, whose friendship with Kyrle Bellew had either expired or was in its last stages, and whose beauty, alas! was not now nearly

so effulgent as in her youth, was featured at the Tivoli in a recitative and chorus. She couldn't sing, but she recited in tragic tones the story of how the Germans and the Americans were filling Britain with their shoddy wares, and how honest British labor was not getting its fair share of the money spent by Britishers; and the husky chorus would bellow out at intervals:

"Buy, buy, buy at the John Bull store!
The Deutscher and the Yank we'll need no more,
And the money that we gain shall in British hands remain,
If we buy at the John Bull store."

But the majority of the British public continued to buy where things were the cheapest.

Poor Mrs. Potter! The last time I saw her was in an adaptation of *I Pagliacci*. A clever young actor, son of a famous actor-father, lost his head over her, and spoiled a promising career. He staged a pantomimic version of the operetta, and Mrs. Potter, who was now very ethereal as to figure, appeared in a ballet skirt. The effect was pathetic.

A second Christmas in London was very dreary, but late in January following the Commodore called me over to Paris and told me that as I was now fairly well acquainted with European affairs

and with some Europeans, I could go back to New York and interview foreigners and Americans returning from Europe, keeping a lookout for such not only on arriving and departing steamships, but at the hotels. Then came my first experience with ship news—going down the bay at unearthly hours in the morning on revenue cutters, and combing steamships and hotels for news and interviews.

That summer I managed to obtain a leave of absence. A wealthy friend had invited me to go to Europe with him, and so far as I know, the journey was made without the knowledge of the Commodore. The trip involved another automobile tour through France into Switzerland and Germany, and was rather more ambitious than the one I had taken two years before with the same host. He had a new forty-horse power Mercedes, and mindful of numerous accidents and delays that had marked his previous trips he acquired in Paris not only an English chauffeur, but a French *mécanicien*. Our route led to Chartres, Orléans, and Amboise—somewhat similar to our previous trip—and we had intended to go comfortably to Tours and make Aix-les-Bains by easy stages.

But the morning after out arrival at Amboise, as we started to leave the hotel courtyard the

gasoline tank, then placed under the bottom of the car at the rear, giving too much with the spring, struck a little steel pin in the middle of the gateway which was supposed to hold the gates when closed, and the tank sprang aleak.

The two men took the car around to a back street to effect repairs and after laboring over it found that something else was wrong. They kept working away, at one thing or another, most of the day. So it was not until five o'clock that the machine was in condition to start. Before loading on the luggage, they decided to take a trial spin. The back streets of Amboise were very narrow and the chauffeur was reckless. As the automobile crossed a thoroughfare, it caught up a horse and cart just passing, and flung them at a window of a grocery shop, breaking the glass and starting a small riot. The news soon reached the hotel. Everybody in the neighborhood of the accident wanted damages for something or other and my host handed out ten-franc pieces and hundred-franc notes in many directions, but not all seemed thoroughly appeased. In the crowd was a man who spoke English fluently, and who was evidently a citizen of standing. He said to my host:

"If you will take a word of advice, I think

it would be wise for you to get away from this part of the country as quickly as possible. The driver of the cart has gone to get a *procès verbal*, and that would mean that you would be delayed here for a day or two, or longer, and perhaps have to face trial. You, being the owner of the car, are subject to damages, and you had better hurry out of this department."

We took the advice, loaded our luggage, and rushed down to Tours. However, Tours, upon inquiry, proved to be in the same department as Amboise, so we quickly left it behind. The first town of any size beyond the department limit we were told was Selles-sur-Cher, which boasted the worst hotel I have ever seen in all France. We heard no more of the incident at Amboise.

At Aix we found some of the old crowd of two years before.

Still as beautiful as ever, the place did not seem to possess such an atmosphere of luxury and vice unadulterated as my earlier impressions had convinced me. I had learned to "endure," if not "pity." All sorts of attractive places were discovered in the neighborhood and I found a few old acquaintances who, like myself, could afford to do little more than look on and gossip.

From Aix, after a fortnight, we went up through Switzerland to Freiburg, in Baden, and thence to Baden-Baden, where I had my first glimpses of German royalty or semi-royalty, except such as I had seen at the Coronation procession in London two years before. At the Stephanie were lots of German princes and princesses, the latter mostly stout ladies who bulged alarmingly and in many directions from tight-fitting costumes, and whom one could have dressed as washerwomen and felt they could play the part. Some of them, curiously enough, I had to interview in New York a few years later. There was racing at Iffezheimer, nearby, and hundreds of officers in their long blue coats and capes used to come down from Karlsruhe to see the races, and, incidentally, to look for American heiresses.

While the "Herald" was supposed to have a correspondent in Baden-Baden, I kept looking in each copy that came without seeing any news of any kind about that resort, and so one day I got busy and wrote a two-column letter of news about the American visitors, which I signed with a fictitious name. It was immediately printed in Paris. No one in the "Herald" office ever knew the identity of its author, and I never told the

Commodore, whom I was not anxious to inform of my presence in Europe. He might have thought I had no business venturing out of America without getting his permission.

XIV

CLOSE-UPS OF CLIMBERS AND SNAPSHOTS AT STARS

BACK again in New York, my work consisted in covering ship news, interviewing celebrities arriving from Europe or headed in that direction, and such others as could be unearthed at the local hotels. In a sense, this assignment was a superfluity, as the "Herald" had a regular ship-news man. But the Commodore realized that more than two years of work in London and Paris had given me a degree of familiarity with names and faces and foreign affairs, such as could not possibly have been obtained on this side in the same time, and that this might enable the "Herald" to land many an exclusive story; which it did. One might admit that some of these stories were such as appealed only to the "Herald," but there were others. Nevertheless, in spite of my working against them, the ship-news men of the other newspapers became my warm friends. I told them frankly that I was out to "beat" them.

THE HERALD BUILDING, IN HERALD SQUARE, NEW YORK

Showing the clock, the bronze strikers, the owls on the roof, and the arcaded front and side. Through great windows on the Broadway side, could be seen the presses going at full speed. The building was designed after a famous Venetian palace

THE OWNER'S HERALD DISPATCH BOAT, IN NEW YORK HARBOR

This craft was used by the *Herald* ship news reporters to board incoming steamships in New York Bay.

That, however, necessitated unearthly hours—often getting out of bed at 5 o'clock on bitterly cold mornings, making for the Battery and thence voyaging down the Bay on the revenue cutter to board one to half a dozen incoming liners from swaying, rickety ladders; and then, after writing up news and interviews obtained, hurrying about the hotels for more material. The day's labor was seldom finished by 8 o'clock; frequently, quitting time was midnight. To confront it now would be dismaying; but to look back upon it still yields a "kick."

For there were pleasant adventures. After Bennett had bought a little motor boat, whose one-eighth inch plating and crankiness, in spite of her smart appearance, made her the scorn of other reporters who went down toward the sea in safety on the revenue cutter, these adventures often carried real risk. To board an ocean steamer in motion from the cabin deck of such a tiny craft with a heavy sea running was a task not to be contemplated with joy, and a whole night out on New York Bay in a dense fog, with no compass to steer by, no food, no coffee—and worse, nothing to smoke—and a possibility of being cut down by some big craft, occasionally yielded something akin to actual hardship. But

we flew the New York "Herald" flag from our masthead, and we used to run down the Bay ahead of the cutter and wallow about, awaiting our turn to board. More than once we stole a shipwrecked crew from some arriving steamer, ferried the lot to the Battery and on the way got an exclusive story out of them. Sometimes we could board a tramp steamer at anchor in the Bay and strip her of a cargo of good yarns, independent of the cutter's schedule. We could run over to South Brooklyn and cover some ship that the other men, limited as they were to the boarding route of the revenue cutter, could not reach except by a long journey by ferry or street car, or both. The *Owlet* as she was called—our jeering comrades and rivals termed her the "Omelet"—was a costly fad for the Commodore, as she required a crew of four men; but for a time, at least, she was good advertising in the province of ship news, which Mr. Bennett considered the "Herald's" very own domain.

In London, acquaintance had been made with many operatic and dramatic stars, the most noted of their time, American and British. On this side I had to interview many incoming American, British, and French, and some German and Rus-

sian actors. In London it was only visiting American actors whose doings and sayings were part of my work. It might be worth emphasizing that, altho my salary for a number of years was less than what an expert stenographer often collects in New York to-day, the post of a "Herald" correspondent in London, among stage folk at least, was considered of some consequence. He was really sought after, not for what he was, but for what he could do. One romantic American actor in those early days made it his first act upon reaching his luxurious hotel to call me up and invite me to dinner with him and his wife. Several of these invitations had marked late springs in London before I realized that it was expected I would pay for such hospitality by cabling to this side an interview with my host. And there were social climbers who would like to make use of me, too.

The most peculiar illustration of my potential value to some who wished to be among the socially elect, was furnished by a very well-known New York man whose wife, through circumstances attendant upon her previous divorce, had been blacklisted by many of the set in which they had both formerly moved. He wished to show to society at home, and to Americans traveling in

Europe, that his wife and himself were going about and being entertained by the British nobility just as if nothing had happened. During one particular season he fairly pursued me. I would find telephone messages from him at the office in Fleet Street, at some of the hotels, at the American Embassy. More than once, after some important family had invited the couple to a dinner or to a house party, he would chase me from Fleet Street to the Carlton or Claridge's, or to my lodgings, and beg me to send the news to New York and Paris; and as Mr. Bennett had a fondness for him and sympathy for his wife, my instructions were always to give him a lift when I could.

The second winter in London I had met many pleasant people, some of them Americans. I actually acquired a tea-going habit; but soon had to break it. I found people often expected me to write up their teas. A refreshing memory is that of being taken to a gathering at the home of the Milhollands, whose daughter, Inez, then in her teens, later became famous in the United States among the woman suffragists. There I heard Paolo Tosti, newly celebrated as a composer, play accompaniments for his own songs. I may be mistaken, but I think one of them was

"Good-bye, Summer," now so universally sung, and I think it had just then been published. On that occasion I met an American actress who told me all about her distinguished ancestor, a South Carolina statesman and orator, and introduced me to her Serbian husband, who, she said, was a prince. Later on, when Serbia began to attract outside attention through the murder of King Milan and his Queen, this man came to occupy a good deal of space in the newspapers, and actually posed as a Pretender to the Throne. Before I met him I had seen many princes, and he did not look like the genuine article. He somehow recalls that persistent person, the Englishman who would be an impresario—and he afterwards actually became such—who pursued me with stories of how much Eleanora Duse, the great Italian actress, was indebted to him for the recovery of her voice and other attractions, but which I declined to cable. Americans abroad who were secure in their social position and who were really doing big things in those days were usually reticent to give out news or to talk about themselves. But, after a year or two of London and Paris, I had to be on guard continuously against those who were seeking to improve their social standing

or their business by using me to obtain free advertisement.

Of some of the social climbers and their methods, not a little knowledge came to me through close observation. The story of one of them seems of particular interest, as I was able through a number of years to note its progress. She had come from the far West, and some years later a so-called society paper told that she had clerked in a dry goods store; which, of course, was nothing against her. For that matter, the wife of a rich American promoter, who lived at Claridge's most of the year, while her husband traveled back and forth to his Western copper mines, had been, so it was said on excellent authority at the American Embassy, a laundress and boarding-house waitress in Colorado. Being a bright woman, she "got on" in London and actually achieved a position among some of those who knew King Edward. Rumor had it that this lady helped her husband materially in his business by influencing Englishmen of title and position to invest or to accept directorships in his companies. As time passed, however, her star seemed to wane. She did not rent a London house, but kept on boarding at Claridge's; and Londoners in those days expected rich Americans who came to their city and

were taken up, to move into a house and do a lot of entertaining. Many of her English friends, I heard, gradually cooled toward her, and after her husband's business collapse I never saw or heard of her again.

But with the other came contacts that made me interested in her career for years after I had left the "Herald"; until, in fact, she had actually been "received" at Newport and her beautiful daughter had become engaged to the scion of an aristocratic New York family. Whether Newport was her own goal in those days, I do not know. Anyhow, when she first appeared in London, she was in the company of an American woman who a few years before had eloped with a handsome Irishman of good family, but who had never got into any "smart" London set. The newcomer was rich and pretty, but ignorant of London and Londoners. She could gaze upon throngs of handsome Britishers—lords and all that—sipping tea at the Carlton, dancing attendance upon dowdyish dowagers and smart young women of title; but while she met some English people, they were not of the real aristocracy. After a few weeks she fled to Paris.

Two years later, she reappeared. Her husband had made a lot more money. This time she was

accompanied by her two children—a boy and a girl of about twelve and ten, respectively. She stopped at a fashionable hotel, and this time I met her in an entirely different set—a thoroughly respectable and honest set it was—in which certain Americans representing big New York companies moved with their wives and met Englishmen of the upper bourgeois and business type. I encountered her at a dinner given by a very charming American woman, herself a climber, and who actually told me a part of her own story. Our hostess had been married long enough to acquire some knowledge of "precedence." The only man present without title or "position" of some sort happened to be myself. All the women were English except the hostess and the Western lady, and the latter was assigned to me to arm in to dinner. I could see she did not like being ranked socially the last of the company, but after having recovered her poise she talked agreeably and told me what a fearful mistake she had made on her previous visit to London by becoming classed with the people she had then met!

Next year I saw her in London again. This time she had learned how to mount a rung or two of the social ladder, and accordingly was not so cordial. But in February or thereabouts of the

following winter, while covering the departure of a British liner from New York, I came upon her standing on the promenade deck. Her eyes were sparkling, her face radiant. She greeted me with enthusiasm. Perhaps she had not become a snob, after all, I concluded.

"Why on earth are you sailing at this time of the year?" I demanded.

"It's a secret," she replied, archly. "But if you will promise not to publish it, I will tell you. I am to be presented at Court."

"How did you arrange it?" It was a blunt, if not a brutal question.

"I met Mr. So-and-so (mentioning the name of the head of an important news agency). He asked me if I had ever been presented at Court, and I said, 'No.' 'Would you like to be presented?' he asked. I confessed that I would be delighted. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll just tell my friend, the American Ambassador in London, to fix it.' And he did. Less than a week ago I received a telegram informing me that my presentation had been arranged to take place at the next Court, and so I cabled my dressmaker in Paris to meet me in London with a court dress, train, and everything ready for fitting, and I hurried across the continent to make this steamer."

And sure enough, among the list of Americans cabled over as having been presented at the next Court appeared that of the Golden Lady from the West.

To revert to her hostess in London who had sent her in to dinner with me. This woman had landed in London less than two years before that particular evening. She was one of the frankest persons I ever knew. She told me a good deal of her story, and I saw much of the rest. A widow with very little money and a son almost grown, she admitted without questioning that she had come to England to marry. She had thought of an Englishman of title, she said, but such did not seem to fancy penniless American widows, however fascinating. While she was deliberating and waiting, a wealthy American widower, resident in London, whose wife had died only a year or so before, was introduced to her. I have an indistinct recollection that I performed the introduction at tea one afternoon at Ranelagh. Anyhow, she always did seem to feel very kindly toward me, and for no particular reason. I had been surprized at the news of her marriage. After the dinner in the great mansion, where she presided at a table laden with more silver and beautiful

glass than any other I had ever seen in a private home, she became very confidential.

"Surprized, weren't you?" she asked. "Well, I married him, and am really very fond of him. Of course I realize I ain't got much education. I ought to have, for this sort of thing. But," she added, "I am gettin' cultivated. Yes, I've got tutors and things like that. There's a man who's givin' me French lessons, and I've got a woman that comes in and talks to me for half an hour every day about English politics and art and music and things like that, so as I can understand what these johnnies say, and talk back; and I am takin' singin' and elocution, too, so as to get the twang out of my voice."

She, too, "got on"—in time. In fact, she went far, as some measure it. Her husband conveniently died a few years later and left her millions. A discreet period of retirement and exclusiveness, and then one blithe day she sailed back to England, picked out a lord much impoverished by the war, and married him.

Occasionally somebody bobbed up in London to whom my well-meant efforts proved, as it seemed, an embarrassment.

Among them was a shipbuilder who had arrived in this country by steerage many years before,

without a dollar in his pocket. He seemed pleased to meet me, and readily disgorged the salient facts of his climb from poverty to great affluence. It was a human story of a self-made man, and he seemed tickled when I suggested publishing it, contrasting his return to Europe as the possessor of millions with his departure for the New World.

Two days later I entered the Carlton to find him waiting for me. Instead of the cheery greeting I might have expected, he gave me a frown and an oath.

"Say, young feller, you certain'y made all kinds of hell for me," he said, when he had got his breath. "Whyn't yer tell me you published a paper over here, too?"

"What's wrong?" I demanded. "Didn't you tell me that story?"

"Yep, I cert'n'y did."

"And was it not correct?"

"Word for word."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Say, I know you on'y meant to say somepn nice, an' they wouldn't be no kick comin' if the thing had jus' been printed in New York. But, you see, I got a fam'ly, an' they've got notions. The wife an' the two daughters, they come over

here to make a shine, an' meet some o' the nobility. An' they say if people 'round here know that I went to New York in the steerage an' without a dollar, everybody will turn up their noses at us. 'Tain't that I mind; I'm proud of it. I'm a plain man, I am. But the wife, she's got them society notions, an' the girls has got eddicated—cost me a whale of a lot o' money. An' when my daughter Rosie picks up that 'ere Paris 'Herald' here last night, an' sees what you writ, she rushes upstairs an' shows it to the wife, an' she nearly swoons. An' when I comes in I gets three different kinds o' hell, an' the wife says we jus' better pack our trunks an' light out for some place where they don't read that newspaper. Why, she jus' met Lady So-and-So yestiddy, an' gets an invitation to drink tea with her this afternoon. Now, she says, she simply can't face her. An' it's all because I'm such a damn idjit what can't keep my mouth shut. Whatinell am I goin' to do?"

"Well," I suggested maliciously, "if you say so, I will interview you and send a story to New York and Paris that you claim to have been misquoted, that the whole story of your rise to success as you narrated it to me was a lie, and that you claim to have been one of the original *May-*

flower Pilgrims. Mind, I won't say you were, but I'll quote you as saying so. Of course your old friends who have seen you develop from a dollar-a-day ship-carpenter's helper into the owner of a great shipbuilding plant and a captain of industry, and the fellows in your ward who have known you for twenty years or more, will have a laugh on you, but my instructions are to be accurate in my reports, and if you claim you are misquoted I am bound to say so, and to make a second effort to quote you exactly."

He looked at me in alarm. "Say," he replied, after a moment, "I guess I can stand the gaff from Ma rather than face what I'd hear after I got back to New York," and he hurried off in the direction of the hotel "lift."

During the first few years of the century, a grand opera singer was a personage to whom attached not a little of mystery. There were not by any means so many of the profession over here or arriving as now, and my old friend of earliest "Herald" days, William J. Guard, had not yet begun, first as publicity director for Oscar Hammerstein, to build glass houses about them. The "Herald" was particularly partial to news of opera stars. Some of these, as mentioned, I had

met in London during my first spring there. After a season or two of covering steamships in New York I came to know all who were then of any moment. And my assignment was made such that they fell into my net to be interviewed when they arrived from Europe just in time for the season; and again, when these songbirds poised and posed on the gangplank for the spring's European flight, I was there to fire questions. Not infrequently some again became my prey in London later in the spring, when they were in the company at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

Caruso, Scotti, Edouard de Reszke, Pol Plançon: Caruso, who gaily told me when he came over from Europe freed from the entanglement that had interfered somewhat with his first season in this country, "I am not a singaire; I am a bachelaire!"; the handsome, debonair Scotti, now back again on Broadway as a hardy perennial; de Reszke, whose brother, Jean, had stopped singing at the Metropolitan before my operatic acquaintance had fairly begun; Plançon, exquisite in dress, in bulk huge, in manner effeminate, despite his beard. And there were all the German tenors, baritones, and bassos of that day, and many lesser lights. And, of course, there were the *Carmens,* the *Mimis,* the *Marguerites,* the

Aïdas. A familiar phonograph advertisement of some years ago was no more filled with famous tenors, bassos, and sopranos than is my recollection of those whose "master voices" I heard in speech.

Sybil Sanderson I had met in London during the first winter as I have mentioned. I don't think she sang in opera over here afterward. She was a delightful, warm-hearted Bohemian, a "good fellow." Never have I seen in print the full story of her tragic failure at the Opéra Comique, as I heard it a few days later from some who had been present.

She had befriended a young American singer—introduced her to Carré, the Jove of the Opéra Comique, and helped her toward her début, making her known to some of her powerful friends. Massenet had written "Manon" especially for Sanderson, whose powers had seemed to wane, and the new opera was to be the vehicle for her great comeback. For the occasion the Opéra Comique was packed with Americans and what was called *tout Paris*. Some of those who knew Sanderson well and were friendly, were a trifle timorous as to the outcome. Could Sybil sing again as she had sung when she enchanted Antonio Terry, later her husband?

One of the boxes held the new operatic "arrival" who had been befriended by Sanderson, with a gay party, some of them her new male admirers. As an actress, Sybil proved to be herself. With the singing she was doing fairly well. But in the opera is a passage where a certain high note must be reached and sustained—or so went the story—and Sanderson had told some of her intimates that this had worried her. And now, when she attempted that note her voice quavered, and then cracked. The majority of the audience held its breath in sympathy and sorrow. Some present told me that the dropping of a pin could have been heard. And just then, from the box which held the woman Sybil had befriended came a shriek of laughter. It was that shrill outcry and what it meant, of ingratitude and benefits forgot, that seemed to break Sanderson's generous heart.

Melba was at the height of her powers and fame when I first met her in London. Haddon Chambers, the playwright, who was at that time devoted to the great Australian diva, I came to know very well, as well as the genial Hodge, his man-servant, familiar to all Chambers' intimates as his master's guide, philosopher, and friend, and often his solemn confederate in those practical

jokes which had their origin in Chambers' whimsical mentality. Melba I saw many times, and once I interviewed her in bed—in that day, perhaps, a more shocking performance than it is at present considered.

During a visit of hers to New York, of which the interview mentioned furnished the concluding incident, I had seen a good deal of the singer, owing to the possession of mutual friends. From one of these came a tip that she had suddenly decided to sail for England on the *Lucania* the next day. The Cunarder was departing early in the morning, and I was the only reporter on deck at the time. Melba's name was not on the passenger list, and the purser denied knowledge of her. But, nosing about for a clue I saw a steward carrying a hat-box that looked familiar, and followed him to a stateroom. When he emerged after leaving his burden, I knocked. The door was opened by Melba's maid, who knew my face.

"Madame is in bed," she reported, "and is at home to no one."

"Who is it?" came from within, in a loud, but partly muffled tone. Then, my name being repeated, "Oh, is it you? Well, you have tracked me to my lair, but I'll be hanged if I am going to get up and dress to see any one of your tribe.

You'll have to come in; I suppose there is no help for it." And as I obeyed, looking and feeling not a little embarrassed, a peal of laughter came from a pile of pillows.

"Now, don't tell me this is the first time you have ever seen a woman in bed," said the great soprano. "What do you wish to know?"

Emma Eames and Julian Story, then her husband, used to furnish good "copy" upon their arrival and departure. For years they were popularly supposed to be the incarnation of romantic happiness. Eames was an extremely handsome woman, and one recalls a rime written by one of our lesser romantic poets of the time which breathed the wish that he were "lucky Julian Story." It was the vogue, in writing about them, to refer to their romance and their idealistic union. Story used to seem so proud of his wife, and so ready to tell of her European triumphs. And she would slip in a word or two about the portraits her husband had done. Maybe their romance was too realistic to be real. Anyhow, within a few years they were divorced.

The name of Julian Story recalls that of his brother, Waldo, and the latter's infatuation for another singer, Bessie Abbot. I met Miss Abbot upon her first return from her European triumphs.

She had won Paris, not at the Opéra Comique, but at the Opéra itself. Story came over in the same steamer. I knew nothing at that time about the disaster to his family life at Rome, but on each of the many occasions later when I saw Bessie Abbot, Story seemed to be hovering somewhere in the offing. He had achieved a fair degree of success as a sculptor, following in the footsteps of his illustrious father, William Waldo Story, but back in the United States he seemed to lose his flair for art, and when I knew him last he had gone into a small importation business with the late "Freddie" Gebhard.

Calvé gave me many interviews. Her charm had not diminished the last time I saw her. And there was the procession of other opera songbirds that came over during Conried's time or just before, and who remained for only one, two or three seasons, Aïno Akté the beautiful Finn, among them. And, of course, my "bag" contained Madame Sembrich, whose husband, Professor Stengel, was always hovering about and willing to assist in an interview; and Frau Gadski, whose husband, the German artillery and ammunition salesman, was such a good press agent for her and so ready to describe just how she had lost a diamond necklace. Then the delightful Frem-

stad, in the heyday of a romance with her husband, Sutphen; and Nordica, who in her middle age was to become a blooming bride, with a supposedly rich husband. Later came Farrar, back from German triumphs, and the romantic attachment of Scotti, and my discovery of their sailing on the same ship; and a story of a rumored engagement. A woman of great charm, Farrar, with a faculty for remembering names and faces that must have proved a great asset. Frances Alda I knew in her days in Paris, long before she had made her way to the Metropolitan, and when she was studying with the great Madame Marchesi, instructress to Melba and a long line of successful stars. Marchesi one day embarrassed me when I escorted one of her pupils to tea at her studio, by professing before a large company alarm lest the girl should marry me and spoil her career!

And speaking of opera stars, up comes the face of Oscar Hammerstein, of whom I saw much in London while he was building his Manhattan Opera House over here, and engaging his company. Once on my way home from the office at midnight I stopped in at the Hotel Cecil and found Oscar, in his familiar silk hat, sitting on a bench in the hall, chewing vigorously on a black

cigar. He had just consummated a big deal—signed up an important singer, or something such—and he yielded me a piece of news that sent me post-haste back to the office and the cable. Several times afterward that hour and that place and Hammerstein yielded news of operatic importance.

The fact that I covered so many outgoing as well as incoming steamers really netted the "Herald" many exclusive stories and, by the same token, it thus gave many a foreigner not averse to being made known his first real introduction to the American public. For instance, there was the case of Sorolla, the Spanish painter who created a sensation over here in the early days of the century.

We had a stormy week-end, and the old French liner in which Sorolla and his family had taken passage was belated. As a matter of fact, as I recall it, no tip had come from Paris that the painter was on board. There was no order that I must work that Sunday morning, but I had told Gillette, the "Herald" photographer, who was my frequent companion, to meet me on the French line pier. No other reporter showed up. And so the "Herald" the next day was the only paper

that carried the story of Sorolla's arrival and a lot of pictures. Not a few of my "beats" in those days were obtained otherwise than from the mere knowledge of names and faces acquired in Europe; many came from being "on the job" when nobody else was. This small interjection is by way of emphasis that hard work and attention to it, and not always chance, helped me much when working on this side of the Atlantic. In Europe, it seemed to be the mood of the Commodore and luck that gave or measured most of such results as I obtained.

Before passing out of this present vein to other things, it might be mentioned that the course of work made me one of less than a dozen who witnessed the exit of the former Anna Gould as the Comtesse Boni de Castellane. It was such a sordid and commonplace passing, it seemed to me, particularly as the accounts of her original wedding, many years before, had pictured that such a brilliant occasion. For the first time I had met her Prince, as he was then called, he was dancing attendance on an opera singer at a London hotel. Two or three newspaper correspondents had the tip that the wedding of the countess was to take place in the French church in Soho, London, and when we made our way thither the

church proved empty except for a squad of the poorer folk of the neighborhood, drawn by the unusual spectacle of an expensive-looking equipage standing near the church entrance. A newspaper photographer made his way into the church, and while the prince and his bride were kneeling before the altar and the clergyman was pronouncing his benediction, that photographer kept snapping his camera without anybody objecting. It was just as if the whole thing had been staged for a handful of reporters and a camera.

Two years of seeing Europe as a newspaper man of two or three decades ago sometimes had to see it, would have sophisticated a saint. Not that I was a saint to begin with. But all the illusions I had cherished about people whose names appeared much in print had vanished. The world looked very different from what it had appeared that morning when I "steamed" out of New York harbor—a rule established by the Commodore made it unlawful for a "Herald" reporter to describe anybody as "sailing" for Europe on a steamship—for my first view of my Caliph and his Capital.

Early in the spring of 1905 came orders to proceed to London again. On the ship going over was the new American Consul-General to

London, a former newspaper-correspondent. The late John R. dos Passos was also a fellow passenger, a New York lawyer who prided himself on his Portuguese origin, and we who sat at the captain's table feasted and made merry every night, for dos Passos opened champagne all the way across.

I was actually glad to get back to London. The city makes a powerful appeal from the time good weather sets in—usually sometime in April—until early autumn. The possession of a considerable acquaintance now made gathering news and keeping tabs on American visitors much easier. This time I was put in charge of the London bureau, Marshall now being in Paris.

The Seventh New York Regiment sent a shooting team over late that spring to compete with the Queen's Westminster Rifles, a crack regiment of which the late Sir Howard Vincent was honorary colonel. Mr. Bennett had ordered me to cover thoroughly the stay of the visitors, and Sir Howard included the "Herald" correspondent in all the festivities. This experience came near making trouble later on, for Sir Howard wrote me to send him copies of the New York edition of the "Herald" containing dispatches relative to the visit of the Seventh. I took care to

pay for these copies—a precaution which proved its value later on. On my visit to Paris during the summer, Mr. Bennett, after a polite but rather cold greeting, thrust a letter at me, and demanded, "What does this mean?"

The letter was from Sir Howard. After rather fulsomely praising the dispatches he asked Mr. Bennett's permission to republish them in pamphlet form.

Now if there was anything the Commodore hated, it was to have anybody single out for praise any particular member of his staff. It did little good to try to point out that perhaps Sir Howard had taken it upon himself to try to say a good word entirely unsolicited, but when I mentioned that I had sent the articles to Sir Howard at the latter's own request and that I had paid for the newspapers, this seemed to put a somewhat different complexion on the matter, tho it did not ward off a lecture.

"This is a very dangerous business for a newspaper-correspondent," said the Commodore. "My father had occasion once to make an example of an editorial writer for doing something very much like this. You know, my father asserted that, as he paid for it, every line that appeared in the 'Herald' was the same as if written by

him. He was the person responsible. During the Presidency of Andrew Johnson, an editorial-writer employed on the 'Herald' wrote a very clever endorsement of President Johnson's policy with regard to a certain public matter, and clipped it from the paper and sent it to him with his own card. When my father heard of this he very promptly discharged the man who had sought to use the 'Herald' for a private purpose."

I protested there was no analogy between the case he had described and my action, and the matter was not referred to again.

Some responsibility was mine for saving the job of a newly appointed American Envoy to Uruguay that spring in London, through a curious error in identity. The new American Consul-General to London had been Postmaster General of the United States, and the title of "General" had clung to him. A veteran newspaper man, he was of my tribe, and I had sent him to the Carlton, and saw him frequently there, but had forgotten that there was another American visitor in London who also rejoiced in the title of "General" and who was making his headquarters at the same hotel. He had just been named Minister to Montevideo, and was waiting for a ship. One day Yost, the big fat reception-clerk, threw up

his hands as I entered the reception-office at the Carlton.

"Oh!" he said, "your friend, der Cheneral, has been making awful trouble here. He had a fight in der bar mit a Rough Rider and der man smashed him in der eye."

Naturally my conclusion was that the Consul-General was the "Cheneral" mentioned by Yost, and I immediately cautioned the latter not to breathe a word of it to visitors and to refrain particularly from mentioning the incident to other newspaper men. If word reached Washington that the new Consul-General had got into a fight almost upon his arrival in London, the consequences might prove fatal. I left a note of explanation for him.

That evening I was confronted by an amazed and angry dignitary of the American consular service.

"Say, I'll admit that I absorbed a lot of good beer coming over on the boat, and maybe I have since sampled some of the various kinds of refreshment purveyed over here," he growled, "but what in Hell did your note mean?"

Investigation developed that the "Cheneral" who had taken part in the scrap that afternoon was the new American Minister to Uruguay.

Charley Bull, a California ranchman and one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, was the other participant in the fracas, which had occurred just outside the telephone-booth, and at the foot of the steps leading to the writing-room. Bull had tripped over the new diplomatist's cane, and after a short exchange of compliments had banged the minister in the eye.

It was legitimate news, as news goes, but I reflected that cabling it might seriously complicate a flowering diplomatic career or, perhaps, cut it short. When, some years later, I encountered this diplomatist in New York I was almost sorry I had not published the incident, for like almost every American who has lived abroad and kept his respect for his own country, I had grown to feel that an American envoy should be representatively American. And his residence in Montevideo, where most of the Englishmen he had met were of the "commercial class," had given this man the accent and the manner of a prosperous London haberdasher. In his simian emulation he almost dropped his "aitches!"

XV

VISIONS OF AN IRON CROSS—AND SOME OTHERS

THE newspapers were filled with news of preparations for the great Transatlantic Yacht Race, for which the Kaiser had offered a prize, and for which a German syndicate had entered the yacht *Hamburg*. As the "Herald" was among the foremost newspapers in yachting matters, I had to keep a close eye on all preparations that were being made in England for the event, and among other acquaintances made in this course was that of Captain Coerper, the German Naval Attaché, who personally represented the Kaiser and the German Imperial Yacht Club in London. When the date for the race drew near, this cable came from the Commodore, then at St. Vincent on his yacht:

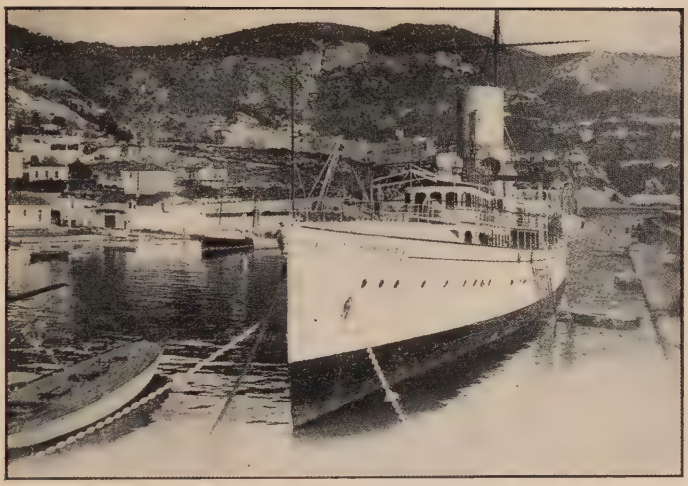
"Kaiser's cup every captain has log for Herald arranged three stories trip English committee tug expects first off Lizard Light 28th committee live small hotel foot lighthouse wish you be there gather Herald matter from committee arrange cable fully New York Paris if necessary tug leave other details to you."

The cable was dated May 4, and, interpreted, meant: "With reference to the Kaiser's cup race, the captain of every competing yacht has arranged to keep a log of the trip especially for the 'Herald.' Our New York office has arranged with persons on three of these yachts for stories of the trip. The English committee on arrangements, which will meet the contestants with a tug, expects the foremost yacht to arrive off the Lizard Light on the 28th. The committee will live in a small hotel at the foot of the lighthouse. I wish you to be there to gather from the committee all information in which the 'Herald' may be interested. You will arrange to cable all news fully to New York and Paris. If necessary in covering the story, you may charter a tug. I am leaving all other details to you."

As Mr. Bennett, to whom it was natural to look for instructions, had been away on a cruise for several months and had previously delegated to me no authority to go ahead and make any arrangements, and besides, as competition was keen between American newspaper correspondents in London, it was necessary first to find out what the others had done. It was presumable that the yachts would be reported first from the Scilly Islands by wireless. There was a Marconi

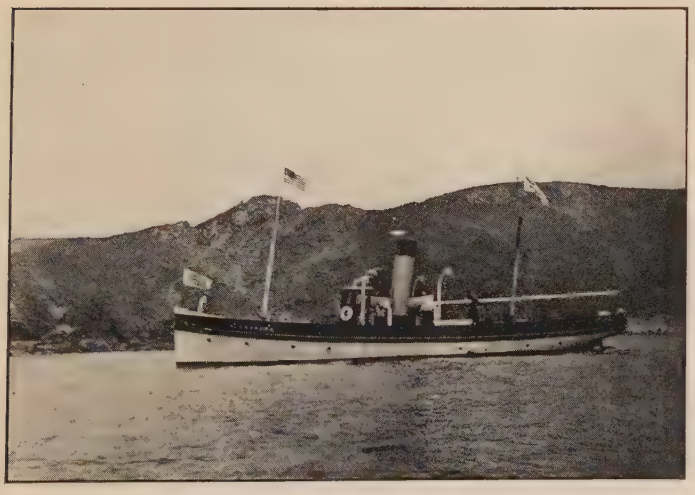
station at the Lizard Lighthouse, and inquiries yielded the dismaying information that one of the new agencies and several of the American newspapers, in combination, had acquired control of the wireless and had hired an enormous ocean-going tug for their correspondents. I had never visited the Lizard Light, but had got some idea of the lay of the land by viewing it from ocean steamers. It stands on a very forbidding coast, bold and jagged, with few inlets providing harborage. A tug would be absolutely necessary, so I chartered a 125-foot seagoing craft called the *Alexandra,* picked up a young American loafing in the Carlton bar who said he was an expert photographer, bought a daylight-developing apparatus which he said he knew how to use, and put the vessel into commission at Falmouth.

The *Alexandra,* called a "yacht" by courtesy, was fitted up for excursions, and had bunks and a combination of sitting- and dining-room aft, with quarters forward for the captain and crew. There was no deckhouse, the top of our cabin being, in nautical language, a "trunk." Everything was below decks except a tiny pilot-house, which was hardly more than a wind-screen. When the Lizard was reached, anchorage was found in Church



THE LYSISTRATA

James Gordon Bennett's big ocean-going yacht, whose great funnel and single mast abaft, made her unmistakable, lying in Villefranche Harbor, near Beaulieu



STEAM YACHT *ALEXANDRA*

Chartered by the *Herald's* London correspondent to cover the International Yacht Race for the Kaiser's Cup, 1905; off the Cornish coast

Photograph by Paul Thompson

MONACO

With the Prince's Palace at the upper right of the picture. At the left is Monte Carlo, with the Casino above the point in the distance

Cove, a short distance to the east of the lighthouse. The post-telegraph office was at Helston, a long mile inland.

The time was short. The first yacht was expected the day of my arrival, and to be able to compete with the correspondents already on the ground, or rather the sea, something must be done to get hold of those wireless reports from the Marconi station. After cautiously surveying the situation, I made the acquaintance of the keeper of the lighthouse. Him I told of my predicament, and I managed to win his interest. He was a friend of the Marconi operator's, and our acquaintance made such rapid and satisfactory progress that thereafter, before the other correspondents received the messages directed to them, the light-keeper would always shout or wig-wag their contents to me. This extraordinary service cost me only a sovereign, plus ten shillings to the Marconi man.

The 28th of May was absolutely calm. There was not much news to be got on shore. The little German gunboat, *Pfeil,* lay off the light as stakeboat. Several runs out to sea were made by the *Alexandra* on the strength of false reports, but the "Chops of the Channel," altho there was a dead calm, proved the most uncom-

fortable place imaginable. The *Alexandra* wallowed in the swell, but she behaved a little better than the German gunboat, which alternately dipped her long port and starboard guns. Later it was told that some of her officers actually got so seasick they had to be put ashore.

It was about four in the afternoon when my confederate, the lighthouse keeper, came running down to the edge of the nearest cliff, about seventy-five yards from where we were anchored. He waved a flag as he ran, and we began to shorten our cable. It was impossible to distinguish a word of what he was shouting, as the roar from the swell which was breaking over the rocks drowned his words. But when he put up his megaphone we heard:

"*Atlantic* just passed Scilly. Wireless."

Up came our anchor, and we steamed out toward the West. However, a wait of several hours longer would have made little difference. There was no wind, and all we could do was to cruise about, merely making one of the fleet of small craft that gradually congregated, for there was nothing on the horizon that looked like a sailing yacht. It must have been considerably after seven o'clock when the *Atlantic* drifted

into sight, and it was another hour before she crossed the line.

Now, all there was to do, according to Mr. Bennett's ideas, was to hail the *Atlantic* and receive from her a packet in which would be all the information desired, already prepared by the "correspondent" of the "Herald" on board. This "correspondent" was not, in the case of the *Atlantic,* a newspaper man, but a friend of the owner. After the winner passed the stake-boat we steamed up on her quarter and hailed her. We were asked for newspapers and I put off in the small boat with two men, rowed up under the yacht's stern, was passed a line, sent up my papers and received the packet.

"Have you a full story of the voyage?" I demanded of our "correspondent."

"Yes," he replied, "everything you want."

"Have you included an interview with Marshall, the owner? An interview with Barr, the skipper—every incident of the trip?"

"Yes, you will find everything in the packet."

Going back aboard the *Alexandra,* I sat down on the trunk and tore open the package—to find nothing except the log book provided by the "Herald." It contained an introduction, fol-

lowed by bare records. There was no interview with Barr, no interview with Marshall—nothing even to furnish "color" for a yarn. The log book's "introduction" began: "It is a sad thing to leave home and friends!"

I yelled for full steam ahead, and the *Alexandra* darted up and overtook the *Atlantic*. Keeping off the yacht's lee quarter I megaphoned Marshall and Barr until I got everything they were willing to tell at that distance; then rushed back into our haven, wrote out an attempt at a graphic story from the log and my other data, and rushed to Helston and put it on the wire for London, thence to be cabled to New York and telegraphed to Paris. Next day came this message from Lincoln, the news editor of the "Herald" in New York:

"Smith's story best thing on race published in New York this morning."

The credit never came my way. To this day, I suppose, the man who was supposed to cover the *Atlantic's* cruise shows his friends with pride the story he "wrote" for the "Herald," and for which he probably received congratulations and a substantial check.

That was a week of trying experiences. For several nights neither my crew nor myself slept.

At the end of the third day of the "finishes," a fearful storm was raging and yachts kept coming in through the night. It was impossible to meet them, and so I abandoned the *Alexandra,* hired a rig, and kept chasing between Helston and the lighthouse until daybreak, filing dispatches when there was anything to report. All the yachts were in the next morning except two of the slowest, and so I ran up to Falmouth, where we had learned the *Fleur de Lys* had taken refuge. She was the smallest yacht in the race, and Dr. Stimson, her owner, yielded a good story of his voyage. After putting it on the wire, I tipped my crew, delivered the *Alexandra* back to her owners and caught the next train for Southampton. I had a very urgent reason for wanting to be there early the next morning, as my fiancée was arriving from America, and our marriage had been arranged to take place in London three days later. Naturally this had been on my mind during the experiences of the week, and fear that the race would be long drawn out had kept me on tenterhooks. As a matter of fact, through worry over what seemed the absolute impossibility of escaping being beaten, and loss of sleep, I was on the verge of collapse.

Not having thought it expedient to inform Mr.

Bennett when I received my instructions in New York to sail for London that obedience made necessary the postponement of my wedding-day, when I got back to London after the yacht race I just took two days off, with his permission, and got married—in the registry office in Henrietta Street, which, I believe, has witnessed the marriages of a great many Americans who haven't had the time or the patience to go through with the advance formalities required by a wedding in an English church.

An experience not long before in trying to find out just how a friend of mine who wished to get married in London on short notice should proceed, had decided me against a church wedding, and had given me one clue as to why there was so much immorality among the poor in London. It was too hard for a poor man to get married there! In the case of my friend, his bride rather insisted upon a church wedding. He was coming from a distant country, and she was to arrive from New York, and they wished to have the ceremony performed promptly. The bride, it so happened, had divorced her first husband some years before, and therein lay a complication. Respectable clergymen of the Anglican communion were apt to hold up hands in holy horror

at the idea of uniting a divorced person to another—or at least at the idea of having their act found out. I tried several West End churches in turn and became impressed with this fact.

At length I hunted up an Archdeacon who was loud in his protestations of how much he liked Americans and what he would do for them. He assured me that the present case was simple; one had only to proclaim the banns for three successive Sundays in the church of whose parish one was a resident. I explained the time limitation. He said the matter was still easy; a special license could be obtained which would enable the ceremony to be performed at any time. I had looked up the method of a special license and found that, according to Whittaker's Almanac, the average cost of such a document was almost $150, for "fees for license stamp, etc," and my friend who wished to get married was not a wealthy man. Then I mentioned the divorce.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Archdeacon. He clasped his hands piously and lifted his eyes; then motioned as if drawing his skirts to one side. He shook his head, and when he spoke it was in a whisper.

"There's a chap up at St. Clement's," he said, mentioning a church that had speculated some

years before in erecting a grand-stand about itself for the coronation procession—and then had lost heavily because of the postponement of the ceremony—"who, I've been told, occasionally marries divorced persons. I would suggest your trying him. But do not on any account mention my name."

The "chap" recommended I did not see personally at first. His daughter was the intermediary. She asked my business and made an appointment. The next interview was with the clergyman himself. He was as unctuous as the famous *Mr. Heep*. He talked in whispers. He was quite willing to perform a ceremony for Americans. He was particularly fond of them.

"You Americans do such strange things," he said, rubbing his hands. "Of course you are all very rich."

I contradicted him, but he would have it his own way. When I had apparently satisfied him as to details and was about to go, he grasped my hand, rubbed it in shaking as if his palm itched, and said:

"The fee, my dear sir, will be only seventy guineas. Of course, you are all very rich, and your friend would not mind that."

I went away from him feeling about as much

outraged as was my friend when I gave him the full particulars later on. And he, just as I did later, simply went to the registry office and got legally and properly married by a representative of the British government. For years I used to maintain that the chief British national virtue was hypocrisy.

Some days after returning to London, I encountered Captain Coerper in the Haymarket, and he said the Kaiser wanted some pictures of the Yacht Race, and asked if I knew where such could be obtained. No British photographer had been enterprising enough to make photographs, for in those days news-photography was practically unheard of in England. I told him proudly that I believed I had made the only photographs of the finish at the Lizard, and that these were then being developed. The young American whom I had engaged to be my companion and "official photographer" had failed me; but I did not realize to what extent, for after one day with me he had sickened of his job and hurried back to London. But he had left me the negatives, and I promised the German Naval Attaché a full set of my pictures for his imperial master. With visions of an Iron Cross or something of the sort as a possible reward, I hurried to a photogra-

pher's and ordered a copy of each of the proofs to be handsomely mounted as my gift to the Kaiser. Alas! it was a waste of money, for with the exception of those of the *Hamburg,* the German yacht, the stakeboat *Pfeil,* the little *Fleur de Lys* and Allison Armour's *Utowana,* all of which I had myself snapped, the pictures looked like some of the futurist drawings of a few years later. However, I sent the set to Captain Coerper and received word that he had forwarded the lot to his Imperial Master. The Kaiser did not honor me with an Iron Cross or even with a word of thanks. One could hardly blame him.

About the middle of July Mr. Bennett, who as yet knew nothing of my marriage, telegraphed me to take a two weeks' vacation. We had planned to visit, on our delayed honeymoon, Holland and Denmark, and my wife was particularly anxious to see the Island of Marken, which even then was pointed out as one of the last real bits of old Holland that still remained, and is still sold to American tourists under that prescription. We had been in The Hague only two days when a message came from Mr. Bennett. That was on Sunday. It read: "Should like to see you Paris on Tuesday. Come at my expense."

That would allow us one day longer in Hol-

land, and so on Monday morning we started blithely for Amsterdam. But my brain was not functioning properly and there were so many "dam" towns in the country that I got them mixed. Instead of asking for tickets for Amsterdam, I called for tickets for Rotterdam. The result was that when our train reached Amsterdam the officious ticket collector spotted them and, suspecting a plot to victimize the Netherlands State Railway, put us under arrest and made us stand at one side while passengers from several trains that seemed to arrive simultaneously, crowded by. Then he conducted us to an office, where half a dozen men tried their English on me and I tried my German on them, but without result. A seventh interpreter gave me the information that because we had ridden on wrong tickets, these would be taken up and we should have to pay for the ride to Amsterdam and in addition be fined six guilders. The various delays had taken nearly an hour; consequently, when we got to the quay from which the Marken boat was to start, she was disappearing behind the shipping in the outer harbor.

Naturally my wife could not understand or easily forgive my stupidity about the tickets, and that and her disappointment yielded a rather un-

comfortable day, during which we got about the best we could, visiting museums and points of interest, and solacing ourselves somewhat in the acquaintance of a typical Dutch jehu, who spoke a little English, and who tried to make Amsterdam as pleasant as possible for us.

In Paris, the next day, the Commodore proved very cordial and asked what my vacation plans were. I told him we had hoped to see something of Holland and Denmark. He grunted when I told him of my marriage, but expressed good wishes.

"That climate will do you no good after England," he remonstrated. "You had better run down to Carlsbad and take the cure there, interview Americans and cover all news of importance. Better get tickets for the Carlsbad express leaving to-night."

And so began my acquaintance with Central Europe. The Bohemian resort proved so absolutely foreign to anything hitherto in my experience, that every day found something of interest, in the quaintness and cleanliness of the town and its long thoroughfare, the Alte Wiese, which follows the course of the little river running through the town; the walks up mountain-roads or rides in queer little single-seated carriages,

drawn by donkeys and with a boy leading the animal; lunching at excellent little restaurants with fancy names; the examination by the learned German doctor who had lived in America, and his prescription; the morning drink of three glasses of water from the prescribed spring; the formal purchase of the bag of *Schinken* and *Zwieback,* and the long walk with the paper bag containing one's breakfast to the open-air resort in the woods where one might purchase hot milk flavored with coffee, if one stuck to the prescribed diet, or wonderful real coffee if one broke training; the "soda-water" bath at the Kurhaus; dinners at the Savoy West End, where it was a problem to feast without succumbing to temptation—and the doctor's orders were strict; fairly good opera at the opera house, and frequently a supper party at the Elephant afterward. And the big apartment of two rooms—without bath—over a tourist-agent's office, and its curious furniture, including the great, tall, white porcelain stove, and its commanding balcony were a joy. The whole experience was actually play, for my work, tho requiring attention every day, was easy.

In those days a great many Americans went to the Bohemian resort, mainly for the cure. The

late Morton Mitchell, at that time a noteworthy figure in Paris life and a nephew of the late Levi P. Morton, was enjoying his annual session with the mud-baths. Dr. Holbrook Curtis, famous in New York as a specialist who looked after the throats of grand opera singers, was a visitor. Among many others I met for the first time was Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York *Times,* not, of course, having any idea that many years later I was to be in his employ. He made a delightful host at a supper-party after the opera one evening.

Just before that the battle which, within a few years, was to wrest from the "Herald" its great European prestige, had begun. On my return to New York from my first stay of two and a half years in Europe, I had found important changes in the "Herald" office. Reick was no longer City Editor, and report gave two reasons. One attributed the change to Bennett's jealousy of his personal representative. By this time Reick had accumulated, partly through the generosity of the Commodore and partly through his own business acumen and an acquaintance with men in the habit of making big money, a fair-sized fortune. At the same time he had developed an inclination for "society," and his name was in the Social Register

and many doors denied to social climbers had been thrown open to him. As the personal representative of Bennett and the latter's supposed adviser and mouthpiece in dictating what should or should not appear in the "Herald," he was considered a person of unusual power. All this had crossed the Atlantic to Bennett, who, as previously intimated, held that he himself was the "Herald," and that any authority he delegated to another was but delegated, and could be taken away without notice. And he never liked to hear that anybody in his employ was obtaining recognition of any sort, except as his man.

The other reason advanced for the change was that after Hearst had legally licked the "Herald" in the matter of its "Personal" column, Bennett held that Reick was at fault for not having advised him that this feature of the newspaper was in disrepute and its publication and distribution at variance with the postal laws. Anyhow, he achieved the demotion and humiliation of the City Editor in his own peculiar, ironic fashion. Having created—or reorganized—the New York Herald Company, he made Reick its president. However, he stripped him of authority and made him simply a "yes man," took him from his post of observation and command over the city room

and shut him up in a small office at the other end of the building. He promoted Charles M. Lincoln, the former news editor, to be city editor, but the title now meant much less than formerly, and the Commodore soon began to run the New York edition by means of committees. He had come to distrust Reick, whether unjustly, I make no present guess; he now for a time distrusted everybody who worked for him.

Reick chafed under the loss of his unique position. He forgot what Bennett had done for him —very humanly, under the circumstances, for the deprivation that had come to him many who knew Bennett and his ways considered an act of unnecessary cruelty. I have never known whether the first overtures came to him or whether he made them to the *Times*. I do know that in a talk I had with him before he left the "Herald," he expressed himself bitterly with regard to the Commodore, and told me that some day he was going to give the latter a surprize. And soon after I returned to Europe I heard that he had resigned and gone up to Forty-second Street.

At my meeting with Mr. Ochs in Carlsbad, upon hearing that I was in charge of the "Herald's" London office, he spoke of Reick.

"I consider him one of the best newspaper men

in New York," he said, "and I was so determined to get him that I gave him a very favorable contract."

When I saw Mr. Bennett in Paris just before going to Carlsbad, he had spoken of Reick's leaving him. Evidently the unceremonious departure of his former chief aide had nettled him. "I thought I was doing the right thing for him by relieving him of a lot of detail work and making him president of the New York Herald Company," he grumbled. "Do you know why he quit?"

At that time I could have guessed, but I did not guess aloud. After my talk with Mr. Ochs I was convinced that one reason was that Reick aimed at revenge. The European prestige of the "Herald" had hardly begun to show the scorch of the Hearst sirocco, whose effects had been felt so devastatingly at home. An assault upon the "Herald's" citadel, its almost unchallenged supremacy in the foreign-news field, and the name it had built up among European newspapers as the representative American journal—for the Commodore at heart was more intensely American than many thousands who have never been expatriated—would touch its proprietor to the quick. He had had a better grasp upon the situa-

tion in Europe, if only through proximity, than any other American newspaper proprietor; he was in a position to get the truth concerning international affairs, if the truth was to be had; in himself and in his Paris edition he was an outstanding American envoy to Europe and the world at large. Dislodge the "Herald" from its position in Europe and watch the old man wince! And knowing Reick as I did, I am within reason in saying that the chance to get even weighed quite as heavily with him as any thought of personal gain.

And Reick's revenge came, tho others, perhaps more effectively than he, were instrumental in its accomplishment. The *Times* already had on its staff abler men than Reick, and some had much more force and persistence. Reick may have started the fight and even shown the way, but others soon took it up and in time forced it to a successful conclusion.

While the Commodore uttered or sent no comment on the way in which the Kaiser's Yacht Race had been covered, I was pleased to conclude that his solicitude for my health and his sending me to Calsbad were in recognition of his realization that by exceeding instructions I had prevented the "Herald" from being beaten. In his company my tongue was always so tied that I did not make

an occasion to remind him that we should have had to depend entirely on the Associated Press for actual news of the contest had I not, after receiving his indefinite instructions, which assumed that the New York office had done all the necessary work in advance, chartered the only suitable craft available at Falmouth, and resorted to bribery of the King's lighthouse-keeper and Mr. Marconi's trusted operator in order to dispose of a disadvantage stacked against me by time and his own absence and his failure to recall what conditions off the Lizard were apt to be like. On the other hand, he had seemed to leave the whole thing in my hands, possibly realizing that I might have a problem or two to tackle; anyhow he found no fault. But I really ought to have told him that "Smith's story," called by Lincoln the "best thing in New York this morning," was not Smith's at all. He might have enjoyed hearing, "It is a sad thing to leave home and friends" as the beginning of the narrative of a yacht race!

Admiral Dewey had come out with an interview on the lessons of the Russo-Japanese Naval War, in which he was quoted as saying that what the American Navy needed more than anything else at the time was ships of 18,000 tons, carrying nothing but 12-inch guns, with some small

rapid-fire weapons for defensive work against torpedo-craft. At that time the naval critic of the London *Times,* a retired officer, Commander Robinson, acted as the "Herald's" "naval expert" in London. Instructions were received to interview Robinson, and Robinson, being a newspaper man, of course wrote out for me what he had to say; just as, when some years later in New York I wished an interview with Lady Northcliffe, Lord Northcliffe himself inscribed the interview. Of course, British naval officers in active service were not allowed to talk for publication, but Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge and several other retired officers yielded "copy" along the lines desired by the Commodore. The whole was one of the easiest "stories" I had ever covered, and yet, a telegram came conveying congratulatory message. But a second wire read:

"In interview this morning you spoke about armor-plating back of smoke-stack. Avoid this Americanism in English news in future. Use word funnel instead."

Now it so happened that that particular interview had been written by Commander Robinson, who himself had used the word quoted, and so I put it up to Robinson to write the Commodore and explain that "smoke-stack" was just as good an English word as was "funnel."

Mr. Bennett never liked being shown up in the wrong on any point, no matter how small, and so during the rest of that season it seemed impossible to please him. It so happened that a former official of the State Department was in England at the time, a man who had been under some stigma, and the Consul-General tipped me off that there might be a good story in Liverpool concerning him. I immediately wrote Mr. Bennett, asking for instructions as to whether to pursue the story, and was astounded to receive a reply couched in terms of indignation, in which he intimated that I had gone off "half-cocked about a matter which, if not a mare's nest, was possibly libelous." He cautioned me against "letting Americans use me, and through me, the 'Herald.'" The same day he thought he had found cause for another rebuke. My Scottish assistant was looking after all dramatic news, and had sent to New York a theatrical story from the *Daily Chronicle* which he had neglected to forward to the Paris office. So a severe reprimand came in the mail, to which was added a postscript in the Commodore's own handwriting: "I also don't see why you took it upon yourself to meddle with theatrical matters without first having been instructed." I replied by telegram

that I had nothing to do with the article. Whereupon he cabled over to know who did send the dispatch and I made the author reply.

By this time, the Commodore had got it into his head that it was time either the "Herald" or myself ought to have a change, and a few days later instructions came to sail for New York.

However, before the record of this period in London is finished, mention should be made of a figure which belongs within the chapter; a man once so much a part of life in New York that any picture drawn of it would have been incomplete without him; now, after twenty years, thrust by his death again into that limelight which to him was the essence of life itself.

Abraham H. Hummel, famous as a divorce lawyer, was a regular visitor to London in summer, and through him came an experience that supplied a not altogether pleasant dose of notoriety.

Like most newspaper reporters, I had known Hummel very well in New York. He used to do many favors for newspaper men and, besides, he was a source of information of distinct value to such as knew him well and had gained his trust. I knew reporters who got first information on many a good story from "Abe" Hummel. I am

convinced, too, that many a time he kept at least one newspaper out of what most of them aim to avoid—libel suits. More than one newspaper man involved in a legal difficulty sought Hummel's advice, and it was usually given either for a very small fee, or for no fee at all. Therefore it was rather surprizing to find, in the flood of reminiscence recently let loose by Hummel's death, nothing that would indicate that the man had anything good about him. I hold no brief for Hummel's methods of practising his profession; on the other hand I should be ungrateful if I did not seek an opportunity to place among the wreaths of henbane and stink-weed, just a spray of one of the tiniest and loveliest of blue flowers.

On the eve of following instructions to sail for London the spring preceding, and when I needed every cent I could call my own, a magazine, now defunct, which had engaged to pay me a fair sum for a series of articles already published, turned a deaf ear to my demands. Hummel, appealed to, said that he would see to it that the check would reach me in London. Within two weeks it arrived, accompanied by a graceful note, in which he said that he was happy to present me with his services in the matter of collection. And I acknowledge without shame that

he often gave me information that led, not to a scandalous, but to a first-class news story, for Hummel knew almost everybody who came to London from New York, and he knew something of interest about them.

The occasion when he stood me in the limelight illustrated his own craving for being as nearly as possible in the center of the stage and contriving, if he could not be the star, at least to share in the illumination. If this is a fault, and makes Hummels, I have known ten thousand.

He had telephoned a request that I make the second man at a dinner for four in the restaurant of the Carlton. Possibly another had disappointed him. Arriving at the Carlton Palm Room I was met by Hummel, looking his suavest and dapperest, with the information that the principal guest was to be Mrs. Langtry, for whom he had been American counsel for many years, and that I was to take her in to dinner. The other guest proved to be Helen Ten Broeck, an American newspaper woman, then a close friend of the "Jersey Lily's."

Mrs. Langtry was the cynosure of every pair of eyes in that Palm Room. Never was I so embarrassed and self-conscious. Necks were craned as we mounted the steps leading to the restau-

rant, and heads were turned as we marched toward the conspicuously placed table Hummel had selected. It was my first experience of being "in the public eye," and it was quite different from what it might have been, too, had chance sent me in to dinner with the Queen of England or the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I could actually feel gossip fairly sizzling through the air. Particularly did this seem true when after nodding to a tall, bemonocled man sitting at a side-table across the room, Langtry, who gave every evidence of enjoying the sensation her public appearance still caused, said: "That's my 'ex.' Poor Hugo, he looks as if he isn't getting the care I used to give him!" For that meant that the gentleman with the eye-glass was her recent lord and master, Sir Hugo de Bathe.

As for Hummel, he was in his element. The dinner was such as only a connoisseur could command; the wines were expensive and perfect, and the liqueur the best Napoleon brandy any London cellar boasted. Waiters bowed and scraped about us; Jacques, the imperious head waiter, hovered near with anxious eye, every few moments springing forward to assure himself that the host was satisfied, and thus neglecting dukes and duchesses and lords and ladies and Field Marshals and

Lord High Admirals who were thicker than in a dozen pages of "Burke." Hummel was enjoying himself hugely; the attention we were getting from the rest of the company present was manna and nectar. He scolded the waiters and was gracious by turns. He was full of anecdote. Apparently unconscious of everything that was not going on at our table, I could see that he was finding incense in the interest that attached to him as the host of one with whose name that of even the King himself had been coupled. And he bestowed tips that left those waiters bowing after us as if we had been royalty itself.

I afterwards interviewed Mrs. Langtry many times in London and in New York, but the last time I saw her she proved by no means the gracious woman of the world and so generous with her smiles as during that dinner, when the honor of being her escort, once clamored for by men of wealth and position and even fame, fell to a mere newspaper reporter whose worldly wealth itemized little beyond the dress suit he was wearing; and when her host was a man whom most of those who knew him at home termed—even if the characterization was preceded by a quick glance to note whether he was within hearing distance—as, "a little shyster lawyer." I was living in

Savoy Court, as the front of the Savoy Hotel was then called, and Mrs. Langtry, it so happened, had an apartment in the same building. Entering the elevator one day, forgetful that de Bathe had succeeded to a title, I addressed her as "Mrs. Langtry."

She corrected me haughtily.

"Lady de Bathe, please," she said in a tone that almost made the lift freeze in mid-air.

XVI

THE WAR THAT WASN'T WAGED

THE winter and following summer were spent in the United States, and no word came from the Commodore until November, when instructions were received through the New York office to sail for Jamaica, write up the prospects for the winter season in the tropics and secure a new local correspondent for the "Herald."

In Kingston, Jamaica, I found that Mr. Bennett had a personal friend, Captain F——, an Englishman who, besides being the local agent for the Hamburg-American line, conducted a sort of shipping-business of his own. He was a jovial character, and could absorb more rum and allied spirits than any individual it has ever been my fortune to know, without showing the effects. I put up the first two nights at the old Myrtlebank Hotel, since destroyed, but sleep was murdered. An open porch, tacked on to the building, held a table on which every night were deposited the

plates and refuse from dinner, and by midnight the news had reached every hungry canine in that part of Jamaica, and all encircled the hotel and howled until daybreak. Captain F—— came to my rescue and put me up at the Jamaica Club, where I lived in comfort and comparative luxury during the rest of my stay.

In the mornings, at seven o'clock, we had what the Captain called a pajama party, when most of the men living in the Club would get up and mingle together on the balcony outside of our sleeping-rooms, and tell yarns for an hour or so before taking a bath and descending to breakfast. To the Captain was always brought at that time a tall glass of rum. During the morning, whenever a visitor or customer came to his office, it was his habit, following to a certain extent the local practise, to invite the caller out for refreshment. At lunch time at the club his meal was preceded by no fewer than three gin cocktails, and he usually had beer or wine with the food. During business hours in the afternoon he followed the same program of generous hospitality as during the morning, and in the evening there would be from six to nine cocktails at the club bar—because everybody about "stood treat"—and the Captain would have a bottle of wine with

his dinner, invariably followed by a liqueur. Almost invariably there were several Scotch-and-sodas before bedtime, and then the Captain finished his day, almost the soberest man in the crowd, with a night-cap before turning in!

Of the exact nature of my mission to Jamaica, I learned from a long cable from Mr. Bennett which came after my arrival in Kingston. The "Herald's" news-correspondent was a negro and the colored man could not get society news—at least so the Commodore thought. After considerable exchange of cables, I reported that the man who was covering the society stuff was not competent to handle actual news. However, I wrote my story of the opening of the season and mailed it to New York.

The stay in Kingston was marked by a little incident that yielded compound interest several years later.

George Mallon, then city editor of the New York *Sun,* was spending a vacation in Jamaica, and I met him for the first time at a dinner. In a group in the smoke-room of the Jamaica Club the next afternoon sat a New York judge whose reputation, if not attributable to their good-will, had at least been fostered by the generosity of reporters and city editors. In came Mallon. He

accosted the judge, whom he had known for many years.

"I find I have spent more money down here than I expected," I heard him say. "I don't know another soul I could ask to do it; so would you mind endorsing my check?"

I could see the jurist stiffen. Then to my amazement—for Mallon could have got credit anywhere in New York—the other replied:

"We-ell, George, if it is only a matter of twenty-five dollars or so, I would be very glad to lend you the money myself, but er—"

Up I jumped. Outside was a rig, whose negro driver, hired at the "Herald's" expense, was awaiting my commands. In the town's principal bank was a sum in golden eagles brought from New York in my belt, and left there with introductions that had established my credit.

"Come on, Mallon," I interrupted. "I know them at the bank, and I'll be glad to take you there and fix you up."

Mallon did not forget. Some years later when another city editor, under promise of a good weekly guarantee had tempted me to shut down an enterprise and come and work for him, and then instead of the guarantee stipulated threw me a jeering excuse, I told Mallon I wanted to work

on the *Sun*. In defiance of potent tradition that only young and inexperienced apprentices should be initiated into the shop of Dana and Laffan, to be there molded into standard patterns of *Sun* men, Mallon argued or pleaded or fought until he was able to send me a telegram to report for duty. Even more precious than the job it assured was the spur that telegram furnished to trot up to the city editor's desk and, that gentleman being unfortunately absent and unable to receive the suggestion in person, bid his assistant tell him to go to hell. The message was probably never transmitted, but I said what I wanted to say to him to his next in authority, and if there is anything that gives an under-dog a bigger thrill than a chance to go up to his tyrant—or maybe that oppressor's representative—and say, with absolutely no fear of consequences, "Go to hell!" I know nothing about human nature.

Strange to relate, my betrayer actually took a step in the direction prescribed. He killed his wife. Thanks to a skillful lawyer, he got only as far as the penitentiary.

After I had been in Jamaica a week I received the following cable from Mr. Bennett, then in Paris:

"After having arranged for correspondent in Jamaica would you mind running over to Caracas to get exact details regarding condition of Castro? If he is as ill as stated, send interviews with prominent people about the probable consequences of his disappearance, full particulars of the present situation, etc."

At that time Castro, the Dictator of Venezuela, was suffering from an illness which many supposed would prove fatal. Every few days dispatches were being received in New York from Trinidad, from Fort de France, or from Curaçao, affirming that Castro had either just died or that he was about to die, or that the country was in revolution, and Mr. Bennett wished to publish the real situation. I found that a steamer would not leave for ten days and so notified him, receiving these further instructions by cable:

"Take steamer for Caracas Dec. 14. Before leaving make code for New York office to cover all foreseeable events connected with Venezuelan situation in case Castro dies so you can cable without difficulty from censorship. Shall leave the question of correspondent in Jamaica to your judgment, but try and get a society woman for society news. It might solve the difficulties if you engaged a colored correspondent for news of colored population and a white correspondent for news of the white."

One of the first persons I encountered after boarding the Royal Mail steamer *Trent* was Amzi L. Barber, often called the "Asphalt King,"

whom I had met in London a year or two before and whose new turbine yacht *Lorena* I had described for the "Herald." Barber was interested in Venezuelan asphalt, and had an agent in Caracas by the name of Carner, who was in favor with the Castro party. Barber was making his trip on the strict quiet. We did the Panama Canal together, went through the Culebra Cut, as it was then, on a gasoline rail-car, saw what was to be seen during the short stops at Santa Marta and Cartagena, and arrived at La Guayra, ten days out of Kingston, one night after dark. The "Herald" correspondent who had preceded me to Venezuela, the late "Nick" Biddle, had told so much truth about the country that he had achieved for himself and for future American special correspondents considerable local unpopularity. In making out my passport application at Kingston I had been advised to describe myself, not as a newspaper correspondent, but as a tourist. Even at that I was submitted to a searching inquiry.

Barber was met by the Captain of the port, a French count and soldier of fortune, who came out in great state in an eight-oared barge, and my traveling companion was taken ashore before anybody else left the ship. Finally I was per-

mitted to land, and a policeman escorted me to the Gran Hotel Neptuno. I have been in many a curious hotel, but have never had to sleep in another that was quite like the Neptuno. I think Richard Harding Davis had described it. It was a two-story building, with a patio under roof, and sleeping quarters ranged along an iron balcony on the second floor. No locks were on the doors, tho Barber said he had engaged the best rooms for us. They adjoined but did not communicate. Each contained a small iron-framed cot, and the linen was both ragged and unclean. After we had tried to make a dinner out of the greasy mixtures on the menu-card, we went upstairs and sat talking. Finally, Barber suggested that he thought we should both feel safer and perhaps get more sleep if we put both beds in one room, and that we did; but I, at least, did not sleep.

The next day Barber disappeared and I never saw him again. He had transacted his mysterious business and caught a steamer for Trinidad. I took the train which climbed over the mountains to Caracas, and on it encountered an Associated Press correspondent who had just landed from a steamer from Curaçao.

My first day in Caracas was very discouraging. Finally I found the resident correspondent of

the "Herald," an American named William H. Phelps, a Harvard man, who, going down there some years before on an exploring expedition, had married a Venezuelan woman and settled in the country. He has since become wealthy as an importer of automobiles, typewriters, and many American "specialties." The American minister was away, but Jacob Sleeper, the Chargé d'Affaires, was occupying the palace of old General Matos, which was then the American legation, and he was entertaining as guests Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice of Boston, afterward celebrated as an explorer, and Professor Hiram Bingham, now United States senator from Connecticut. Rice and Bingham were about to leave overland for Bogota, from which place Rice, alone, was to start on an expedition in search of the head-waters of the Orinoco. Their trip was delayed because Bingham, who was a very tall and heavy man, decided to take a bath in a wash-bowl, for the reason that the bathtubs in the Matos palace, like most of the plumbing in Caracas, were out of commission. The wash-bowl broke under Bingham's weight, cutting his feet badly, and Rice had to sew up his soles. I later heard from Rice that another curious casualty occurred on the way to Bogota. When the train

stopped at a small station a commotion was heard on the platform. Usually it was next to impossible to see through the windows of a Venezuelan railroad passenger-coach, but Bingham, forgetting the window next him was down, thrust his head through it to see what was going on outside. His pith helmet saved him from more than several cuts on the scalp, but this further delayed the expedition.

I had jokingly arranged with Rice to send me a cable when he first reached civilization. The sequel came almost a year later, after stories had appeared in New York papers to the effect that Rice had been killed and eaten by cannibal Indians in the wilds of the Orinoco region. Just as I was about to leave the "Herald" office one night, a cable was brought to me. It was dated Manaos, Brazil, and read, *"Salvo y sano"* (Safe and sound) and was signed "Rice." That formed the basis for an exclusive front-page story in the next morning's "Herald."

On two occasions later on, through the merest accident, by running across Dr. Rice in the streets of London and by encountering him in a crowd on Fifth Avenue, I obtained exclusive stories about later expeditions of his, for it so happened that

I met him each time just after he had landed from a steamer.

Venezuelan politics were very much mixed. Gomez was the Vice-President, and Castro was lying ill at Macuto, a little seaside resort a mile or two above La Guayra. Many persons, I found, were willing to talk and to fill me up with as many different aspects of the situation. To induce anybody to be quoted was next to impossible. Finally, through intermediaries, I arranged to have an interview with the Vice-President.

Already I had had the experience of being followed by spies, and one evening at dusk as I was leaving the residence of General Alejandro Ybarra, in Paraiso, one of the suburbs of the capital, two men who had been crouching behind a gatepost sprang out as I descended the steps that led through the front gate. One immediately ran in the direction of Caracas, and the other kept pace with me for a hundred yards on the opposite side of the street, then crossed ahead, waited until I reached him and, after a long look at me, dropped behind. General Ybarra was trying to be neutral in politics, but everybody was under suspicion. Consequently a surveillance was being kept by Castro's agents

over every prominent citizen and his callers, and so a spy was on my trail.

The day chosen for the interview with the Vice-President brought a dark afternoon. I had been told to be in a certain spot in the Plaza Bolivar at a certain hour. Punctually at that time a closed carriage drove up, the door was opened, and the hand of a lieutenant of Gomez, who had arranged for the audience, beckoned vigorously. I jumped into the carriage, which then drove off furiously, turning into a side street and making other turns every few blocks until it seemed to be encircling the city. Finally it came to a stop before a modest house, the door of which promptly opened.

"Out, quick!" urged my companion, and we made a rush for the doorway, and the door banged behind us. I was conducted into an inner room, the curtains of which were drawn, and there, in a voice which was little more than a whisper, the Vice-President answered my questions. The fear of Castro was a very potent and active force. Of course, the Vice-President would not allow his name to be used in the interview. He seemed to be hopeful that Castro would either abdicate or pass away at a very early date.

Several times while I was in Caracas, Castro

was reported dying, and in the Concordia Club, more than one night, a score of men sat up waiting for a telephone message from La Guayra telling that the Director was no more. For anything in the way of real information, one must go to Macuto.

The seaside home of Castro was found without the least difficulty. One distinctive mark was an enormous electric sign in the front yard bearing, in letters about three feet tall, the name "Cipriano Castro!" Señora Castro, a buxom, good-looking woman, was in the garden bending over some flowers, but too many soldiers were on guard. After spying about the village, I succeeded in getting hold of Dr. Raffaelo Ravenga, Castro's private physician, from whom I obtained a statement as to Castro's illness, but he cleverly managed to refrain from throwing any light on that subject. I figured out that the same conditions would prevail in Venezuela for several months, and so intimated in my dispatches to New York.

To send those messages out of Venezuela was sometimes a difficult matter. The cable was cut, and some I forwarded through the United States Consul by post to Trinidad and others I mailed to the cable-office in Curaçao, which had instructions to telegraph them. After my main story

reached New York, I received orders to return. A day or two after I landed, I received this message from Mr. Bennett:

"Congratulate you on successful execution mission Venezuela."

As a matter of fact, there was nothing to be congratulated about, altho I think my report was the first fact summary of the situation. The Associated Press correspondent stayed on some months later, waiting for a revolution to break; but nothing of the sort happened in Caracas for a long time, altho there were little flurries at some of the seaports.

Four days after the other message a second cable arrived from the Commodore which said, "How would like to come over to London until autumn? Answer." As I had been away from my family all winter I asked for a month's delay. A very graciously expressed permission immediately came by cable. And that summer I finally reached, in a sense, the Bagdad of my dreams, and was extended the favor of the Caliph himself.

XVII

"LITTLE WHITE-HAIRED BOY"

REPORTING in London about the middle of March, I received a cable message from the Commodore, who was at Funchal, on his way to New York, which gave instructions as to my work.

It had been six years since my salary had been raised and I was now in effect, if not in title, London correspondent of the New York "Herald" on a salary of forty dollars a week. There was a certain amount of dignity attached to the position and it was impossible to make ends meet. My expenses were always higher in London than in New York, but this fact had never been taken into consideration by my employer; so one day I made bold to explain the circumstances, and asked for a salary increase or an "expense allowance." After some delay an extra allowance of so much a day was granted. That was hardly a pleasant way of obtaining an increase in pay, but in New York the City Editor, when approached, had sev-

eral times asserted that as I had come under Mr. Bennett's special notice, nothing could be done with regard to my salary except at his orders. This last was somewhat like insurance under the circumstances, because it practically meant that no editor in the New York office dared discharge me of his own initiative. The men in charge of London offices of other newspapers were all decently paid. The Commodore, when possible, preferred to pay small salaries and then give "presents" when he felt like it.

This was the summer when, as I have intimated, I enjoyed the Commodore's favor. He cabled further instructions when he arrived in New York. When he reached Havana he sent me several more cables of similar tenor.

It was at that time that the New York *Times* had really begun to endanger the "Herald's" foreign prestige. Reick was reported to be directing an active campaign into what the "Herald" had considered its own exclusive domain—foreign news—and he had secured as London correspondent Ernest Marshall, under whom I had worked in London in 1903.

Marshall's experience just before leaving the "Herald," as I heard it, was illustrative of one of Mr. Bennett's peculiarities. During my ab-

sence in New York in 1904, Marshall had been transferred to Paris. William R. Hereford was then in charge of the Paris "Herald" and was doing well. Mr. Bennett, following an occasional propensity to play one man against another, evolved a plan of making Hereford or Marshall editor-in-charge during alternate weeks, the result being that one of the two would work hard for seven days and the other had practically nothing to do for that period but draw his salary. Their taskmaster told them he was instituting a prize-contest, and named 10,000 francs as the sum which was to be won by him who got out the best paper during a period of months. At the end of that time the Commodore rendered a decision that savored rather of Solomon than of Paris. He split the prize and divided it between the two men. This rather disgusted both of them, and Marshall became so dissatisfied with the idea of further work under the Commodore, in whose employ he had been for more than twenty years, that he was quite ready to accept, when offered, the London correspondency of the *Times*. Reick had known him for many years and knew that there was no better judge of European news for American readers; for Marshall, an Englishman by birth, had worked as a journalist

for many years in Paris, had been foreign news editor of the "Herald" in New York for a long time and had served a term as its London correspondent.

I knew Marshall well and respected his ability; he was a much older man than I and a far better judge of news values, and besides, he had a good assistant; so in reply to one message from the Commodore, who was on the *qui vive,* and who feared the *Times,* in spite of his professed unconcern, I emphasized the fact that I was the only American in the "Herald's" London office, whereas the *Times* had two good men who were able to do outside work. This cable came from Havana in reply—punctuation and missing words inserted:

"It should be easy for you to beat the *Times'* two men, as the 'Herald' has four, without the specialist for naval, motor, rowing news, etc. Fight fire with fire. Work closely with Stanhope and Little, you covering American gossip and general news, Stanhope finance, and Little American society."

There was nothing one could comfortably tell the Commodore in rejoinder to this message, but Little was concerned with only such Americans as had got into English society, and the other man in

(No. 2a. Receiving and Delivery Form.)

THE DIRECT UNITED STATES CABLE COMPANY, LIMITED

Dated Stamp of Receiving Office: 19 APR. 1907 39, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Remarks: _____ Prefix _____ No. of Message 0

Recd from _____ Handed or sent to _____

Clerk _____ Time _____ Clerk _____

The following CABLEGRAM RECEIVED "VIA DIRECT CABLE."

HAVANA 47

CROCKETT CARE BENNETT LONDON

IT SHOULD BE EASY FOR YOU BEAT TIMES TWO MEN AS HERALD HAS FOUR WITHOUT COUNTING SPECIALIST FOR NAVAL MATTER ROWING ETC FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE WORK CLOSELY WITH STANHOPE LITTLE YOU COVERING AMERICAN GOSSIP GENERAL NEWS STANHOPE FINANCE LITTLE AMERICAN SOCIETY

BENNETT

One of numerous cables of instruction received by the author when Bennett had begun to feel that the New York *Times* was a serious competitor in the field of foreign news. He did not stop at expense, even when cabling cost $1.25, or more, a word.

the office was useful only for routine matter. As for Stanhope, he deserves more than a mention.

His first name was Aubrey, but he did not look it. He was a cousin of an English earl, and according to report had attained considerable repute as an amateur prize-fighter. Some months before my first arrival in London, he had had an encounter with an American stock-broker named Wasserman, in the bar of the Carlton Hotel, the cause being an insistent invitation from the broker to take a drink. Stanhope refused to lift glasses with a man to whom he had not been properly introduced. The American made some heated rejoinder and Stanhope knocked him down. My own first encounter with the belligerent correspondent happened at Trouville, in the Summer of 1903. Stanhope was occupying a twenty-dollar-a-day room at the Hotel de Paris. The Casino took fire one afternoon and what followed would have made a lively, picturesque dispatch, interesting even for New York, because of the Americans in the crowd. I laboriously gathered names and was about to write the story and put it on the wire when I learned that Stanhope was at the resort, and so hunted him up and handed him the details. He was uncordial. I had intruded

upon his territory. He sent just six lines to Paris.

Stanhope was known as the "Berlin correspondent" of the New York "Herald." Mr. Bennett used to send him about all over the Continent. Part of the year he had the habit of passing in St. Petersburg, where, it was reported, he drew a salary for signing dispatches about Russian Court life and politics that were actually written by a Russian Grand Duke or a Prince in Mr. Bennett's pay. The story of the authorship of these dispatches, however, may have been only a rumor, for Stanhope was not liked by other members of the "Herald" staff.

I had no idea Stanhope was in England when I received the Commodore's cable. He was supposed to cover finance, as the Commodore said. The way he did it, it later transpired, was to pay a Fleet Street journalist a guinea a week for writing a half-column dispatch for the "Herald." He himself, with his German wife, was living in a cottage up the river at Maidenhead. I never saw him during the whole of the Commodore's absence from Europe. As a matter of fact, the next I heard much of Stanhope was during the war, when cable dispatches told of his editing in Berlin for the German government a paper called

The Continental Times, which was published in English in the interests of German propaganda.

Mr. Bennett used the cable a great deal on that voyage. By the time the *Lysistrata* reached Bermuda, he had conceived the idea of a great literary contest that, had it come off, would have meant a great thing for the "Herald's" prestige. His message of instruction read:

"See Charles Frohman and ask if he will see Barrie and get him to compete with American authors for a serial novel in the 'Herald.' If he wins, $25,000 prize; if he loses, $10,000. Later Frohman can use story as a play. Answer at once here."

It was a big scheme, and only a man of Bennett's imagination could have thought of it. Not only would it have meant a big news feature at the start, but the contest would have aroused the attention of the English-speaking world, and boosted the circulation of the "Herald." But the Commodore did not know Barrie.

Frohman did. When the matter was broached to him in his rooms at the Savoy, he threw up his hands, and at first declined to take the responsibility for even mentioning the matter to the novelist, because, as he put it, Barrie would not think of entering a contest of any kind, and absolutely shrank from publicity that did not come in

the ordinary course. However, after much argument, he finally agreed to see the author that night.

Barrie justified Frohman's prediction. He absolutely refused to have anything to do with such a contest, and of course, I had to cable the failure of the effort.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan, always a hard man to interview at home, made it a rule never to give out interviews in London. Many a time I approached him upon his arrival at Euston, or on his departure for America from that station, only to be rewarded with a glare, a gesture of dismissal and, not infrequently, an oath. His son was more polite to reporters. One day at Euston I attempted to ask the financier a question, but was rudely rebuffed. After he had got into his compartment, I approached his son, who courteously gave me the information I wished. I did not know the elder Morgan's compartment was in the car near which we were standing, and after I had obtained the information sought, my eyes were drawn to one of the windows. There he sat, actually glaring at me, his lips moving as if saying something in which "g's" and "d's" were prominent. He reached up and jerked down the curtain.

Consequently, when I found one afternoon at the office a telegram from Mr. Bennett directing me to interview Morgan with regard to a conversation the latter was supposed to have had a day or two before with Leopold, King of the Belgians, upon the latter's yacht, it rather dismayed me. Obtaining an audience with the financier even on an ordinary subject was not the casual task Mr. Bennett evidently supposed, and to expect Morgan to discuss what might have been a "highly private" conversation, considering it was between a sovereign of a state and a king of finance—this problem exercised me not a little.

Morgan lived in a great house in Prince's Gate and the door was very jealously guarded; newspaper correspondents could not penetrate inside, as more than one had testified. Reference has been made to the necessity—whether real or fancied—that used to exist for an American correspondent to dress well in order to impress English servants. It so happened I was wearing a top hat and a morning coat. First I typed a note to Morgan, enclosed it in a plain envelop with the Commodore's telegram and directed it to him. I then called a hansom and drove to Prince's Gate. A footman in magnificent array opened the door, but regarded me doubtfully.

"I have an important message for Mr. Morgan," I told him.

"I can't take any message, sir," he replied.

"But this is very important," I insisted. "It is a personal message from Mr. James Gordon Bennett."

In the note to Morgan I had directed his attention to the telegram from the Commodore, and requested him to see me for a moment. The footman persisting in his refusal, I raised my voice and attracted the attention of the dignified butler who stood half way down the long hall. He joined us. I explained that I was the bearer of an important message to Mr. Morgan which required immediate answer.

He shook his head. "Really, sir, I can't take any message to Mr. Morgan. He won't see you, and it is useless. He never sees any one from the press." That butler's experienced eyes had pierced my leather and prunella, and he knew me as a "press-man."

"You give him the message," I insisted. At length he took the envelop as if it were a hot coal, and turned away.

By this time my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom in the hall, as I had gained the doorway. At the end of the corridor was a

room, and in it I could make out the figure of Morgan, standing at a desk. I watched him as the butler handed him the note. A roar followed. The butler came down the hall at a pace that ill comported with his dignity. On his face was an expression of wonderment. His manner was different. In a voice that oozed cordiality, he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; Mr. Morgan will see you, after all, sir. Will you please step this way, sir?"

I followed him down the hall and into a large room which looked like a study.

"Whatzis?" demanded Morgan, who was looking at the note through his great, heavy-rimmed glasses.

I explained.

"Nothing in it. Tell Bennett I said so. Good day!"

That was the only "interview" I ever got from the late J. Pierpont Morgan in those times. In later years he was more approachable. The only newspaper reporter I knew who succeeded in those early days in breaking down the banker's gruff reserve was a chap named Boucher, with whom I used to do ship news in New York during the winter months. Boucher worked for an evening paper. He had any amount of nerve, a

quality of which I never acquired a sufficient degree for my own good. In exchange for my giving him news that was sometimes possible for me to obtain because of familiarity with names and faces, Boucher would often do the really disagreeable tasks sometimes necessary on an incoming or an outgoing ship.

Morgan had returned from Europe on a White Star liner and the ship-news reporters had congregated as usual and wondered who would "tackle Morgan this time." Several volunteered in turn, only to be ordered from the financier's stateroom door. Finally I got hold of Boucher and told him he simply must beard Morgan in his lair, and he agreed to make the attempt. He was a man of distinguished presence. He wore a pointed beard, was erect, and his eye could assume just as much of apparent command, at times, as could Morgan's.

He knocked at the stateroom door and was rewarded by a gruff "C'min!"

Boucher entered. Morgan was seated at a table. He looked up and Boucher said politely, "How do you do, Mr. Morgan?"

"Who are you?" was the rejoinder.

"I am a reporter for the *Evening World*."

"Get out! Nothing to say to reporters!"

Boucher stood his ground. The other had dropped his gaze, expecting immediate obedience to his command. He looked up again and discovered the reporter still standing.

"Well?" he roared.

At that moment a tiny dog which always traveled with the financier rushed from somewhere up to the reporter and began playing about his feet as if supplicating for attention. Boucher stooped down and petted the animal.

"Well," he said, "at least the dog is friendly."

Guffaws of laughter from the financier. Then he got up, walked over, shook Boucher's hand, bade him be seated, and for the first time within the recollection of the oldest ship-news-reporter he talked frankly and answered questions. To the rest of us Boucher was the hero of the day—the reporter who had been able to get the better of J. P. Morgan.

Boucher should have owned a friendlier jinn than what caused his tragic end. For he was one of those unfortunate souls who provide ammunition for the preachers of prohibition. Sober, he was an excellent reporter, keen and willing to take any chance to obtain a piece of news; courteous and correct. But he wasn't always sober. Soon after I had left the "Herald," Mr. Bennett

arrived in New York on a North German Lloyd steamer. Boucher met the vessel at Quarantine, interviewed the Commodore on the way up the Bay, and asked him for a job in London. Mr. Bennett immediately employed him.

Following the prescribed rule, Boucher went later to Paris, but the Commodore saw him only once. For while awaiting instructions, the new appointee to London, always a sociable chap, fell into gay company, and when he came to himself found he had registered at a fashionable hotel in London with a woman not his wife. Remorse at wrecking a career that had just begun to give promise, made him take his life.

XVIII

THE BOUNTY OF THE CALIPH

MANY proofs came by cable—from Funchal, from Kingston, Jamaica, from Havana, and elsewhere the *Lysistrata* was stopping in her owner's cruise—that he was keenly aroused over the fight the New York *Times* was making in the European news field, with private cable-tolls running as high as a dollar and a quarter a word. And I always sent back answers that cost as much as the Commodore's, and he never found fault. The man actually liked to receive cables and telegrams, and didn't mind paying for them. When he got back to Funchal at the end of May, this cable opened a happy day:

"Have seen recent cable letters congratulate you upon them am forwarding cheque hundred pounds as mark my appreciation."

And about a fortnight later came the check from Marseilles, with a nice little letter on the beautiful blue paper of the *Lysistrata:*

"Enclosed is my appreciation for the good work you have done in London since your arrival there."

I sent two messages of thanks. One mentioned that the present would make sure a very nice holiday trip for my wife and myself when she came over. And that the Commodore had at last assumed the full rôle of my *Harun-al-Raschid* is proved by a telegram he immediately sent me from Paris:

"I am glad to learn your wife is coming over. This will make you more at home. When was it you went to Carlsbad the last time? Should like you to go again and shall pay your wife and self's expenses. But don't tell anybody about your going."

A little later a burglary was alleged to have occurred at the Victoria Hotel, which I investigated at Mr. Bennett's orders and about which I sent him a report. Back came a communication that read as if he were scolding me. I protested, whereupon the next mail brought a letter that was most considerate. "Don't imagine," it said, "that there was any reproach implied in my forwarding of the documents to you."

Mark Twain visited London and was enthusiastically received, the Pilgrims giving a dinner in his honor. Of course, the American correspondents had to follow his doings very closely, and it so happened that just then the papers published dispatches that the distinguished author was en-

gaged to marry his secretary. Personal instructions arrived from Mr. Bennett to interview Mr. Clemens on the report, which proved, of course, to be without foundation. The humorist was stopping at Brown's Hotel and he was kept busy with all sorts of social entertainment, for he was unusually popular with the English. Mr. Clemens, of course, was a picturesque figure in London, and when he went about everybody knew him from his pictures. That handsome head of bushy white hair was too familiar in the prints not to be recognized when the owner appeared in public. One day while he was driving in Piccadilly and was about to turn the corner into Dover Street, he almost tied up traffic as the crowd pressed about his automobile. And often when he left his hotel, a crowd would be waiting in the street to get a "close-up" of him. He didn't seem to care for the attention, and he didn't like to be interviewed. The biggest entertainment given in his honor was the luncheon of the Pilgrims at the Savoy, when the Hon. Augustine Birrell, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, delivered a warm eulogy of him.

Early in July dispatches from Mr. Bennett indicated that he was preparing to take a long cruise, for instructions came to make inquiries

about the price of Welsh coal at many West Indian and South American ports, also at most ports in the Far East. The result of this investigation had to be cabled to New York as well as telegraphed to Paris, but I know the article attracted no degree of general interest. Another subject that interested him was the price of fine Jersey cows. He always took a cow on the *Lysistrata* when he went cruising.

Mr. Bennett was supposed by some to read every line in both "Heralds," but after a few years I came to the conclusion that his policy was to do his reading only at uncertain times: that once in a while, as I intimated before, he would attack a batch of clippings from newspapers forwarded from New York and read every line of the New York edition, including advertisements. The Commodore could not have found time, I am sure, to do all that he was credited with doing. Occasionally, that summer, I received batches of clippings from him, with instructions to compare those of the *Times* with those of the "Herald." With one batch from Paris came a letter under date of July 9, 1907. It read:

"I enclose you a number of clippings of cables. I wish to call your attention particularly to those of the 'Herald' and the *Times*. You will notice that the latter is not

in it as compared with the 'Herald,' in spite of their boast of a month or two ago that they were going to do so much. I should like you to read these cuttings over carefully and to point out to me anything which you consider better or stronger, whether concerning London or elsewhere, as I have not had the time to go through them."

As the summer advanced, instructions came for me to try to get somebody to do part of my work while I was away on the trip he contemplated for me. I picked up a man and had actually engaged him, when a newspaper correspondent who stayed in London the year round produced proof that this person was an impostor, and I hurriedly canceled the engagement, explaining the circumstances to Mr. Bennett. The latter, however, did not find fault, tho he would have been justified in so doing.

Before I got away, the news was published that the *Daily Mail* had had to pay a big sum in lieu of libel to Lever Bros., the soap manufacturers, and Mr. Bennett was curious to learn how large a fee Lord Northcliffe had had to give up to his counsel and how much the compromise had cost him. I made inquiries of Mr. Bennett's solicitors, and they proved extremely reticent, as British solicitors generally are in such matters. But the main reason, it turned out, was that they hap-

[104, Avenue des Champs Elysées]

PARIS, July 9, 1907.

Dear Mr. CROCKETT:-

I enclose you a number of clippings of cables. I wish to call your attention particularly to those of the HERALD and the Times. You will notice that the latter is not in it as compared with the HERALD, in spite of their boast of a month or two ago that they were going to do so much. I should like you to read these cuttings over carefully and to point out to me anything which you consider better or stronger, whether concerning London or elsewhere, as I have not had the time to go through them.

Yours very truly,

J. G. Bennett

A typical letter of instructions from the "Commodore," written when he was in good humor, and referring to the "contest" with the New York *Times*. However, when writing letters, he rarely signed more than the initial "B."

pened to be counsel for one of the parties in the suit!

On the first of August I was instructed to go to Paris, where I found George Miner, a man who had been some years with the "Herald" in New York and whom the Commodore had just ordered abroad to undertake an assignment such as none but Mr. Bennett could have thought of. The particulars the Commodore gave me later.

After three or four days an invitation came by messenger to breakfast with Mr. Bennett at Versailles. One of his automobiles took four or five of us out to the "shooting-box" he occupied in the midst of a great game-preserve, the former a house which was said to have belonged to a mistress of one of the Kings of France. It was a small villa with beautiful grounds and trees many hundreds of years old, and in the shade of a clump of these *déjeuner* was served in a style that Ritz himself could not have improved upon. Of course, there was a special menu, written on the Commodore's own blue cards and bearing the picture of an owl, and wines and American beer were served. Of the latter, Mr. Bennett drank sparingly.

On the day before the luncheon I had had a long interview with Mr. Bennett and he told me

that he liked my work and wanted me to stay in Europe continuously. He said that he wished me to take Stanhope's place as the "Herald's" special correspondent, jumping about from capital to capital—to any place where there was a chance for the kind of news that the "Herald" particularly wanted. I mentioned that to do so would involve considerable sacrifice, as my step-children were at school over here and must be educated in America. We talked over the situation very frankly.

"If it is a question of money," he said, "just name your figure."

"But," I objected, "it would seem absurdly high to you."

"No, it wouldn't," he reassured me. "What would you stay over here for?"

I named a figure I thought would be prohibitive. To my surprize he said quickly, "I am willing to pay you that. But," he added, "you'd better talk it over with your wife and let me know your decision to-morrow."

The sum represented double what I was getting in salary and expense allowance, and after a family consultation it was agreed that I should accept. I tried to tell Mr. Bennett my decision at the luncheon, but he said that I had made up my

mind too quickly and should wait until I returned from my vacation!

That *déjeuner* provided one of the most agreeable experiences in my recollection of the Commodore. It was one of the rare occasions in which I saw him absolutely in a mood of relaxation. He talked with each of us in turn, and asked our opinions on a variety of subjects. During the course of the meal he announced that he was going to send Miner to Munich to look for Heinrich Conried, and added that I should take my wife to Aix-les-Bains and have a good time there while covering news of Americans for the "Herald." Conried was at that time director of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. He had had a breakdown and for many weeks his whereabouts had been unknown to the American public. Miner had heard a report that the impresario was in Munich.

At Aix I found a few changes since my last visit—mostly among the visitors—but it contained many I had come to know, so that we had a very agreeable time. After ten days of luxurious living I happened to meet a man who was one of the officers of the Metropolitan Opera Company. I told him about Miner's going to

Munich and he said, "Well, he won't find Conried there."

"But where is he?"

"It is a secret." But he didn't keep it. "Don't tell anybody where you got your information," he continued, "but Conried is at a little village called Heiden, which is near Rorschach, on Lake Constance."

The information went immediately by wire to Mr. Bennett. In a few hours came back the order:

"Go at once and interview Conried and telegraph 300 words to 400."

It proved impracticable to get away from Aix until early the next morning and lack of train connections made it impossible to journey further than Zurich the first day. Arriving at Rorschach the second day at noon, we discovered the only way to reach Heiden was to take a *funiculaire* railway up the mountain. Once there, we found Conried installed in a small hotel with his family. I had met him before in London and New York and he professed great pleasure at seeing us and insisted that we should be his guests at dinner and remain the night. We had a wonderful time, for three of his celebrated grand-opera-stars had come to Heiden to report to him. They, too,

were his guests at dinner, and afterward he had them all sing for us.

Lake Constance was at that time one of the most beautiful spots in Europe. On its shores clustered what to an American looked like brightly-painted toy cities, and swift little steamboats, flying variously the flags of Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Baden, Bavaria, and Württemberg, puffed about in every direction. Life there seemed a series of tiny excursions. My dispatch concerning Conried, which I supplemented with a long letter by mail, had hardly reached Paris when a telegram from the Commodore said:

"What do you propose doing for remainder of your holiday? Is there any place you would prefer going to? Do you think it worth while to return to Aix-les-Bains?"

I had been anxious to visit St. Moritz, but upon expressing this preference received the following telegram, which gives an insight into the methods frequently used by the owner of the "Herald" in covering fashionable European resorts:

"Have already four correspondents at St. Moritz, two French, one English, and one American. Don't see where you can come in, particularly as the Americans there are not of the interviewable sort. How would you like to go to Marienbad, not to interview the King or bother him or his entourage in any way, but to coach Miss R. and

show her news-possibilities in society events, giving her hints regarding people she might interview and events which she should work up? After a few days at Marienbad you can run across to Franzenbad, where Miss W. is stopping and do the same there. There are very few Americans left in Marienbad, Carlsbad, and Franzenbad, but among them you might perhaps find one or two worth interviewing."

So off we went in the direction of Marienbad, where King Edward VII of England was taking his annual cure, and where Americans, many of whom hoped by chance to meet the King, were present in some numbers. The "Miss R." referred to was now the society correspondent of the "Herald" in London, who had been sent down to cover the news of the resort. "Miss W." was the correspondent who usually covered Franzenbad and Marienbad. We had to change cars in Munich, and it gave us an opportunity to look about the city and sample the beer at the famous Hofbrauhaus.

Marienbad was a dreary-looking place, compared with Carlsbad, tho the Hotel Weimar, where the King was stopping, was very gay. I had the experience, not of being presented to His Majesty, but of unexpectedly hearing him address me. One evening I had run over to the Weimar to give Miss R. some instructions. On

the way up the hall to the writing-room were three steps. I was rushing along when at the foot of these I happened to glance up and saw, first, a long black opera coat, and next a gray beard. Removing my hat I stepped aside and bowed, and was rewarded by a bow from the King, who took off his own hat and said, "Thank you." King Edward never let any one exceed him in courtesy.

Automobile buses were running to Carlsbad, and after I had got Miss R. well started and had shown her how to "skeletonize" dispatches—leaving out words in order to save money—we rode over there one day and found a great many Americans in the place. I telegraphed as much to Mr. Bennett and was told to make Carlsbad my headquarters. However, after a few days he developed other plans, and wired me, unless I "wished to take the cure," to go to Baden-Baden and telegraph my address upon arrival.

At Baden-Baden we met lots of people I knew, and the place was crowded with German royalty and semi-royalty, among them being many of those same fat princesses I had seen on my last visit. It was race-week, but I found I was not there to cover news so much as to investigate a situation which had grown up partly because of the

Commodore's habit of employing several correspondents at a resort and not trusting any of them. This was the dispatch that arrived soon after my arrival:

"'Herald' has two correspondents in Baden-Baden, Mrs. C., 69 Langestrasse, and Mr. G., 5 Sofienstrasse. I should like you to find out who they are and what is their standing and to have your personal opinion about them. When you have seen and talked with them, for your own information I may tell you I have received a complaint from Baden-Baden authorities that the 'Herald' paid slight attention to news from their town supplied to Mrs. C., altho Baden-Baden had published a big advertisement in the 'Herald.' I don't know whether the protest was based upon the payment by the authorities of any illicit commissions to correspondents. I should like you to go into matters thoroughly, but of course, discreetly, and let me know the result."

It took almost a week to make the investigation. There was nothing to be found that really incriminated anybody. Both correspondents were mediocre; but about as good as could be picked up, and so I reported. Then came by wire another job of investigating correspondents. This was the dispatch:

"Before returning to Paris I should like you to go to Berlin for three or four days. See Mr. A., Hotel Weisseshaus; he has some ideas which I have discussed with him. You might, in conjunction with him, be able

to develop them. The 'Herald' has another correspondent in Berlin, Mr. O. Should like you to try to find out discreetly what A. thinks of O., whether he is of much service. But don't let A. think that you are trying to pump him. Where do Mrs. C. and G. (the Baden-Baden correspondents) go in winter? Perhaps they might be available for use if they are at some fashionable resort."

The situation in Berlin was similar to that in other places in Europe where Mr. Bennett had two or more correspondents. A., I found, was a German-American. O. was an Englishman. The former had some sort of scheme for exchanging news with some of the German papers. There wasn't much in it of value to the "Herald," and I so reported to Mr. Bennett, who was then at Salzburg, Austria, for the shooting, incidentally referring in my dispatch to the matter as "A.'s idea," which was as he had given me to understand. The Commodore immediately rejoined by wire:

"Don't understand what you mean by 'A.'s idea.' It is my idea, unless he has thought of something new since I met him. Also I am not in a hurry of doing (*sic*) anything just at present. My object in your seeing him was that I thought three heads better than two. My other object was that you should sound him about O. Am leaving to-morrow. Cannot see you till my return to Paris. In the meantime, unless your wife desires to see more of Paris, return to London and coach Miner."

We caught the Paris express that night, and upon reporting by telegraph received instructions by wire, dated Bozen. They read:

"Only thing I have to say is that Miner has carried out my idea with regard to theaters in London (read Friday's 'Herald'), which is to give an American view on English plays, English actors, English managers, and English public, with first night's English press opinion; on second night, an American first nighter's opinion. Also tell him to sign all telegrams. I think it will attract attention in New York, but you must keep him to it. Am telegraphing him myself, but it is no harm for you to repeat it. As to yourself, write me your proposition and terms for remaining in Europe, and we will then decide."

So I wrote out a summary of Mr. Bennett's own proposition made just before starting on my trip, and left it at his office. A week later in London I received a telegram from the Commodore, who had then reached Paris, saying that I had misunderstood his offer, and instructing me to come to Paris that night, bringing an interview with Sir Thomas Lipton. I remained in Paris for several days. The first morning I had a note from Mr. Bennett, telling that he would not be able to see me before four or five in the afternoon. That afternoon I had a note from his secretary which said Mr. Bennett had just telephoned from out of the city that he could not get

back and wished me to call him the next morning. This I did.

He had apparently quite forgotten what he had said in our previous conversation, and took the tack that as my wife and family were going back to New York shortly, I would be much better satisfied on this side and had better follow them a little later, returning to Europe in the spring. However, that interview furnished a pleasant memory, for with one gesture Bennett appeared to me in the rôle of *Harun-al-Raschid* for the last time.

Whenever I was personally assigned by him to a story, he always expected me to stop at the best hotels, and I so did. This habit, once acquired, developed certain tastes in the matter of eating and service that in after-years remained to plague. To be frank, I actually came to derive a certain low enjoyment from staying in hotels frequented by snobs and dining among them, and occasionally a bit of ironic satisfaction out of some episode or other, largely because nobody about me could know that my expenses for a day were sometimes more than what I earned in three or four, and that they did not come out of my own pocket. At Aix, for instance, I achieved a mean triumph over a Buffalo banker who, a few

weeks before, had insulted me in London by dropping a sovereign in my hand.

Learning that Mrs. Daniel Lamont, widow of Cleveland's Secretary of War, had arrived at the Berkeley, I had sent up my card, as her plans might furnish a paragraph worth cabling. I was pleasantly received. In the room was Mrs. Lamont's brother, the Buffalonian referred to. He was a bit bumptious, and favored me with his views on European finances. The purpose of my call having been achieved, I sought the door. The brother followed me out. Holding the door half-closed with his left hand, he shook hands with his right, and left in my hand a gold-piece. Perhaps it was because the tip was only what was generally given to a head waiter; perhaps I was sorry for the man; anyhow, I made him take it back, but I did not let him see that I was angry.

My wife and I were in the garden of the Hotel de l'Europe, finishing such an ideal *déjeuner* as experience had by this time taught me to order. On the table stood what was left of a bottle of excellent Sauterne. We were sipping coffee and the *sommelier* was ceremoniously filling the liqueur glasses, when in stalked the gentleman from Buffalo, in the wake of two women. His start of surprize when he saw lunching with a

fashionably attired woman in that fashionable and not inexpensive place, the individual he had so recently tried to tip in London, compensated me for restraining my temper on that occasion; and he could not know that my bow of recognition emphasized my appreciation of his chagrin. Nor could he guess that James Gordon Bennett was paying for my meal and what went with it!

Altho I had drawn a rather good-sized sum before leaving Paris, train fare for two and *wagons-lits* in a jump from Paris to Aix, thence across Switzerland, next across Germany to Marienbad, back across Germany to Baden-Baden, once more across the same country as far as Berlin, and thence to Paris and on to London meant a considerable expenditure, and hotels *de luxe* were not cheap, even in that day. In Berlin I had found myself running short, and so telegraphed the Paris office for funds. A reply came, not from Paris, but from Salzburg, and from the Commodore, who informed me that when I needed money in a hurry the best thing was to notify him direct. In that last interview in Paris he referred to that telegram.

"The business office called my attention to the fact that you had drawn a considerable sum for expenses when you left Paris," he said, "and ob-

jected to your drawing more. I should say," he added slowly, with a look at a paper in his hand, "that upon reflection you do seem to have taken me at my word. Two thousand dollars for an expense bill incurred during six weeks is not an inappreciable sum. However, I told you to stop at the best hotels and live well, and you had to do a bit of traveling and you carried out instructions, and I can not find fault. I think I shall just have to consider your trip a little private luxury of my own."

And he smiled and shook hands. "When you come over again next spring, we'll fix up about the increase in salary and your remaining on this side," he said again. "I think you had better go over to New York and be with your family this winter."

XIX

THE MOON BEGINS TO WANE

THE journey from Marienbad to Oos, where we left the Paris express to change cars for Baden-Baden, had provided a delightful afternoon, for a fellow-passenger on the train proved to be Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who, recognizing me, of course, from my annual spring interview with him in London, invited me into his compartment. From it I did not emerge for more than three hours.

Lots of people seem to think Mr. Depew at his best when presiding at a gathering of the Pilgrims. I know better. I chanced to mention my being almost stepped on by King Edward a few days before, and that incident let loose floods of reminiscences concerning His Majesty and his mother, Queen Victoria. I have since heard Senator Depew at Anglo-American gatherings tell over and over and over again much of what he told me that afternoon more than eighteen years ago, always with a different turn to it. But in this case, he was not being interviewed; he had

arranged no set speech; he was not talking for publication; he was not even on his feet! He was just semi-reclining on the lower berth of a *wagon-lit* compartment, and I was sitting in a corner on the only chair the place boasted. That speech was absolutely extempore, and I was enthralled. And as he kept me on the tiptoe of interest throughout, and for the other reasons given, I know that I heard him at his best. And I do not believe I have ever heard him speak in public since when he has not used some of the material that was in his talk before a single auditor that afternoon while flying across Germany. There was enough in it to form incidents for a hundred speeches or more, for he told me stories of early New York politics, of Lincoln, of the Civil War. What he said would have filled a whole book. Possibly it is all in his memoirs.

The Commodore was very active that autumn, and instructions came thick and fast. Actual news was slack, and by his orders a lot of "feature stories" were got together and mailed to New York, among them an article on perfumes, and another on the game of "diabolo," then just come into favor, but now forgotten. Then one day early in October orders arrived to start that night for Dublin. An outbreak of the

pleasant Gaelic pastime of cattle-driving and shooting at landlords threatened to spoil the comparative serenity of the fox-hunting season.

Mr. Bennett's nephew, Isaac Bell, was master of an Irish hunt, the Galway Blazers, and while the Commodore would never have anything to do with his nephew, he was undoubtedly very fond of him, and very proud that the young man was maintaining some sort of position among the Irish gentry. Instructions were to "Work up hunting agitation by farmers, interview American visitors hunting in Ireland, etc. Give both sides of the question, and if strike-troubles in Belfast recur, go up there."

During the week in Ireland it rained most of the time. By train and by jaunting-car the headquarters of most of the big hunts were covered, and the visit to Upper Galway yielded a pleasant experience.

Alighting long after luncheon time at a station whose name is now forgotten, one's first need was food. The village near-by was the poorest I have ever seen and the fields were so full of crumbling ruins it seemed as if a stone could not be cast in any direction without hitting the relic of some ancient "castle." A sign on one building in a cluster at the top of a hill spelled "Hotel." In

front was a grocery shop. In a squalid back room was found a frowzy woman, evidently the proprietress, who was positive she could produce a good luncheon. She proved too much of an optimist. One look, and I paid the price and bolted.

No jaunting-car was to be hired, but a tramp of a mile or so brought me to the home of the Hunt Club. It was a beautiful little house, and to my surprize and joy I found Isaac Bell alone at luncheon, for he provided both a hearty welcome and an excellent meal. We talked a great deal about Mr. Bennett. Bell said: "Of course I never see my uncle, but I am deeply grateful to him, for it is to him that I owe everything I have. When I was a baby, lying in my crib, he came into the room and threw a check for $100,000 upon the foot of the cradle, and that has been my main reliance ever since."

The most interesting distraction of that visit to Ireland was due to the fact that Beerbohm Tree and his company were also stopping at the Shelburne, in Dublin, and they were to produce for the first time William J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond," which had just been converted into a play. Locke was there too. I had known Tree's manager very well for years, and had met Tree and

several members of his company. By one of the latter I was introduced to William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, who did not so favorably impress me at that first meeting. Yeats affected a velveteen jacket and long hair, eccentric collars and a flowing tie, and the women petted him, and no American newspaper-man is apt to be favorably impressed by such evidences of genius. Years afterward a better acquaintance with Yeats enabled me to appreciate him.

Sunday brought a formal invitation to dinner with Tree and his daughter. The meal was served in Tree's apartment in the Shelburne, and it was rather formal, too, tho very small, the only other guests being Locke and Tree's manager, Henry Dana. To me fell the honor of taking Miss Tree in to dinner. Tree was a delightful conversationalist, and so was Locke, and I made a delighted listener. The next evening I was in a box at the theater as Tree's guest.

As hunting was a hobby of Mr. Bennett's, I wrote a full story as a result of my investigations and cabled it. In a day or two came this cable from the Commodore who was then in New York:

"Return to New York soon as you like. Your last cable too long."

This looked like a distinct rebuke. I replied with a cable protesting against being "recalled in disgrace." Back came an answer immediately.

"What's the matter with you? I am not recalling you in disgrace. Your detail will be as you asked for in Paris when you return to New York."

I had asked for no "detail." His statement was only one of many manifestations of a propensity to credit to another a declaration which frequently had no more substantial basis than his own imagination.

I did not know it, but Mr. Bennett was then bound for the Far East. He had left New York by the time I arrived, and the next I heard from him was when I received instructions from Java to send brief but frequent summaries of the world's news. He cabled the "Herald's" Cable Committee during the winter asking when I had gone to London the year before and suggested that I go over about the same time that spring. I replied direct, and received this wire:

"Right; middle April. Your dispatches satisfactory. Continue till further orders."

He stayed in Manila some time and thence he sent me early in April instructions to cable him five hundred words of the latest news of the

world. No expense was too big when he wanted anything. It developed later on that during his trip to the Far East, Mr. Bennett had got the idea of starting something like a Chinese-American alliance as an offset to the Anglo-Japanese pact. He did not like the Japanese, and the Far Eastern correspondents of the "Herald" were very active that winter with propaganda dispatches. I had some work to do in connection with the subject the following summer.

It was often a mistake not to take Mr. Bennett at his word and at the moment. When he said a thing he meant it at the time, but his moods changed rapidly. Had I been able to take up his offer to double my salary at the moment he made it, it would undoubtedly have changed the course of my life very much. This time, however, I went to Europe feeling sure that Mr. Bennett would make good his promise and that after a season in London I would be given the job to which he had nominated me the summer before.

But the Commodore, instead of being in Paris, was in Aden. The first message from him was a letter on the *Lysistrata's* note-paper, and dated from that port, enclosing some London bucket-shop circulars, with instructions to investigate them. No further orders came, and I had

planned to take a house and bring my family to London—which could hardly be done on my pay. When inquiry revealed that Miner, who was drawing the same salary, was also receiving five dollars a day for "expense allowance," I immediately put in a request for a similar "expense allowance" and got it.

From Syracuse came instructions to interview the Marquis de Villavieja, a friend of the King of Spain, who was at the Ritz in London, on the subject of the international polo season. The next assignment, telegraphed from Palermo, was to go on the trial trip of the new Holland-America steamer *Rotterdam.* That was an enjoyable little excursion, for we went from Southampton to Rotterdam, and I had a chance to see some old friends at the Hague before returning to London. From Palermo emanated a rapid-fire of other instructions of many sorts, one of which organized a "Cable Committee" in London.

The "Cable Committee" was an institution that was peculiarly Mr. Bennett's and was birthed in his distrust of most of those who worked for him. The first of such organizations had been started in New York several years before, and it was supposed to supervise all cables sent to the Paris edition of the "Herald." In London the Cable

Committee consisted of Miner, Baird, and myself. While I was nominally the head of the London office whenever there and was the one man held responsible for anything, the Commodore, in a long letter of instructions written from Beirut, on the coast of Syria, made Miner chairman of this committee. He explained in another personal letter to me that it was because Miner was older than I. Of course it wouldn't work. After the first meeting Miner was invariably late. Instructions were to assemble early Friday afternoons and pass upon all matter intended for the New York Sunday cable-letter, which was supposed to be handed over to the Commercial Cable Company by five o'clock, but the chairman of the committee proved to be unbound by instructions, and if he showed up at all it was never before six o'clock, and then only after a series of telephone calls to every bar where he was known. As a corrective, I appealed to Mr. Bennett to impose a fine upon any of us who was tardy or failed to attend, but he refused to understand my letter and kept demanding explanations of it, which I dodged giving, except I could do so in person. I had long before learned that the outsider who praised a "Herald" man to his employer almost invariably made trouble for the person he hoped

to help; the insider who made charges against another employee, however well substantiated, only made trouble for himself. I was nominally head of the London office, but Miner was chairman of the Cable Committee and took no orders from me. The situation might have been helped had I shown the recalcitrant the telegrams and letters which had made me responsible for him, but as the Commodore himself had already rendered his own words futile by making Miner believe he was the whole "Herald" show in London, the probabilities are otherwise. Indeed, I have since concluded that in the case of the London office, Mr. Bennett was simply following his hobby of playing off one man against another. He seemed to believe he could get better results for the "Herald" by having men who were working in the same territory fighting each other.

XX

HUMORS AND HOBBIES

CONTRARY to expectations, when Mr. Bennett arrived in Paris about the middle of June he sent no instructions to report to him. It was naturally a disappointment and was somewhat evidential that I was not so high in his favor as I had been the year before. Still I went ahead and took a house, as I had planned. I had wished to explain to him in person the situation in the London office, but he refused permission for a visit to Paris, and for a time vetoed every suggestion I made, no matter what the subject. One day came this curious telegram from him:

"David still in London. Might talk on Cleveland who died today."

It puzzled me at first, but the word "Cleveland" furnished a clew. I guessed that the Commodore had written the telegram in his own chirography and had intended to begin it "David B. Hill in London." Canvass of the leading ho-

tels in London revealed that the late Senator Hill was at the Russell Square. He and Cleveland had been foes in Democratic politics, but he yielded a fine eulogy of his late opponent.

Early in July the Cable Committee received instructions that Miner was to make a special feature of the visit of two parties of young people selected by votes of a western newspaper to tour Europe. However, the work was beneath his notice and so, of course, I had to do it. A few days later the Commodore became interested in the fact that a certain London department store was running excursion trains for shoppers to the capital from the country towns. Long cables came on this subject in which the Commodore said he wished Miner or myself to get interviews and so on. Miner could never be found and of course, the work had to be done. A day or two later came a request from the Commodore to give him the suggestion I had said I wished to make with reference to the London office, and he asked again what time I had gone to Carlsbad the year before. I replied that I could only give him my suggestion in person. He rejoined that he could not see why I could not explain in writing as well as orally.

"If you like," he added, "you can go straight to Carlsbad August 1st to remain until end of season. I have no objection unless you have."

But Carlsbad saw me no more.

The Olympic games of 1908 were a much bigger feature of news for American papers generally than the Kaiser's yacht race had been. Everybody in the United States had some interest in the contests, but towards that event Mr. Bennett seemed to have the same attitude that he showed toward most really big competitions he did not father, and the only instruction received from him with regard to the games was the following telegram:

"Wish to call your attention following dispatch from New York answering query of mine. 'Great interest in the Olympic games, especially among young people. Our syndicate is anxious for it. The heads of departments suggest continuing to send 500-word introduction daily. Other papers using Associated Press dispatches, but featuring Olympic story. The matter reaches us very late.' Why not have a messenger telephone for you from the grounds to the office? You ought to get your matter off earlier, running it along during the day instead of waiting till you have returned to the office to write it up. Don't know how it is with London, but I hear the direct cables to Paris are working very badly; dispatches coming so late that I have ordered New York to file at midday instead of waiting until afternoon."

As can be gathered from the above, my first instructions came a day or two after the Olympic games had started. I had gone ahead on my own initiative, and I covered the games in person from start to finish. However, some days I cabled far more than 500 words.

That was a big story, and the events of Olympic Fortnight aroused much hard feeling in both England and the United States. The London papers for the most part had been very antagonistic to the American contestants. Charges that foul play would be practised by the visitors were hinted at by many a sporting writer, and as one of the most prominent members of the American Committee was an Irishman with a chip on his shoulder, there was very little harmony to be expected. Naturally I wrote from the standpoint of an American, and I wrote what I saw as an American would view it. The deliberate attempt to trick the American contestant out of the Marathon race by helping Dorando, the Italian runner, who had fallen some distance from the tape, and several other minor events which did not bespeak the "British fair play" that was so much talked about in the London press, I naturally dwelt upon, with the result that scores of letters condemning my dispatches and calling

me all sorts of names, reached the Paris office of the "Herald." One day the paper came out with almost a full page of these communications, most of them from Englishmen and Anglomaniacs, and the majority from persons who had not even seen the games. Mr. Bennett did not refer immediately to the subject. Toward the last of July, this telegram was received from him:

"Before I decide about your going to Carlsbad I wish you to talk the vacation matter over with Miner and Baird as they desire a holiday now, and Champion being away, if you leave for Carlsbad the office will be left pretty bare. Should like you three to come to an understanding first and telegraph me."

I wrote to Mr. Bennett that I could take my vacation at any time he suggested. I mentioned that my wife and family were going to Switzerland, but that I was perfectly willing to go to Carlsbad or wherever he wished to send me. Then came this dispatch to the Cable Committee:

"Have given up idea —— going to Carlsbad. As he informs me his wife is going to Switzerland, he might as well go there and take his vacation with her. The others may arrange their vacations upon his return."

This seemed a very considerate act on Mr. Bennett's part. The Olympic games and the strain

of covering them alone for two weeks and spending the evenings chasing after winning athletes and members of the American Committee, had worn me out. I sent him my thanks by telegraph, but it would have been far better if I had not, for I mentioned my belief that the change would be beneficial. I arrived in Paris on August 8, but Mr. Bennett sent me no word to call. I had not seen him since the year before. That night came a page letter, signed by himself, which was, to say the least, cruel and unjust. The Commodore took the attitude that he had granted my "request" for a vacation, when I had not made any such request. The only time I ever asked him for a vacation was when I got married, and then I asked for two days only, and did not give the full reason. He scored my reports on the Olympic games, as being "partizan." He accused me of finding fault with every order that he issued to me, and hinted that I was not satisfied in any one place. My "request" for a vacation, he said, was unreasonable. There was much more of the same tenor, and it came near spoiling my holiday. However, we had a delightful time at Luzerne, and I returned to London without having seen the Commodore.

The late Richard Harding Davis, with what I am sure were the best intentions in the world,

came near being the cause of my undoing. Davis was in the United States at the time. He had read my story of the Marathon race and before I started on my vacation the New York edition had printed from him a letter under the title, "Mr. Davis Praises the Herald." It was an impulsive letter, and I may be forgiven, considering that Davis's own career had helped me at the outset of my newspaper work, and that my hope for many years was that I, too, would be able to turn out fiction with the ease and grace I still consider characterize much of his work, for having regarded it as praise from Sir Hubert, and for now reprinting it. The letter, addressed to the Editor of the "Herald," ran thus:

"Allow me to congratulate your London correspondent on his story of the finish of the Marathon race. To me it seemed as splendid a piece of reporting and of literature as has appeared in many days in any newspaper."

Now it seems that when Davis received his copy of the "Herald" at his home in Marion, Mass., he read the caption that had been put upon his letter and was indignant. Therefore, he sat himself down and addressed this letter to the "London Correspondent of the New York Herald," enclosing the clipping:

"Mr. Richard Harding Davis wishes to say that he was not praising the 'Herald' in the letter he wrote, but the 'Herald's' hard-working London correspondent, who, he is sure, does not get what he deserves."

My assistant had kept a copy of this letter for me but for some unfathomable reason had sent the original to Mr. Bennett. It came near being fatal, for, as I said before, one who praised a reporter for the "Herald" often did so at that reporter's risk. The effects were felt later.

Soon after reaching London I received one of those mixed-up telegrams such as the Commodore must have written himself, for it read:

"Wish you to go to Southampton interview Mr. Duth, Minister Caracas. Try get full particulars quarrel between Holland Venezcezaz."

That meant that he wished me to interview the Dutch Minister to Caracas, on the dispute that was then on between Holland and Venezuela. A few days later came a part of the fruit of the Commodore's trip to the Orient.

Out there Mr. Bennett had got hold of a bright young Chinaman by the name of Li Sum Ling, whom he was using in his propaganda for an alliance between China and the United States. Li was a reporter for a paper in Canton or Hong-

kong, and Mr. Bennett had brought him around by way of Suez, paying his expenses and a liberal salary. In every port the Chinaman stopped he had been interviewed by "Herald" correspondents on a possible Chinese-American alliance. While he was in Paris, daily interviews with him appeared in the Paris "Herald," and some of the French newspapers were induced to print synopses of the same, and these were cabled over to the "Herald" in New York. My instructions read:

"Mr. Li Sum Ling is going to London for a week. He will arrive to-morrow. I wish you to look after him during his stay and show him around. You might see the editor of the *Daily Chronicle,* as it is possible he would like to have a correspondent interview Li Sum Ling on the suggested American-Chinese alliance, which is a big news feature in the United States at present."

Li Sum Ling showed up on the day expected. I had reserved quarters for him at the Savoy Hotel and for a week I showed him the sights of London. I telegraphed Mr. Bennett to know whether I should feature the Chinaman in cables to New York.

"Yes, he is our gold mine," Mr. Bennett wired.

And so Li with his pigtail and mandarin coat, and I in soberer raiment hit a few of the high spots in London, and at the close of each day

after the first—for he had then exhausted himself on the subject—I would have to write up what I thought he ought to say, and he would "O. K." it, and the stuff would be printed in New York and Paris the next morning. Li and I dined together every night and we lunched together almost every day, and while he or I nominally paid the bill, of course it came out of the Commodore's pocket. Still I was carrying out instructions, and Mr. Bennett at least found no fault with the way the job was handled.

Li Sum Ling departed for New York at the time scheduled, carrying his Chinese-American Alliance with him, and in a few days I received orders to travel to Glasgow and investigate a strike which had taken possession of the seaport. Of course I had to interview the Denny Brothers, who had built the *Lysistrata,* and such other prominent men as I could get hold of, as well as get the facts in the case. From his telegram of instructions, Mr. Bennett had apparently conceived the idea that socialism was on the rampage. The situation did look serious, and the night after my arrival only sheer luck prevented my stopping one of the bullets exchanged during a street-car riot.

Mr. Bennett's great hobby was for owls, but

JAMES GORDON BENNETT LANDING IN NEW YORK ON ONE OF HIS LAST VISITS

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

BEAULIEU—THE HARBOR AND CITY

Villa Namouna, named after one of his yachts, was James Gordon Bennett's favorite place of residence

while I had heard many of the stock owl stories in the New York and Paris offices, it was not until my return from Glasgow that I had to cover one. A letter from the Commodore read:

"I should like you to see Mr. Robert Morley, referred to in the enclosed clipping, and obtain all the data possible for an illustrated interview with him about his owls. Make the article anecdotic and give all the details that Mr. Morley may supply regarding characteristics of owls according to his observation."

There was now little of importance to do—an article on the method of street cleaning in London, supposed to be useful for New York consumption, an investigation of a new method of condensing cable messages, an interview with Sir Thomas Lipton (a rather frequent occurrence), a statement by some personage on some public question or other, and so on. What promised to be a most interesting assignment was received in a message early in October. It said:

"Have received following from Hongkong. 'I have been told in confidence that Sir Robert Hart is engaged in London in formulating an alliance between China and Britain, basis of which is that America and Britain shall have equal privileges in China.' Should like you to make a thorough investigation. Get all available particulars, precise details and make features for both editions, whether it conflicts with 'Herald's' alliance campaign or

not. Telegraph me very briefly as soon as you have any definite information."

To run that story down took much time, and then it developed there was no story. Sir Robert Hart, who for years had been collector of Chinese Customs, was not even in London, and friends who were connected with the Foreign Office said the report was absolutely without foundation. Mr. Bennett never enjoyed being told that something he expected would contain a big story had nothing in it, and my report did not produce a good impression. Therefore, it was not strange when a day or two later a long letter was received from him complaining of the matter that we were sending in the Sunday cable-letter to New York. We had been following long-established rules, but in the autumn Mr. Bennett invariably seemed to awake to a realization that cable-messages cost money. I had promulgated an order that no cable-message should contain more than three hundred words, except it referred to a matter of very great importance, but Miner was not bound by any rule. He seldom wrote a dispatch that contained less than twelve to fifteen hundred words, and he could say anything he pleased. His method of gathering and writing his "American First Nighter's" dispatches was about as follows:

At five o'clock of an afternoon he would drift into the bar of the Savoy, where one always found a crowd of men willing to buy drinks, and he would never decline. As a rule he drank wine for dinner, and arriving at the theater late, would usually go to sleep. The following day he would write his "impressions" of the play, which frequently consisted of a tirade against English playwrights, English actors, and English managers. He succeeded in making the "Herald" thoroughly unpopular among the few Englishmen who had been in the habit of reading it and among the Americans who lived in London.

For Miner and myself to work harmoniously was impossible. He was in high favor with Bennett that summer, and I was out. I was working hard, and he was doing almost everything else. While he was on one of his customary sprees, the ticker brought word to London one Saturday afternoon, when no evening papers were published, that the American liner *St. Paul* had rammed the British warship *Gladiator,* near the Isle of Wight. Baird and I managed to meet the passengers from the *St. Paul* on their arrival at Waterloo station that night and interview them. We could not get any word as to Miner's whereabouts. The noon after the disaster, our missing

triumvir awoke in the palatial suite of an American resident at the Savoy, and read the news in a Sunday paper. Without trying to communicate with the office, he calmly went to the railroad station and boarded a train for Southampton. There he hired a boat and was taken to the scene of the accident. That day and Monday we endeavored to locate him, but vainly. Tuesday night Baird heard this on the telephone:

"Thish Miner. Got—hic—great 'sclusive shtory. Can't write it. Mush have s'nographer. Send him to my suite, Savoy."

Baird hurried a young man employed in the office to take down the story. The youngster did not show up again until after midnight. Our special correspondent had been generous with the stuff that had spifflicated him.

Miner was aware of my dislike for him. More than a year elapsed after my last departure from London before Mr. Bennett awoke to the facts in his case and discharged him. However, he had his revenge on me.

When, some years later, Reick bought the old New York *Sun,* he attempted to make overnight another version of the *Times,* and summarily abolished certain features of mine that had proved successful. Chester Lord, then managing editor

of the *Sun,* let me do a lot of work for the Sunday magazine of the paper, and I was again making what was called "big money" on space when one day the office was thrown out of joint by the news that Miner had been made Sunday editor. Once on the job, he soon let me know that his columns were not open to contributions from me, and I went to work for the *Times.*

However, Miner did not last. Reick discovered after some months that he had invented a system of mulcting the paper by putting in faked bills for free contributions, and according to information furnished me by the man who handled the payroll of the paper, his "outside collections" had amounted to many thousands of dollars when he was discharged.

Reick found that he could not change the old *Sun* without ruining the paper of Dana and Laffan, and that is about what happened, and his experience before Frank A. Munsey came along to take it off his hands is supposed to have cost most of his fortune. Like, perhaps, some of the rest of us who quit the "Herald" of our own free will, it might have paid him to stick to the Commodore. But then, as my experience illustrates, one who was enjoying Mr. Bennett's favor never knew but what something heavy was hanging over his

head; you might think you were about to "sit pretty," and plump yourself down upon that inviting cushion so temptingly offered—and find it full of thorns. And, after all, a man with a few red corpuscles does like to feel as if himself should be the master of his own fate, and there is apt to come a time when the advantage of the regularity of a salary check seems to dwindle.

XXI

ECLIPSE

RELYING upon Mr. Bennett's statement made the summer before that when I came to Europe again I should remain and act as special correspondent after the close of the London season, I had passed the summer in a state of continual uncertainty. The bigger salary promised had never materialized, and in September my family went back to New York. To reduce expenses, I took a small flat and furnished it.

Some years before a cable company had furnished me with a reciprocal cable address, to be used by my wife in New York and by myself in London. This would insure a saving of about a dollar on any message sent one way or another. Somebody now informed Mr. Bennett that I had this cable address, and his ever-ready suspicion convicted me of conspiracy with some one in the New York office to keep each other informed of what was going on, and possibly worse. Then some good friend told him I had taken an apart-

ment—an act of which I had made no secret. These facts, joined with other recent events, caused him one day suddenly to send me instructions to proceed to New York. The telegram was long and covered the work that I was to do on this side—in the main very much what I had been in the habit of doing. He would not hear of my going to Paris to see him. I had to sacrifice all my furniture, for which I got practically nothing, and had to pay the rent of the flat for six months and besides, breaking the lease cost an additional fifteen pounds. I left London determined to quit the "Herald" as soon as an opportunity offered.

It so happened that what money I had was in a bank in New York, and I was under unusual expense as noted; so, as I had often done before, I drew a small sum from the cashier of the business office in London—a separate bureau maintained at 1, Northumberland avenue—to cover train-fare to the steamer, cost of handling baggage and tips on the ship. The London cashier, in his report to Paris, lumped this sum under the heading, "Expense aboard steamer." A letter pursued me to New York and reached me a day or two after my arrival. It read:

"The enclosed telegram is a reply to my inquiry regarding the sum placed against your name in the weekly ex-

pense statement of the London office. I can not understand the item of six pounds, approximately, for expense aboard the steamer, and altho I have crossed the Atlantic a considerable number of times, I certainly never gave six pounds in tips, nor do I know any one who does. I should like a satisfactory explanation of this matter, but I may say now that I do not like this sort of thing."

This was a direct reflection on my honesty, and it rankled. It also fixed me in my determination to leave the "Herald." But coming over on the *Adriatic* I had worked hard, as was always my custom in traveling west, with the result that I landed in New York with a lot of good exclusive stories and interviews. The next day they filled a page in the "Herald." So I sent him these clippings with a note in which I told him that this should be proof that I was not necessarily idle when traveling at his expense. Before my letter reached him, however, he had time to send this telegram to the Cable Committee, which handed it to me:

"Tell —— continuance of big salary he is receiving now depends upon his zeal in making ship news, steamship, and journalistic arrivals, etc., a success."

By the first return mail after the dispatch of my angry exhibit, came a letter enclosing an order on the cashier for $100. I believe this message

was one of the nearest approaches to an apology that Mr. Bennett ever wrote. It ran:

"I have received your letter of Oct. 30 enclosing a number of cuttings from the New York edition, of news items collected by you during your voyage to New York. I am very much gratified with this proof of your zeal and the interest you take in your work, and congratulate you upon it. I had occasion to write you recently objecting to the extra sum you had drawn for sundry expenses on board the steamer. It causes me much pleasure now to acknowledge that you deserve that sum and also to enclose you an order upon the cashier for $100 as a present from me in appreciation of your excellent work during the voyage. I trust you will keep up to the standard you have set for yourself in this instance, and will carry out instructions I sent you previously, regarding news about hotel visitors and people arriving on board the incoming steamers. If your work in this respect is as satisfactory as it was during your return voyage, I shall have no objection to continue the high salary you receive at present."

Now the occurrence of the phrase "big salary" in the cable and of "high salary" in Mr. Bennett's letter did not make any particular impression at the time. When I returned from London the "Herald" cashier had asked me what salary I was getting and instead of telling him the total of the salary and the daily allowance, which figure I learned later was reported to the Commodore from the London office, I named only the salary.

A more experienced "Herald" man to whom I told the incident later said: "You were too damned honest. You have lost thirty-five dollars a week ever since," and I believe he spoke correctly. For seventy-five dollars a week, while a "good" salary, was not necessarily a "high" salary on the "Herald" in those days, and a hundred and ten dollars was; and a man who had enjoyed Mr. Bennett's favor as I had could have claimed the bigger salary and got away with it. Perhaps if I had done so my connection with the "Herald" would have continued much longer than it did.

But the letter and the check did not appease me. I was thoroughly outraged by the letter I had received in Paris during the summer and by the one that had followed me to New York. Mr. Bennett sent two more congratulatory letters that same month, but so far as interest in working for him was concerned, I was through.

I had not anticipated his sending for me the next spring and he did not, and so I made my plans to leave the "Herald" in mid-summer. If I did not break away I felt I should be enslaved during the rest of Mr. Bennett's life or mine, and I had had all the experience with him and with his "Herald" that I wanted. I said nothing of

my intentions in the New York office, but I sent the resignation to him personally, and erred in saying too much. His reply was four pages long, but it was not signed. Mr. Bennett brought up the matter of the telegraphic code address, which he said I should not have arranged for without consulting him! He even went so far as to say that in ordering me back to New York he thought he was meeting my wishes. There was little reference to what I had said in my letter, and with uncanny instinct he had seized upon its really weak points and used them for his target, and at the end he said:

"As I do not wish my letter to compete with yours in length I will only add that you have my best wishes in your new venture. Should it turn out unfortunately, and should you see later the error of your ways, I shall always be pleased to try and find some way of again utilizing your services on the 'Herald.'"

Often I had wondered whether Mr. Bennett meant that last paragraph. He never liked anybody to resign from his service, and the rule of the "Herald" office, which was seldom broken, was that if a man was discharged he might be reemployed at some future time, but if he resigned, the doors of the newspaper were barred to him forever. Still, I was never sorry that I left the

"Herald," altho my future experiences in newspaper-work, interesting as some of them were, never gave me the same sort of thrills that had often come while working for the Commodore.

Twice after quitting the "Herald" I was assigned to interview Mr. Bennett upon his visits to New York, once by the *Sun* and once by the *Times,* but I could not get anywhere near him.

Seven years had passed. Mr. Bennett came to New York in the late summer of 1916 and made rather a long visit. It was the last he was to pay to the country of his birth. One morning—I think it was in September—I had started to walk to my office, when near the junction of Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue I saw him coming along the former thoroughfare, the familiar energetic figure, tall, stoop-shouldered, with drooping mustache somewhat grayer, and at slower gait than I had known. I slackened my pace on purpose and encountered him at the corner. He recognized me, called me by name and actually seemed pleased to see me, and we stood chatting for a quarter of an hour. He told me of certain changes that he expected to make in the "Herald" and asked my opinion. I made some suggestions which seemed to interest him and he asked me to write them out and send them to him.

Finally, however, he put a question that shortened the interview.

"By the way," he began suddenly. "How was it you ever came to leave me?"

Then, when I began to tell him the story, he changed the subject. We shook hands and parted. That was the last time I ever saw him.

Seventeen years of a man's lifetime, particularly if it marks his progress into middle age, should make him wiser, if only through the process of mellowing. Since I voluntarily closed the door of the "Herald" and the gate of my Bagdad behind me, experience with other newspapers and other methods, with other employers and the frequent frailty of promises, and much contact with many men of all kinds, leaves Bennett standing out as the most romantic personality encountered in my whole life. And his method of rewarding was spiced with surprizing possibilities, even if one occasionally bit into the cake and found garlic or even gall. Once a man came under his observation and pleased him, adventure opened up. What matter if it was in crowded cities and along beaten tracks? True I had no message to "find Livingstone," but I owe more to James Gordon Bennett than to any other man.

He gave me my real education. Indeed, it was the very experience he opened up to me that some years later made it possible for me to fill for a brief time a post which brought the rather delightful diversion of being paid not only every cent I considered my services worth—a rare occurrence in most men's lives—but ten times more, and the appraisement was that of the temporary diplomatist who owned the check-book. And I can say without quibbling that I came to feel a real affection for the Commodore which lasted long after he had ceased to be the ruler of my world and master of my fate.

In the light of what has since happened, I believe the defection of Reick proved a serious blow to the "Herald" and to its owner as well. Bennett had a real affection for him; he had made him, and he reposed in Reick a confidence he never afterward seemed to give anybody else. For Reick having left him and started an invasion into territory he regarded as his own, the Commodore became apprehensive that any man he favored would turn against him, and apparently thereafter lived in a state of expectation that his hand was going to be bitten. And it was.

The day came when Bennett could not run the "Herald" from an office three thousand miles

away and when the legend, "High-Water Mark Circulation, 511,900," which appeared every day on its editorial page and was supposed in the office to have marked "a tidal wave" of the Spanish-American War, became merely a hollow reminder of past performances. When the Great War broke out it found the "Herald's" former raiment parted among newspapers not yet born or still in their swaddling clothes when its owner had come into his inheritance. Bennett's enthusiastic acceptance of Dr. Cook as a discoverer of the North Pole may have been due partly to the credulity of some correspondent, but his insistence upon Cook's veracity after the imposture had been proclaimed showed that his judgment as far back as 1908 had begun to be impaired. By 1914 the Commodore had become an old man, and his mind could not be re-engined to match the twelve-cylinder mentalities now competing for prestige in the newspaper world. Distrusting everybody whom he had reason to trust, not concerning himself with employees he did not personally know, he was now vesting his confidence somewhat after the fashion of a senile monarch throwing his jewels to the jester who had made him smile; he had no means, if any desire, for reaching out and claiming for his own some of the men who had

been building up the "Herald's" rivals. And so the war in Europe found him ill-prepared to cope with younger and more agile directors of newspaper enterprises and editors who kept their fingers on the public pulse while watching its eyes for reactions. Bennett's day as proprietor of a great newspaper was gone. When he died, the "Herald's" standing and influence, as adjudged by those who studied the merits of newspapers, had become almost negligible. And yet its owner had more than once boasted, "You can't hurt the 'Herald.'"

Fortunate it was for the beneficiaries under the Commodore's will that a purchaser was found in the person of the late Frank A. Munsey, particularly when the existence was revealed of a contract stipulating that on all the advertising appearing in the "Herald" one man should draw a certain substantial percentage. This man subsequently told me he had been paid many thousands of dollars in full settlement of his contract. However, in spite of surprize and shrugs that Munsey should have paid so big a sum for the "Herald," whose Venetian palace stood on no more substantial foundation than a comparatively short-term lease—the price was said to be $4,000,000—Munsey got a better bargain than

was disclosed at the time. As a matter of fact, his payment purchased, in addition to the visible properties of the "Herald" and its Paris edition and the good will, a cash sum amounting to upwards of three-quarters of a million dollars. I had the story from Percy Mitchell, one of the few direct beneficiaries from the Commodore's will, who was in charge of the Paris "Herald" at the time.

So many hundreds of thousands of dollars had been sunk in the Paris "Herald"—Bennett was reported to have said fifteen years before his death that up to that time it had cost him two millions—that he had acquired the habit of making good a big deficiency each year. He had come to expect nothing better from the paper. But after the war in Europe began, the circulation of the paper began to mount far beyond the twelve to twenty thousand copies usually representing its winter and summer sales, and when the United States entered the war the Paris "Herald" joined the ranks of "best sellers" on the continent, its advertising rates were put up and its receipts swelled. One day Mitchell reported to the Commodore that the "Herald" was doing the incredible: it was making money.

"Impossible," was the reply.

A little later Mitchell became concerned, so fast was the money accumulating in the bank.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked his employer.

"Do with it? Why—er—just leave it in the bank!"

Even after Mr. Bennett's death the money kept pouring in, excess of revenues over expenditures, until, still according to Mitchell—and later confirmed to me by a close associate of Munsey's—when Munsey bought it the cash balance in the bank amounted to about four million francs; and the franc had not then started its descent to Avernus.

When Bennett took a notion to be generous, none could excel him, and he did not mind using the "Herald" to express his thanks in the way a Caliph of Bagdad might, provided such had numbered among his possessions a great modern newspaper and an army of reporters and editors.

One of his visits to New York immediately preceded my customary return in the autumn. He had made the round trip on the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie,* then the pride of the North German Lloyd fleet, and had developed admiration for Captain Cüppers, her skipper. Soon after he reached the European end of a cable, a dispatch

was received by the Executive Committee directing that I be assigned with a squad of reporters to cover her next arrival in New York, interviewing her Captain and getting every scrap of news and every other interview possible, and that this material should be featured in the next day's "Herald."

The City Editor gave me a dozen men, tho I could easily have done the whole job myself, and I had them scour the ship, reserving for myself the easier task of interviewing Cüppers, with whom I had more than once crossed. Of course, the ship got many times her proper allotment of space in the paper the next day, but a special letter of congratulation from the City Editor for my "excellent handling of the *Kronprinzessin* story," made me laugh in my sleeve.

The other side of the Commodore often led him to take a curious revenge on men or women in the public eye who had offended him in some way, or against whom he had conceived a prejudice—frequently ill-founded. Instead of attacking, as his father often did, he sometimes preferred to ignore, certainly in many cases a far more offensive as well as effective weapon. Reference has been made to the list of persons whose names were not to be mentioned in the Paris

"Herald." In New York this prohibition brought its embarrassments. One recalls, for instance, the extraordinary prejudice Bennett exhibited against Theodore Roosevelt, and how it worked out. The story of its origin would be hearsay on my part, as I was abroad when it manifested itself. But there came a time when orders were given not to use Roosevelt's name in the "Herald," and it must have been extremely difficult, when Roosevelt stood for election in 1912, to refer to the man whose name was on every lip by some such term of innuendo as "The Third Term Candidate."

Just why Mr. Bennett took a dislike to Nathan Straus, the philanthropist, about the time the latter was establishing everywhere his milk-pasteurizing stations, I did not learn. I heard it had to do with advertising, Mr. Straus, for the great stores in which he was a partner, being a tremendous purchaser of advertising space. Anyhow, during the summer of 1908, when Mr. Straus was traveling about Europe and might become an interviewable subject upon his arrival in London, a letter received from the Commodore, then at Beirut, Syria, contained the following at the end of a series of "Don'ts":

"I also wish you to consider Mr. Nathan

Straus' milk campaign as a subject to be avoided."

After Bennett's experience at the hands of William R. Hearst early in the century, the name of that publisher became taboo in the "Herald." In December, 1908, somebody sued the New York *American* or its publishing company for libel. It so happened that the details of the happening on which was based the *American's* article that had caused the suit were familiar to me, but as they did not make a " 'Herald' story," I had not written about it. A representative of Hearst expressed the intention of sending me a subpena. This portended embarrassment to one so anxious as I was to avoid giving offense to Bennett, and I cabled the Commodore for instructions as to my attitude. His answer came, not direct, but to the Executive Committee of the "Herald," and it showed the same perversity with regard to construing a message that had often upset me in the past. For the copy of his cable handed me read:

"Tell —— at liberty be subpenaed at heart's content but not one word reference matter or Hearst will appear in 'Herald.' "

In the foregoing I have not made it clear, perhaps, that Mr. Bennett, if not exactly a chame-

leon, taking his hues from his surroundings, frequently based his opinions of people on some chance remark he heard or overheard. On that score I learned more about him after I had left his service, through questioning and looking back, analyzing and comparing. He was fond of playing one man against another, and he more than infrequently changed his whole opinion of an employee just from the idle word of some one who at the time happened to be high in his favor.

And so, after many years, my knowledge is assured that seemingly casual criticisms of the "Herald's" one-time London correspondent and his work, delivered in Bennett's hearing during what I call his post-Reick days, when his winged suspicion kept a-poise ready to alight anywhere, brought that same correspondent many a rebuke. Such it was almost invariably possible either to hurl back with convincing indignation, or else deflect to the actual culprit—when there was one. But the blow always hit me, and it left a wound, because I somehow thought the Commodore ought to make sure he was right before placing blame. His was the mistake, too common among absentee employers, of vesting a trusted man with full responsibility but no real authority. Only

once did he apologize or seek to make reparation for a mistake.

Of course, the summer that had recorded my page from Paradise had not failed to arouse jealousies; and so the freshly discovered circumstance —a fact six years old—that I had a registered cable address in both New York and London was mentioned to him by somebody, at a time and in a way that made Bennett read treachery in a mere effort to keep down personal expenses! Anyhow, after the defection of Reick, an uplifted eyebrow, a gesture, or even an accent sufficed in his frame of mind to convict anybody in his employ of plotting against him, if that emphasis was from some one, for the time, in his best graces.

Early in the war Bennett became a tragic figure, to my mind. This happened during the first German drive on Paris.

Every day the situation had grown more tense as the spears of the advancing Uhlans came down the road to Senlis, and then it was announced that the Government had run away to Bordeaux. The editor-in-charge of the Paris "Herald" and most of the staff considered this a time to remove themselves to London or elsewhere.

Bennett remained in Paris. He detested the

Kaiser, and he feared no German. Besides, here he was, caught in the midst of a war and publishing a daily newspaper in the very heart of it; and whatever happened, that paper must continue to appear. Only a few men remained about him, among them Mitchell, who had stuck to him for thirty years or more. Bennett, Commander of the Few Faithful, was left, one might say, in what looked like the wreck of things, with the Huns hammering almost at the gates of Paris. The news must be got, for the Paris "Herald" was now at last a serious newspaper; and the story brought me was that substitutes for the fugitives being unavailable until after Gallieni had sent out enough taxicabs from Paris to provide transportation for the invaders part of the way back to Berlin—or to some other locality—Bennett for a time armed himself with pencil and notebook and went out to cover assignments just like one of his reporters. And he was now seventy-four years old.

While mine was no stomach for war, and later on its possessor got no nearer the battle-front than a swivel chair in Washington, doing work that was literally aimed at stomachs, I thought I should like to have been there with the old man in his loneliness and to have helped hold up his

hands. I had never been a war-correspondent, but he had tried to make me such when he ordered me from Jamaica to Venezuela, and the only thing that prevented was that the war he foresaw didn't get past the rumor stage; and the transfer, it proved, simply removed me from the chance of becoming an earthquake-correspondent, for I had hardly landed in La Guayra when Kingston tumbled over in ruins.

And so, when the news of his passing was shouted at me in Pennsylvania Avenue, I was deeply shocked and grieved. No man's smile ever meant more to me, no more any man's frown. The Book of Fame is silent on the indiscretions of many of those it has enrolled; some are loved or hated for those very faults. The world reverences the picture of the hero who knelt in prayer before a battle, and has not heard of the woman of the night before. And yet that same world honors a Nelson; and Lady Hamilton, her beauty immortalized in the many canvases of Romney, has lately found her way into respectable literature to thrill many a *demi-vierge*—and even outwardly virtuous women—through the tales of her coquetries and her conquests, and awaken, perhaps, emulation. True, Bennett never led a fleet into battle and saved England from her enemies,

and what he did to advance science and invention and human knowledge was done mostly in the guise of giving the news of the day. What I assert is that the man did some things that were great—greater than have been accomplished by some the world calls great, or whose names are perpetuated by brass inscriptions and marble monuments for which they left the money to pay, or who, after a life of amassing wealth by oppression of the weak or less crafty, thought to atone for everything and gain Heaven or at least win immortality by posthumous philanthropy.

At this point, perhaps, I might properly write *Finis,* but either the idea of self-justification or mere vanity compels a small addition—a word of Mr. Bennett's that reached me after he had gone on. I have tried to give my picture of the Caliph of the seemingly unattainable Bagdad, the benevolent despot, the occasionally unjust and suspicious employer, and yet the generous, if picturesque, patron, and the man for whom, had the course of work so ordered, I would have come near going to Hell, because of my real affection for him and my admiration for the way he did things—sometimes. Was I able to produce the slightest reaction upon him? Did I mean anything at all to

him, or was I just one of those who came and went; who were told to do, and who performed, but whose effort, once they passed out of his view, was forgotten; or did my loyalty, my work, or, perchance, my personality, ever succeed in reacting upon him?

In all my experience in his employ, no one had ever reported a word of appreciation as coming from him. True, I had had messages direct, but their effect had been offset by subsequent communications and actions. Even a despot may possess qualities that attach men to him; history teems with examples. It may be evidence of the small caliber of him who faithfully serves, but his greatest measure of reward is not in gold or jewels, or in hearing his liege say to him privately, "Well done, good and faithful follower," but in open acknowledgment. He must hear his leader say, or know that he has said to another, "Look, that is a man who has served me, and well. He has my esteem."

It was a little more than four years after my last meeting with Mr. Bennett and perhaps three years after his death that one evening on my way home from work I encountered my old friend, Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, the explorer, whom

I had not seen for many years. In the course of conversation, he said:

"By the way, I saw a great deal of Bennett in Newport during his last visit to America. You will be interested to know that he often talked about you. Several times he said to me, 'I don't know why in the world he ever left me.'" And then Rice quoted the Commodore as saying something that would be out of place even in so frank a narrative as this.

Bennett is long gone; my Bagdad had crumbled and become again thin air, years before that May afternoon in 1918 when news came of my Caliph's passing. The day of magic carpets has fled. Two-score-and-ten finds little time for romance and for dreams, and vain are wishes to bring back the past.

And yet, had I ever believed that some day Bennett would say of me what Rice quoted him as saying, nothing could have forced me away from his service except a gesture of dismissal or the death of one of us; and I know now that I would have hung on, despite the almost daily dread of the traditional blue slip, until, perhaps, a madhouse yawned for me.

Foolish? Granted. But that was the feeling

James Gordon Bennett inspired in some of us who served him. And this, to make use of a phrase which may be as good English as it is slang, I have made in the foregoing an attempt to "tell the world."

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